

Gethsemane

Words: Edward Hammond, 1866.

Music: George Stebbins.

My Jesus, I would ne'er forget,
That hour I spent with Thee;
When there I saw Thy bloody sweat
In dark Gethsemane.

Refrain

I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget,
I'll ne'er forgetful be,
When there I saw Thy bloody sweat
In dark Gethsemane.

'Twas in that olive grove I felt
That Thou hadst died for me;
Alas, how great I saw my guilt
While in Gethsemane.

Refrain

I thought of how Thy heart did throb,
While "all" Thine own did flee,
And left Thee with the cruel mob,
In sad Gethsemane.

Refrain

'Twas there I felt my grief and shame
In oft forsaking Thee,
How precious was Thy very Name
In dear Gethsemane.

Refrain

Should e'er our love to Thee grow cold,
And we forgetful be,
We'll call to mind Thy love untold
While in Gethsemane.

Refrain