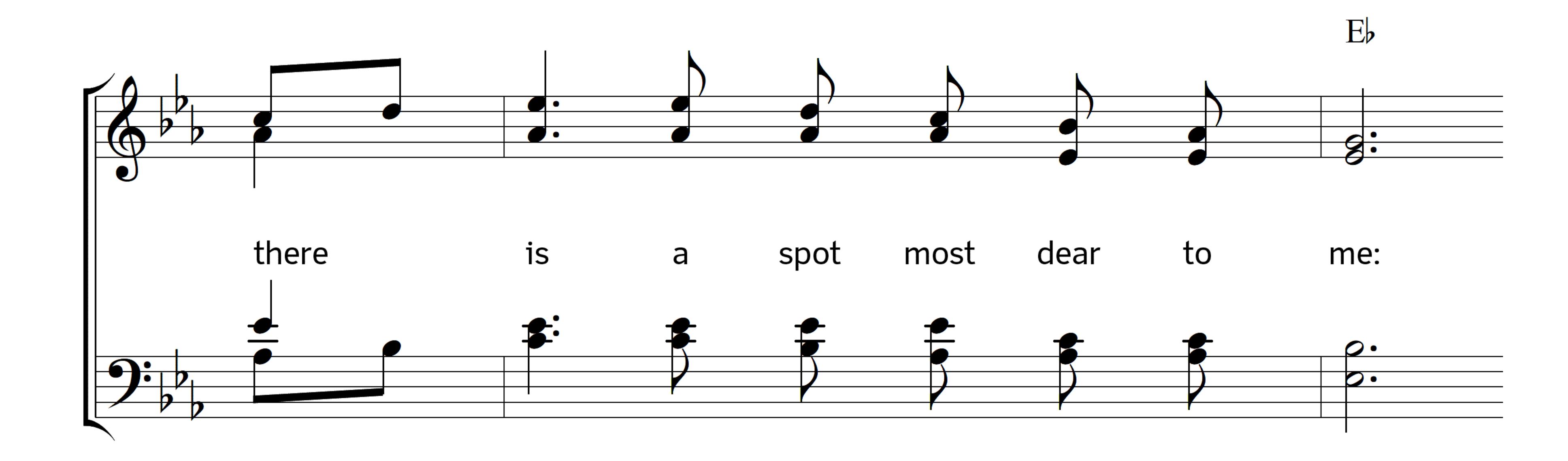
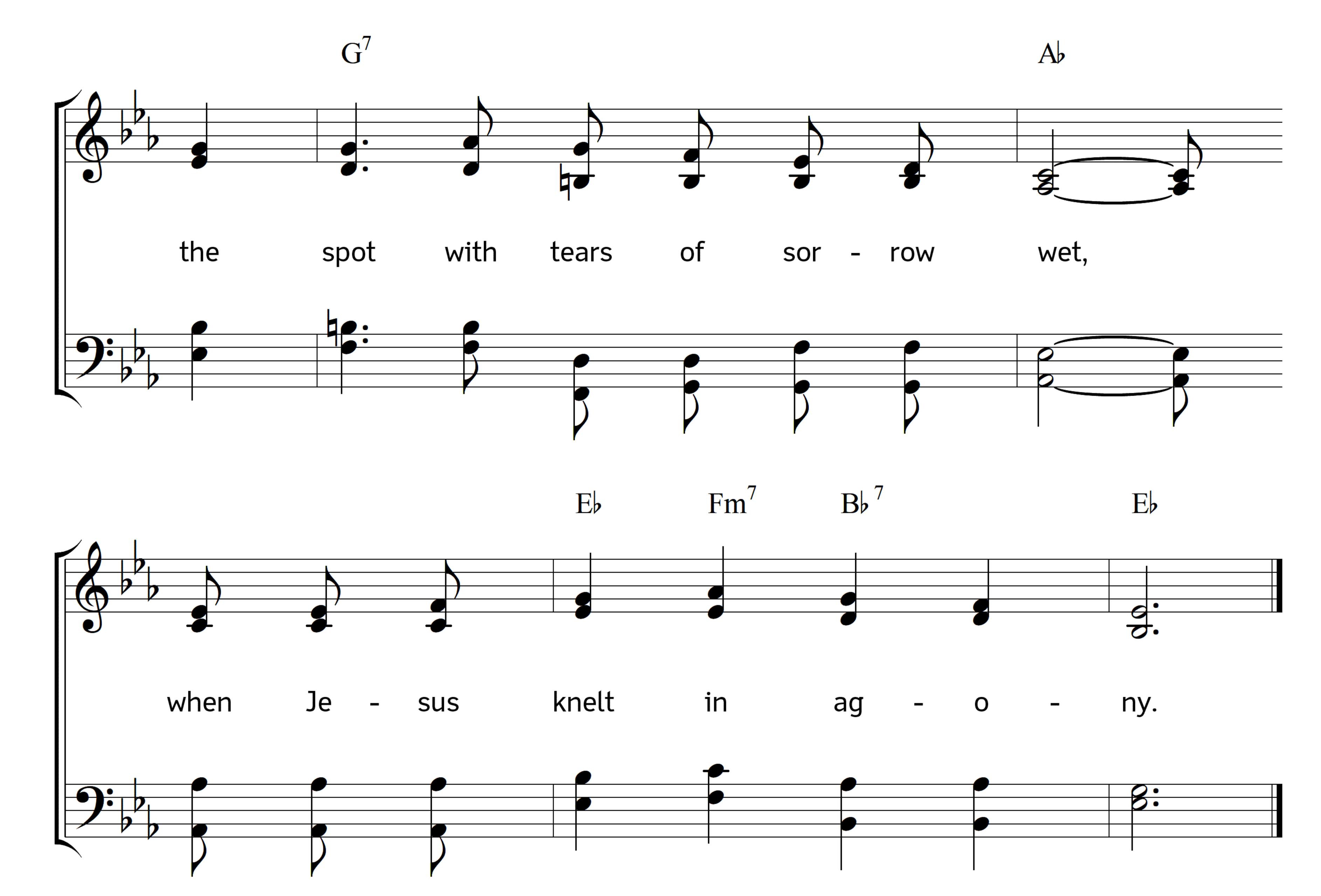
GETHSEMANE







- 2. I love in thought to linger there, to tread the hallowed ground alone, where, on the silent midnight air, rose heavenward, Lord, thy plaintive moan.
- 3. I fondly seek the olive shade that veiled thee when thy soul was wrung; when angels came to bring thee aid, that oft to thee their harps had strung.
- 4. There on the sacred turf I kneel, and breathe my heart's deep love to thee, while tender memories o'er me steal, of all thou didst endure for me.
- 5. O mystery of anguish, when the sinless felt sin's heavy woe! Hell madly dreamed of triumph then, while thy dear head was bending low.
- 6. Vain dream! No grief shall evermore stain, as with bloody sweat, thy brow; robed in all glory thine before the seraphim surround thee now.
- 7. Yet, Lord, from off the burning throne, above yon stars that softly gleam, thou com'st to meet me here alone, by Kedron's old, familiar stream.

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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