

THEY SAW THE RISEN LORD

Mildred Hunt

Rosalind M. Luke Crosby

Piano

Though wis - py fin - gers of the dawn were tinged__ with ro - sy
where is life, oh where is joy? It's gi - ver dead__ and
can the sight have ta - ken Him who bled__ on Cal - va -
then the guards those three be - hold; two an - gels dressed__ in

4

light. The sky that won - drous Ea - ster morn was still as dark as night. As
gone. Oh were, oh when will joy re - turn and beau - ty bloom a - gain? The
ry? And Ma - ry's feet are wing - ing now to bring His friends to see. She
white are sit - ting where the Mas - ter lay their fac - ces shin - ning bright. And

9

Ma - ry's feet tra - versed the path where in__ the e - ven - ing gloom. The
hea - vy stone is rolled a - way; the tomb__ is emp - ty see how
lags be - hind as they a - ghist run swift__ to where__ He's lain, and
oh the joy when turn - ing round, they saw__ the ri - sen Lord. That

THEY SAW THE RISEN LORD

13

1, 2, 3.

Sa - vior's limp and life - less form was car - ried to the tomb. Oh
Ma - ry's fears are anx - ious now where can his bo - dy be? Where
Ma - ry's tears, had bit - ter tears fall fast as win - ter's rain. And
ty - rant Death's sole con - quer - or, the life, the truth, the

17

Word. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!