

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

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