Mary to Her Savior's Tomb

Doh is D · 6/4 Tune: WATCHMAN

| d - - - r - m - - - r - | m - - - f - s - - - - - |
Mary to her Savior's tomb

| s - - - m - s - - - l - | s - - - m - r - - - - - |
Hasted at the early dawn;

| d - - - r - m - - - r - | m - - - f - s - - - - - |
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,

| d' - - - l - s - - - r - | m - - - r - d - - - - - |
But the Lord, The loved, was gone.

| s - - - m - d' - - - l - | s - - - m - d' - - - - - |
For awhile she weeping stood,

| s - - - m - d' - - - l - | t - - - l - s - - - - - |
Struck with sorrow and surprise;

| m - - - r - d - - - r - | m - - - f - s - - - - - |
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,

| d' - - - l - s - - - r - | m - - - r - d - - - - - |
For her heart sup- plied her eyes.

The other verses

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived
Came, his drooping child to cheer,
And enquired, Why she grieved?
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake;
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost;
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed:
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

Tune WATCHMAN by Lowell Mason (1792–1872); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.