

1. While nature was sinking in stillness to rest, The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west, O'er fields by the moonlight, my wandering feet Then led me to muse in some lonely retreat.

3. I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What Man of Compassion this Stranger could be! I saw Him low kneeling upon the cold ground, Alone on a spot in the garden He found.

5. So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears! I wept to behold Him! I asked Him his name!
He answered "'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!

7. I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry, "Lord, save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!" He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, "Live! Thy sins which are many, I freely forgive."

2. While passing a garden I paus'd then to hear A voice faint and plaintive from one that was there, The voice of the Suff'rer affected my heart, In a-go-ny pleading the poor sinner's part.

4. His mantle was wet with the dews of the night;
His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'ning and bright; His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were raised,
While angels in wonder stood round him amazed!

6. "I am the Redeemer, for thee I must die! The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by! Thy sins like a mountain were laid upon Me, And all this deep anguish I suf-fer for thee!"

8. How sweet was the moment He bade me rejoice!
His smile, oh how pleasant! how cheering His voice! I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted "Salvation" and "Glory to God!"