

The Clouds of Night are Past Away

#118 in St. Ambrose Hymnal

1. The clouds of night are past a - way; Ma - ry, re - joice, re -
2. Death's ar - rows keen are knapt in twain; at Je - sus' feet Death
3. From spit - ting hid he not his face; it beams with glo - ry
4. Christ's Cross where - on our debts were paid, his king - ly scep - tre

joice to - day; the off-spring of thy Vir - gin womb
li - eth slain: though heav - i - ness en - dure a night,
now and grace: his wounds in side, in hands and feet,
now is made: Ma - ry, re - joice, re - joice to - day;

is ris - en from the Vir - gin tomb! Al - le - lu - ia! Al -
joy com - eth with the morn - ing light.
are springing wells of mer - cy sweet.
the clouds of night are past a - way.

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

Created for St. Michael Orthodox Church

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