

## Good Friday: In the Olive Garden

1. In the Olive Garden at the close of day,  
In the silver moonlight Jesus knelt to pray.  
“Let this cup pass from me!” was his anguished cry,  
Knowing ‘twas his Father’s will he was born to die.
2. While his friends lay sleeping, heedless, without care,  
Jesus prayed for mercy, driven to despair.  
“Can you not watch with me? Will you help me pray?  
Will you not stand by me till the break of day?”
3. Now the shadows lengthen and the dawn is near.  
Now the burden deepens, none but God can hear.  
“Must my life be given, nailed upon a tree?  
Must my life blood be poured out just to set men free?”
4. As the sun was rising, he was led away  
Yielded to his Father, ready to obey.  
Robed in royal purple, taken out to die.  
Beaten, mocked and crowned with thorns, men cry “Crucify!”
5. Out upon the hill top, lifted up to die,  
“Father God, forgive them!” was his tender cry.  
Now he shouts: “’Tis finished!” and the price is paid,  
All the world’s iniquities on his head were laid.
6. How can we reject him, he who bore our sin?  
We can only love him, adoration bring.  
We will gladly serve him, endless praises sing.  
In our hearts enthrone him now, Saviour, Lord and King.

See Matthew 26 v.36-56, 67: 27 v.22-50

Mark 14 v.32-50, 65; 15 v.1-37

Luke 22 v.39-54, 63: 23 v.20-46

John 18 v.1-14: 19 v.1-30

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