

Weeping Mary

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

Tr. 5 10

1. Come all ye mourning pilgrims now, The joyful news I'll tell, The Lord hath sent salvation down. To save our souls from hell.
2. Come all ye poor des-pi-sed souls. Un-to his fields re-pair, Where God his boundless love unfolds, And says he'll meet you there.

T. 8

3. There's glory, glo-ry in my soul. It came from heaven above. Which makes me praise my God so bold, And his dear children love.
4. When weeping Mary came to seek Her Lord with a perfume, The wrapper and the sheet she found To-ge-ther in the tomb;

B.

Tr. 15 20 1. 2.

1. { The angels brought the tidings down, To shepherds in the field, That God to men is re-con-ciled, His Son to men revealed. Sing
glo-ry, ho-nor to the Lord, Sal-va-tion to our King, Let all that's washed in Jesus' blood, His glorious prai-ses sing. __

2. { His glo-rious presence fills our souls, With songs of loudest praise, Let all that want a Sa-visor dear, Their hearts and voices raise. Sing
glo-ry, ho-nor to the Lord, Sal-va-tion to our King, Let all that's washed in Jesus' blood, His glorious prai-ses sing. __

T. 8

3. { I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God, I love his ways so well, Because his precious blood was spilt To save my soul from hell. Sing
glo-ry, ho-nor to the Lord, Sal-va-tion to our King, Let all that's washed in Jesus' blood, His glorious prai-ses sing. __

4. { The an-gel said, He is not here, He's risen from the dead; And streams of grace to sinners flow, As free as did his blood. Sing
glo-ry, ho-nor to my God, He's now upon his throne, And bringing foreign strangers home. And claims them for his own. __

B.

Probably a folk hymn (Jackson 1952 no. 101). Stanza 4 borrowed from an older folk hymn (Jackson 1953b, nos. 47 and 164)