

METRE 64 Samuel Francis Smith **GETHSEMANE** 8,8,6,8,8

1. Be - yond where Cedron's waters flow, Behold the suff'ring Savior go To sad Gethsemane; His countenance is all di - vine, Yet grief ap - pears in eve - ry line.

2. He bows be - neath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries again, in sad Gethsemane; He lifts his mournful eyes above—"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3. With gen - tle re - sig - na - tion still, He yielded to his Father's will, In sad Gethsemane; "Be - hold me here, thine on - ly Son, And, Fa - ther, let thy will be done."

4. The Fa - ther heard; and angels there, Sustain'd the Son of God in pray'r, In sad Gethsemane; He drank the dreadful cup of pain—Then rose to life and joy a - gain.

5. When storms of sorrow round us sweep, And scenes of anguish make us weep, To sad Gethsemane we'll look, and see the Savior there, And humbly bow, like him, in pray'r.