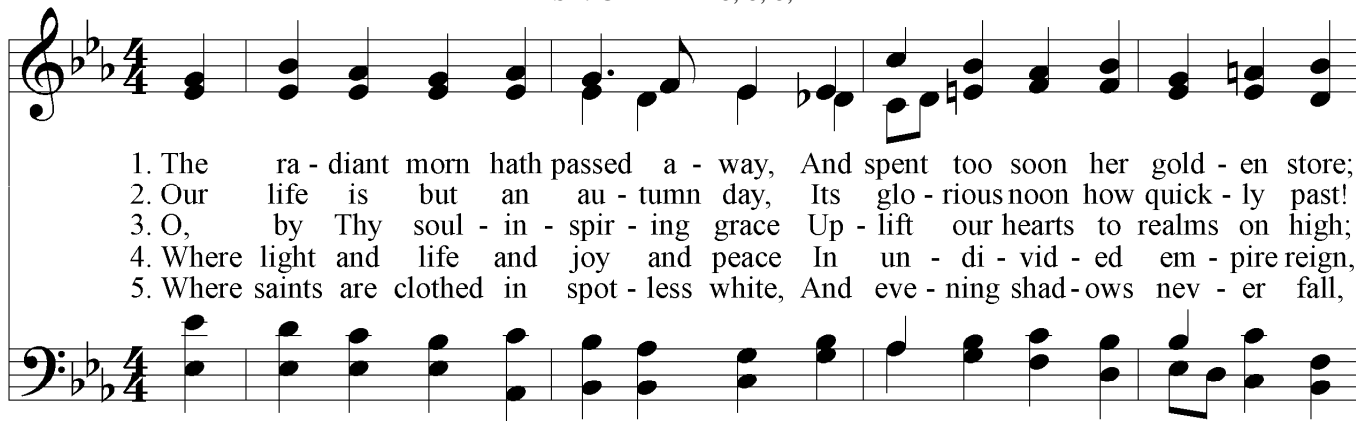
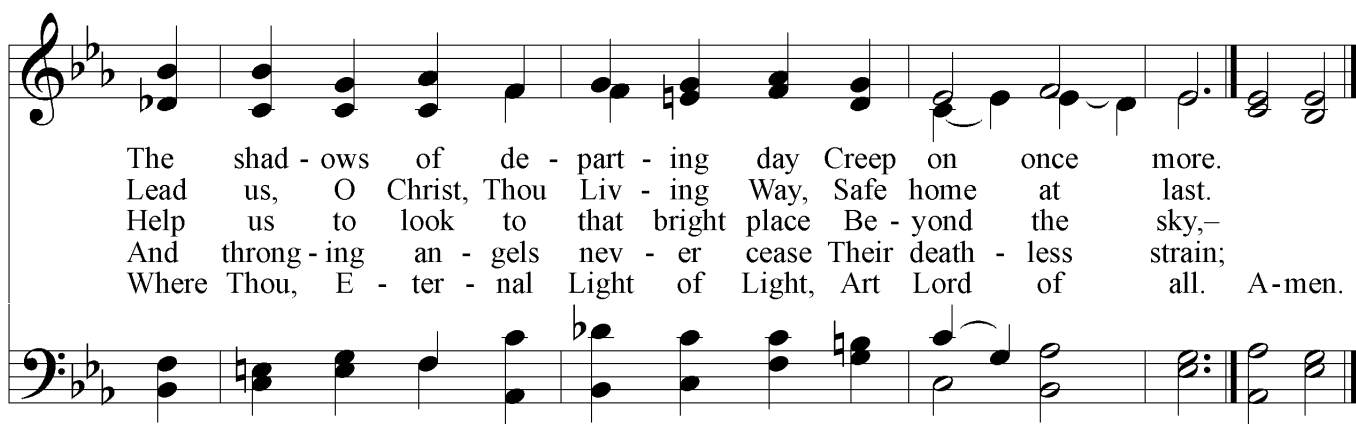


# The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away

ST. GABRIEL 8, 8, 8, 4



1. The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold - en store;  
2. Our life is but an au - tumn day, Its glo - rious noon how quick - ly past!  
3. O, by Thy soul - in - spir - ing grace Up - lift our hearts to realms on high;  
4. Where light and life and joy and peace In un - di - vid - ed em - pire reign,  
5. Where saints are clothed in spot - less white, And eve - ning shad - ows nev - er fall,



The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more.  
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Liv - ing Way, Safe home at last.  
Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the sky, -  
And throng - ing an - gels nev - er cease Their death - less strain;  
Where Thou, E - ter - nal Light of Light, Art Lord of all. A - men.

Words: The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-1903), 1864

Music: The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley (1825-1889), 1868