Hail the Morn of Mystic Beauty

Easter Carol

Words by

Catherine W. Fowler.

Music by

R. Huntington Woodman.

Price 5 Cents.
or
per hundred $2.50 net.

AND

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Hail the morn of mystic beauty.

EASTER CAROL.

Words by CATHERINE W. FOWLER.
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Set to music by
R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN.

Moderately fast.

1. Hail the morn of mystic beauty,
   When the Prince a rose, 
   From the grave of chilly darkness, Conqu’ror o’er His foes; Victo

2. Flow’rs we bring as sweetest sym-bols,
   Spring-time blossoms rare, 
   Fragrant ros-es, and the angels fair Clad in robes of shin-ing li-

3. Let the little children praise Him;
   He was once a child, 
   Clad in the pal-est rays of Light, When the morn of sun-

4. And as Thou O Lord, art ris-en
   From the nar-row tomb, 
   May we rise from sin’s op-

illies, Like the an-gels fair Clad in robes of shin-ing blossoms, Pure and un-de-filed As the lil-ies of to-
press-ion, Grief and care and gloom, And our songs of tri-umph
strife; Tell again the wondrous story After white; As the rose His love is glowing, Human day; May they in His love confiding, Learn to sing. Christ, our Saviour, we adore Thee; Come with 

winter grim and hoary; With the Spring's recurrent fears and anguish knowing, Peace to troubled souls believe by faith abiding, With His spirit ever humble heart before Thee; And for daily grace im- 

glory Christ doth bring us life! stowing, After sorrow's blight, gliding All the rugged way plore Thee, Our immortal King!
Refrain.

Christ the Son of God is risen! Let it echo far and wide. Alleluia! Alleluia! Sing the joy of Easter tide!

* The phrase beginning here may be used as a prelude, if desired.