

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
[...]