

Past Are The Cross, The Scourge, The Thorn

PALESTRINA 8, 8, 8, 4

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1. Past are the
2. Gone are the
3. And so in
4. Then let us

cross, the scourge, the thorn, The scoff - ing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
gloom - y clouds of night; The shades of death are put to flight;
sor - row dark and drear, Tho' black the night, the morn is near;
raise the glo - rious strain, Love's tri - umph o - ver sin and pain,

And bright - ly breaks the East - er morn. Al - le - lu - ia!
And from the tomb beams heav'n - ly light. Al - le - lu - ia!
Soon shall the heav'n - ly day ap - pear. Al - le - lu - ia!
Faith's vic - t'ry o - ver ter - ror's reign! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Words: Alfred C. Jewitt (1879)

Music: Giovanni Pierluigi Da Palestrina (1591), Arranged