



○ LORD, MY LOVE
A VISION OF MARY AT THE TOMB,
WORSHIPING THE NEWLY RISEN LORD

O Lord, my Love.
You stand before me now,
New risen from the dead;
Resplendent alive, alive,
Your scent is all of myrrh.
Your face and hands are clean and pure,
Which lately I saw caked with blood.

O Lord, my Love,
Come near and let me kiss Your hands
Made straight again,
All well except these scars, these scars,
These witnesses to love
That endless ages long You wear for me.

