



## Depression

When ere depression threatens, and there's no opening door  
The storms of life exhausting, and you can weep no more  
A sigh's your only comfort, and no one seems to care  
Then stop and think of Mary, a heart filled with despair.

She stood beside an open tomb, "Where has His body gone"?  
Angelic voice of comfort, they leave her dark - forlorn  
And then she looks behind her, and hears the sweetest tone  
He simply calls her "Mary", she knows she's not alone.

The Lord had come beside her, but sorrow filled her eye  
Then with a word from Jesus, the darkening shadows fly  
Ah then dear one, he calls your name, the sun begins to shine  
For I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine.

*. . . Rowan Jennings - July 2011*