

MANY woes had He endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured:

But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 There my Saviour faced my guilt,
Pending judgement, unrelieved,
And the horrors which He felt

Were too vast to be conceived.
None can grasp the woe in thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

3 Sins against a holy God;
Sins against His righteous laws;
Sins against His love, His blood;
Sins against His name and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Waited in Gethsemane!

4 On His dying love alone
I depend—with all my need,
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
Nothing of good works to plead.
O, how Christ must act for me,
Starting in Gethsemane.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Hymned by all the heavenly host
In Thy shining courts above,
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless Thee for Gethsemane.