

Gethsemane. John 18. 1, 2; Matt 26. 36

1. Je - sus, while he dwelt be - low, As di - vine his - tor - ians say,
 2. ['Twas a gar - den, as we read, At the foot of O - liv - et,
 3. Thith - er, by their Mas - ter brought, His di - scip - les like - wise came;
 4. Here they oft con - vers - ing sat, Or might join with Christ in prayer;
 5. Here no stran - gers durst in - trude; But the Prince of Peace could sit,

To a place would of - ten go; Near to Ke - dron's brook it lay;
 Low, and prop - er to be made The Re - deem - er's lone re - treat;
 There the heav - en - ly truths he taught Oft - en set their hearts on flame;
 O what blest de - vo - tion's that, When the Lord him - self is there!
 Cheered with sac - red sol - i - tude, Wrapped in con - temp - la - tion sweet;

In this place he loved to be, And 'twas named Geth - sem - an - e.
 When from noise he would be free, Then he sought Geth - sem - an - e.
 There - fore they, as well as he, Vis - it - ed Geth - sem - an - e.
 All things to them seemed to 'gree To en - dear Geth - sem - an - e.
 Yet how lit - tle they could see Why he chose Geth - sem - an - e!

6. Full of love to man's lost race,
 On his conflict much he thought;
 This he knew the destined place,
 And he loved the sacred spot;
 Therefore 'twas he liked to be
 Often in Gethsemane.

7. They his followers, with the rest,
 Had incurred the wrath divine;
 And their Lord, with pity pressed,
 Longed to bear their loads – and mine;
 Love to them, and love to me,
 Made him love Gethsemane.

8. 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.

9. Came at length the dreadful night,
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
 Grovelling in Gethsemane.

10. View him in that olive press,
Squeezed and wrung till 'whelmed in blood,
View thy Maker's deep distress!
Hear the sighs and groans of God!
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.
11. Poor disciples, tell me now,
Where's the love ye lately had,
Where's the faith ye all could vow?
But this hour is too, too sad!
'Tis not now for such as ye
To support Gethsemane.
12. O what wonders love has done!
But how little understood!
God well knows, and God alone,
What produced that sweat of blood;
Who can thy deep wonders see,
Wonderful Gethsemane?
13. There my God bore all my guilt;
This through grace can be believed;
But the horrors which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceived.
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.
14. Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Washed by Kedron's waters foul,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds;
Think on these, my sinful soul;
Wouldst thou sin's dominion flee,
Call to mind Gethsemane.
15. Sinners vile like me, and lost,
If there's one so vile as I,
Leave more righteous souls to boast:
Leave them, and to refuge fly;
We may well bless that decree
Which ordained Gethsemane.
16. We can hope no healing hand,
Leprous quite throughout with sin;
Loathed incurables we stand,
Crying out, "Unclean, unclean!"
Help there's none for such as we,
But in dear Gethsemane.
17. Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought death;
But of life, the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.
18. Hither, Lord, thou didst resort,
Ofttimes with thy little train;
Here wouldst keep thy private court;
O confer that grace again;
Lord, resort with worthless me
Ofttimes to Gethsemane.
19. True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine;
But, since sin first fixed thee there,
None have greater sins than mine;
And to this my woeful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane.
20. 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 –
Hide me, O Gethsemane!
21. Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No, not one good work to plead;
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.]
22. Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with the blood-dipped dart;
Wound the heart that wounded thee;
Melt it in Gethsemane.
23. 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.