



## Gethsemane

When to Gethsemane He came,  
That place, significant its name,  
For in the place of the olive press  
My Lord endured such deep distress.

In Eden's garden Adam fell  
And from that garden ceased to dwell,  
But in Gethsemane Christ prayed  
In posture prostrate He was laid.

Now in the garden's darkening shade,  
And this was no mere masquerade,  
I'll be forsaken God by Thee  
To suffer on the cruel tree.

How earnestly He wept and prayed  
My load of sin before Him laid,  
"Not mine but thine, his voice it cried  
Let now Thy Name be glorified".

Not mine but thine, his voice was heard,  
And sure the heavens breath was stirred,  
The God of all, He then would be,  
The perfect substitute for me?

How great the darkness of the hour,  
He felt the tempter's mighty power,  
His spirit was in deep distress,  
Our Lord had here no place of rest.

In depths of sorrows He was bowed,  
How dark, foreboding was the cloud,  
For He must drink that dreadful cup,  
Must drain it all, not just a sup.

O take from me this bitter cup,  
Yet for thy name, I'll drink it up,  
To do thy will, let it be done,  
So to the Father spoke the Son.

Oh Lord as I now contemplate,  
The dreadful journey thou didst take,  
Then help me bow to God above,  
And show the fullness of my love.

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