

# 373 • Jesus, Son Of Mary

Tune: WARUM SIND DIE THRÄNEN Text: Edmund Palmer (†1931)

1. Je - sus, Son of Mar - y, fount of life a - lone,
2. Think, O Lord, in mer - cy on the souls of those
3. Of - ten were they wound - ed in the dead - ly strife;
4. Rest e - ter - nal grant them, af - ter wea - ry fight;

here we hail thee pre - sent on thine al - tar - throne.  
 Who, in faith gone from us, now in death re - pose.  
 Heal them, Good Phy - si - cian, with the balm of life.  
 Shed on them the ra - diancance of Thy heav'n - ly light.

Hum - bly we a - dore thee, Lord of end - less might,  
 Here 'mid stress and con - flict - toils can nev - er cease;  
 Eve - ry taint of e - vil, frail - ty and de - cay,  
 Lead them on - ward, up - ward, to the ho - ly place,

in our tab - er - nac - les veiled from earth - ly sight.  
 There, the war - fare end - ed, bid them rest in peace.  
 Good and gra - cious Sav - ior, cleanse and purge a - way.  
 Where Thy saints, made per - fect, gaze up - on Thy face.