

"No More"

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the tri - umph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care - worn fac - es, No forms bowed with dis - ease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn - ing: The Lord is draw - ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun - ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re - plac - es His Par - a - dise of Peace.
With Him shall come the longed - for morn - ing When night shall dis - ap - pear.
No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more.

Chorus

"There shall be no more curse, Nei - ther sor - row nor cry - ing;

There shall be no more pain, Nei - ther dark - ness nor dy - ing;

And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."