

Mary's Lament

Secret Garden

A Star shines brightly high
To tell a King is nigh,
But Mary holds a baby,
No sound he makes, no cry.
She lays him in a manger,
This night he first is born,
To keep him safe from danger,
All on a Christmas morn.

She lullabyes so soft, so low,
She sees the crown and the thorn
She sings of how she loves him so,
But still her heart is torn, forlorn,
All on a Christmas morn.

And while your babe is asleep,
Why, Mary do you weep?
His path you see to Calvary.
You see his wounds so deep:
You shoulder now his Cross,
This night he first is born,
You gave him birth to die for us,
All on a Christmas morn.

She lullabyes so soft, so low,
She sees the crown and the thorn
She sings of how she loves him so,
But still her heart is torn...

She lullabyes so soft, so low,
She sees the crown and the thorn
She sings of how she loves him so,
But still her heart is torn, forlorn,
All on a Christmas morn...

All on a Christmas morn.