

Mary to the Savior's Tomb  
Simeon Marsh(1798-1875)

Mary to the Savior's tomb  
Hasted at the early dawn;  
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,  
But the Lord she loved had gone;  
For a while she lingering stood,  
Filled with sorrow and surprise,  
Trembling, while a crystal flood  
Issued from her weeping eye.

But her sorrow quickly fled  
When she heard His welcome voice;  
Christ had risen from the dead  
Now He bids her heart rejoice.  
What a change His word can make,  
Turning darkness into day!  
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,  
When she thought her all was lost,  
Will for your relief appear,  
Tho' you now are tempest-tossed.  
On His arm your burden cast;  
On His love your thoughts employ;  
Weeping for a while may last,  
But the morning brings the joy.