

Mary Magdalene:

I felt so helpless, watching Him die. There was nothing I could do for my Lord, only fill the air with my wails of sorrow. But now I waited impatiently for the Sabbath to end and the morning to come when I could perform one final act of loving service--that of anointing His body for burial.

It was very early when the other Mary and I left for the sepulchre. (music begins) Traces of darkness still lingered, but there was promise in the air and we were anxious for the task ahead. Arriving at the tomb, we were startled and frightened by what we saw.

HE WAS NOT THERE

Soprano Solo

Linda Chapman
Bonnie Heidenreich

p

mp 6

He was not there. The tomb was bare. How could they dare to roll the stone a -

6

10 *cresc.*

way? I came to grieve. How can I leave an empty tomb where once His body

10 *cresc.*

14 *f*

lay? — I saw an an - gel. It was an an - gel ar-rayed in white. —

18 *dimin.*

His face was ra - dant as I looked up-on the

mp 22

sight. I felt a - fraid. — I was dis - mayed. — My bro-ken heart was wrapped in pain and

26 *cresc.*

fear. I bowed in awe at what I saw. I heard the

26 *cresc.*

f 30

an - gel say, "He is not here. For ye seek Je - sus whom they have cru - ci - fied. But He is

30

f

cresc. *ff*

ri - sen. He is ris - en!"

cresc. *ff*