

# Chad Mitchell Trio, One Day When I Was Lost (E

On Eastern morn he rose  
On Eastern morn he rose  
On Eastern morn he rose just for me  
One day when I was lost  
They hung him on that cross  
They hung him on that cross just for me

They crowned him with the thorns  
[...]

They whooped him up the hill  
[...]

They nailed him to that tree  
[...]

He died upon the cross  
[...]

They speared him in the side  
[...]

The blood came trickling down  
[...]

He died upon that tree  
[...]

On Eastern morn he rose  
[...]