




Hymn "Come, Mary, Gaze Into the Tomb" (Original Tune LSB #458)




1 Come, Mar - y, gaze in - to the tomb. See where they brought
2 You won - der if for - give - ness can En - dure when there's
3 His blood He shed as sac - ri - fice, His rend - ing cry
4 But, Mar - y, in great sor - row's thrall, You weep on Ea -
5 Then take this mes - sage and go forth To the re - mot -




and laid Him; On ei - ther side the Cher - u - bim --
no tem - ple; No lamb ro bring, to cov - er sin,
tears a - part The cur - tain in the Ho - ly Place
ster morn - ing, Un - til your Rab - bi comes to call
est na - tion. With Je - sus' name fill all the earth



Be - tween, the cloth that held Him. See the blood of
To soothe our hearts that trem - ble. Hear how God has
That once blocked us from God's heart. We who once had
You by your name; and send - ing, "Tell My bro - thers
To bring all tribes sal - va - tion. Je - sus is for




sac - ri - fice, Off - ered be - fore God's ho - ly eyes.
come to bring His own True Lamb, His of - fer - ing.
gone far wrong, Now to God's fam - i - ly be - long.
how they may Come to the Fa - ther, I'm the Way,
you the one, Who has an off - 'ring made and done,




It is the Seat of Mer - cy! Al - le - lu - ia!
Mess - i - ah, sent to save us! Al - le - lu - ia!
He names Him - self our Bro - ther! Al - le - lu - ia!
The Truth and Life un - end - ing! Al - le - lu - ia!
To give you life for - ev - er! Al - le - lu - ia!

Thine Is the Glory



1 Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - qu'ring Son; End - less is the
2 Lo, Je - sus meets thee, Ris - en from the tomb! Lov - ing - ly he
3 No more we doubt thee, Glo - rious Prince of life; Life is nought with -



vic - t'ry Thou o'er death hast won! An - gels in bright rai - ment
greet thee, Scat - ters fear and gloom; Let his Church with glad - ness
out thee; Aid us in our strife; Make us more than con - qu'rors,



Rolled the stone a - way, Kept the fold - ed grave - clothes
Hymns of tri - umph sing, For the Lord now liv - eth;
Through thy death - less love; Bring us safe through Jor - dan



Refrain
Where thy bod - y lay,
Death hath lost its sting! Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - qu'ring Son;
To thy home a - bove.



End - less is the vic - t'ry Thou o'er death hast won!