

Before The Dawn

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1.) All is o'er, the pain, the sor- row, Hu - man taunts and Sa - tan's spite;
2.) Fierce and dead - ly was the an- guish Of the bit - ter cross He bore.
3.) Close and still the tomb that holds Him, While in brief re - pose He lies.
4.) Near this tomb with voice of sad- ness Chant the an- them soft and low;

5) Death shall be de- spoiled to - mor - row Of the prey he grasps to - night.
How did soul and bod - y lan- guish, Till the toil of death was o'er.
Deep the slum - ber that en - folds Him Veiled a - while from mor - tal eyes.
Lof - tier strains of joy and glad- ness From to - mor- row's hearts shall flow

10) Yet once more His own to save Christ must sleep with - in the grave.
But that toil so fierce and dread, Bruised and crushed the ser - pent's head.
Slum - ber such as needs must be Af - ter hard won vic - to - ry.
Death and hell at length are slain, Christ hath tri - umphed, Christ doth reign.

Yet once more