Akacia, Mary

Oh Mary, Oh Mary, Oh Mary don't you weep Oh Martha, oh Martha, Martha don't you moan for though they persue you, they never will catch you The horse and the rider are sinking like a stone

For Pharoah's army, hook line and sinker are drowning in the sea The torn temple veil, the invitation for you and for me The ancient of days provides the grain for the harvest 'till we're bringing in the sheeves look to the day, when he will wipe away all of our tears Oh Mary, don't you weep

Oh Mary, dear mother, or Mary don't you weep Oh Mary, dear Magdalene, Mary don't you moan For though the grave holds Him, it never could keep Him He's died, now He's rising, now ascending to His throne

The ancient of days provides the grain for the harvest 'till we're bringing in the sheeves look to the day, when he will wipe away all of our tears Oh Mary, don't you weep

Oh Mary, Oh Mary, Oh Mary don't you weep Oh Martha, oh Martha, Martha don't you moan for though they persue you, they never will catch you The horse and the rider are sinking like a stone