

# No More

Daniel Webster Whittle, 1894

May Jennette Whittle Moody

♩ = 96

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

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

*Refrain*

"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."