

Jesus Wept

Marguerite Loud, ca. 1853.

James McGranahan, 1895.

Draw near, ye weary, bowed and broken hearted;
Ye onward travelers to a peaceful bourne;
Ye, from whose path the light has all departed;
Ye, who are left in solitude to mourn:
Tho' o'er your spirit has the storm cloud swept,
Sacred are sorrow's tears since "Jesus wept."

The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory,
Wept o'er the woes of those He came to save;
And angels wondered when they heard the story,
That He who conquered death, wept o'er the grave.
For 'twas not when His lonely watch He kept
In dark Gethsemane, that "Jesus wept."

But with the friends He loved, whose hopes had perished,
The Savior stood, while thro' His bosom rushed
A tide of sympathy for those He cherished,
And from His eyes the burning dewdrops gushed:
And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of soul, then "Jesus wept."

Lo! Jesus' pow'r the sleep of death has broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye:
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He has spoken,
"He that believes on Me shall never die."
Thro' faith and love your spirit shall be kept;
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."