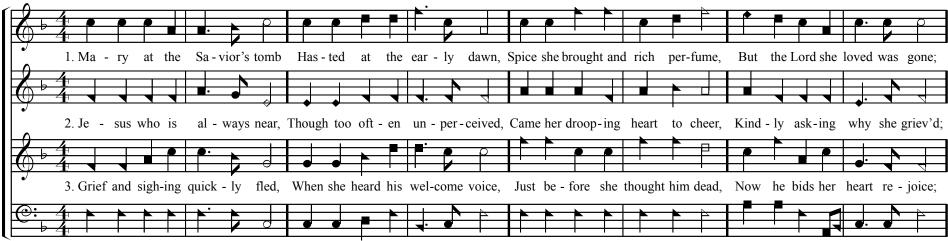
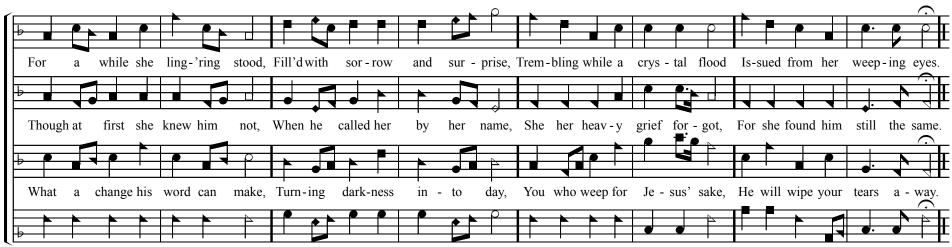
330 METRE 5 John Newton MARY AT THE SAVIOR'S TOMB



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;



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.