

Sion's Daughter, Weep No More

Words: Roman Breviary, 1852.

Music: Basle: 1745.

Sion's daughter, weep no more,
Though thy troubled heart be sore;
He of Whom the psalmist sung,
He Who woke the prophet's tongue,
Christ, the Mediator blest,
Brings thee everlasting rest.

In a garden man became
Heir of sin, and death, and shame;
Jesus in a garden wins
Life, and pardon for our sins;
Through His hour of agony
Praying in Gethsemane.

There for us He intercedes;
There with God the Father pleads;
Willing there for us to drain
To the dregs the cup of pain,
That in everlasting day
He may wipe our tears away.

Therefore to His Name be giv'n,
Glory both in earth and Heav'n;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, praise and glory be
Now and through eternity.