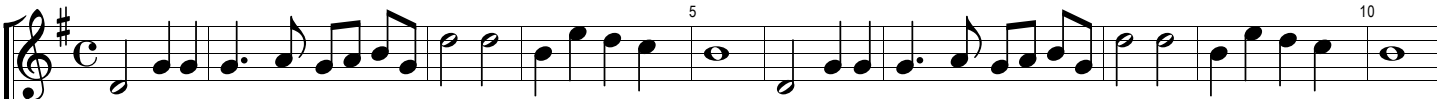
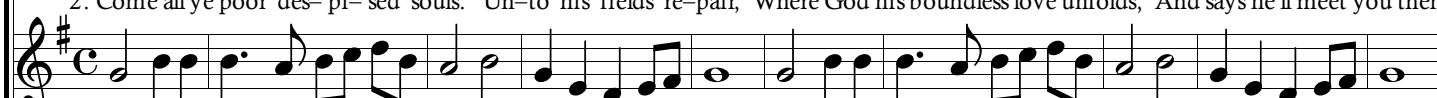


Weeping Mary

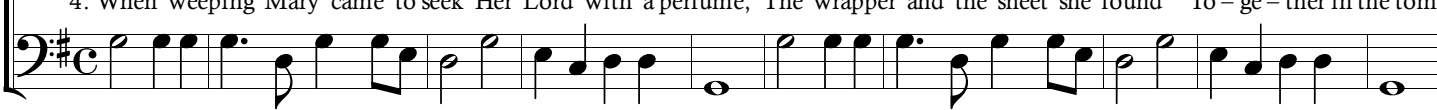
Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.


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. 


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


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


2. { I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God, I love his ways so well, Be-cause his precious blood was spilt To save my
glo-ry, ho-nor to the Lord, Sal-va-tion to our King, Let all that's washed in Jesus' blood, His glorious

T. 


3. { His glorious presence fills our souls With songs of loudest praise, Let all that want a Sa-vior dear, Their hearts and
glo-ry, ho-nor to the Lord, Sal-va-tion to our King, Let all that's washed in Jesus' blood, His glorious

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
glo-ry, ho-nor to my God, He's now upon his throne, And bringing foreign strangers home. And claims them

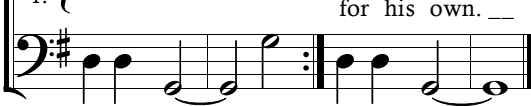
B. 

Tr.  20

1. { men re-vealed. Sing prai-ses sing. __
2. { soul from hell. Sing prai-ses sing. __

T. 

3. { voices raise. Sing prai-ses sing. __
4. { did his blood. Sing 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)