

# EASTER MORNING HYMN.

Words by T. L. M. TIPTON,

Music by the Rev. J. E. LANCELEY.

*Con espressione.*

1. How sweetly sleep the si - lent dead ; How fair God's ac - re seemeth ! How bright on eve - ry

*p* *pp* *mf*

2. Low in the tomb, the Saviour lay ; His loved ones watched around Him ; He burst His bonds e'er

3. Night heard the mourners' plaintive sigh ; The morn dispelled their sorrow ; Their Lord arose, no

4. Oh why do tears bedim our eyes, For them that Christ is keeping ; Their Lord a - rose—they

narrow bed, The morning sunlight streameth ! They rest, they rest, their la - bour done,

*f* *m p*

break of day, At morn the seekers found Him. O watching eyes, how sweet that light,

more to die, All glorious broke the mor - row. Our Je - sus rose, He rose to save ;

all shall rise, They are not dead, but sleeping. With harps of gold, with robe and palm,

They wait the trum - pet's warn - ing ; Like Him, their light, their life, their sun,

*f* *ff* *m*

Which saith "the day is dawn - ing ;" Tho' dark and drea - ry be the night,

The saints a - wait His warn - ing ; He will not leave them in the grave,

With crowns their brows a - dorn - ing, They'll sing the praises of the Lamb,

They shall a - rise at morning ! They shall a - rise, They shall a - rise, at morn - ing.

*Unison f* *m* *ff*

How beau - ti - ful the morning ! How beau - ti - ful, How beauti - ful, the morn - ing.

He'll come for them at morning ! He'll come for them, He'll come for them, at morn - ing.

When they a - wake at morning ! When they awake, When they awake, at morn - ing.