

# 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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