

# ADVENT

June Boyce-Tillman

MONICA  
Slowly

Com-er E-ma-nu-el, The God who sets us free,

Help us to live a-bun-dant-ly, Find our true tes-ti-

-ny. -ny.

## 7. GRIEF

1. Fall, fall those healing tears,  
Pour salt upon the pain,  
Cleanse all that will infect the wound,  
Restore my life again.
2. Pour, pour that healing salve,  
Anoint my weary feet;  
Long is the journey I must make  
And scorching is the heat.
3. Bathe, bathe my aching heart  
With gently soothing balm;  
Sharp are the wounds that love can bring  
Incurable the harm.
4. Wrap, wrap the body tight  
And lay it in the tomb;  
Close round me falls th' enfolding night  
The darkness of the womb.
5. Rise, rise my joyful heart,  
The wounds are nearly healed  
Take once again the heav'nward road  
Cleansed scars will be your shield.

Text: June Boyce-Tillman

Tune: Monica by June Boyce-Tillman