GETHSEMANE

To see the King of heaven fall

In anguish to His knees,

The Light and Hope of all the world

Now overwhelmed with grief.

What nameless horrors must He see,

To cry out in the garden:

Oh, take this cup away from me

Yet not my will but Yours,

Yet not my will but Yours.

To know each friend will fall away,

And heaven's voice be still,

For hell to have its vengeful day

Upon Golgotha's hill.

No words describe the Saviour's plight -

To be by God forsaken

Till wrath and love are satisfied

And every sin is paid

And every sin is paid

What took Him to this wretched place,

What kept Him on this road?

His love for Adam's cursed race,

For every broken soul.

No sin too slight to overlook,

No crime too great to carry,

All mingled in this poisoned cup ‚

And yet He drank it all,

The Saviour drank it all,

The Saviour drank it all.

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty