

In Dark Gethsemane  
John Wayland, 1916.  
John Brunk.

The world in silence waits around,  
The pendant branches sway,  
While, in the shadows more profound,  
The Master kneels to pray.

The hours of night go flying on,  
Fierce dangers haste the day;  
'Tis now the Master seeks His own  
They need to watch and pray.

The foes of righteousness awake,  
They hither press their way,  
Their clamors on the silence break  
Awake, ye saints, and pray!

'Tis e'er in dark Gethsemane  
The Master strives alone,  
Yet ever comes with tender care  
To wake and warn His own.