

# MARY'S LAMENTATION.



Mary, in the morning  
To the Sepulchre came,  
To seek her blessed Jesus,  
The child of Bethlehem;  
For to anoint his body  
With ointment she had made;  
They've taken away my Lord, she said,  
And I know not where He's laid.

Oh! cruel Jews, said Mary,  
Where is my Saviour gone;  
You wicked Roman Soldiers;  
What is this you have done.  
I came to seek my Jesus  
Who has my ransom paid,  
They've taken away my Lord, she said,  
And I know not where He's laid.

Mary, quite distressed,  
And troubled in her mind,  
Said, I have lost my Saviour,  
Who ever has been kind;  
The fairest of ten thousand,  
Then Mary she did say,  
They've taken away my Lord, she said,  
And I know not where He's laid.

With weeping eyes and heavy heart,  
She view'd the sacred place;  
The linen clothes were folded up,  
Which did her more amaze.  
Two men she saw standing by  
In shining garments gay,  
They've taken away my Lord, she said,  
And I know not where He's laid.

Amazed to see the Angels  
Who had waited on the Lord,  
Thus it caused poor Mary,  
To spread the news abroad.  
Why seek ye the living  
Said they, among the dead;  
Burst are the barriers of the tomb,  
And away the captive's fled.

The gates they were burst open wide  
Between my Lord and me,  
Since Jesus Christ was crucified  
Man gain'd his liberty:  
We gained our lost inheritance,  
Which Adam took away:—  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
The glorious Gospel Day.

# POVERTY AND CONTENTMENT.

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Come all you worthy Christians,  
That dwell within this land,  
That spend your time in piety,  
Remember you are but men:  
Be watchful of your latter end,  
Be ready when you are called,  
There are many changes in this world,  
Some rise and others fall.

Job, he was a patient man,  
A rich man in the East,  
See how he was brought to poverty,  
His sorrows did increase:  
He bore them all with patience,  
He never did complain,  
He always trusted in the Lord,  
—And soon got rich again.

Come all you worthy Christians,  
That are so very poor,  
Remember that poor Lazarus  
Lay at the rich man's door,  
A begging of the crumbs of bread  
That from the table fell:—  
The Scripture does inform us  
He now in Heaven does dwell.

Tho' poor we are contented,  
No riches do we crave,  
For we are nothing but vanity  
On this side of the grave.  
There are many roll in riches,  
Their glasses soon run out:—  
No riches we brought in this world,  
And none can we take out.

The time will come at last,  
When parted we must be—  
The only thing that does remain,  
Is joy or misery,  
The time will come when account must give,  
The great as well as small:—  
Remember now good Christians,  
One God has made us all.

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