

Hymn Lyrics

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Mary, weep not, weep no longer

Mary, weep not, weep no longer,
now thy heart hath gained its goal;
here, in truth, the Gardener standeth,
but the Gardener of thy soul,
who within thy spirit's garden
by his love hath made thee whole.

Now from grief and lamentation
lift thy drooping heart with cheer;
while for love of him thou mournest,
lo, thy Lord regained is here;
fainting for him, thou hast found him;
all unknown, behold him near!

Whence thy sorrow, whence thy weeping,
since with thee true bliss abides?
In thy heart, thou undiscovered,
balm of consolation hides:
holding all, thou canst no longer
lack the cure that health provides.

Nay, no wonder if she knows not
till the Sower's seed be sown,
till from him, the Word eternal,
light within her heart is thrown.
Lo, he calls her; lo, "Rabboni,"
she in turn her Lord doth own.

Faith that washed the feet of Jesus,
fed with dew the Fount of Grace,
win for us a like compassion,
that, with all the ransomed race,
at the glory of his rising
we may see him face to face!

Glory be to God and honor,
who, preferring sacrifice,
far above the rich man's bounty,
sweetness found in Mary's sighs,
who for all, his love foretasting,
spreads the banquet of the skies.