

330 METRE 5 John Newton MARY AT THE SAVIOR'S TOMB

1. Ma - ry at the Sa - vior's tomb Has - ted at the ear - ly dawn, Spice she brought and rich per - fume, But the Lord she loved was gone;

2. Je - sus who is al - ways near, Though too oft - en un - per - ceived, Came her droop - ing heart to cheer, Kind - ly ask - ing why she griev'd;

3. Grief and sigh - ing quick - ly fled, When she heard his wel - come voice, Just be - fore she thought him dead, Now he bids her heart re - joice;

4. He who came to com - fort her, When she thought her all was lost, Will for your re - lief ap - pear, Though you now are tem - pest - toss'd;

For a while she ling - 'ring stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise, Trem - bling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

Though at first she knew him not, When he called her by her name, She her heav - y grief for - got, For she found him still the same.

What a change his word can make, Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day, You who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

On his word your bur - den cast, On his love your thoughts em - ploy, Weep - ing for a night may last, But with morn - ing comes the joy.