

# Alone In The Garden

Horace L. Hastings Reverently, but moving

A. M., Jr.

mel. *p*

1.) With - in the gar - den's whis - p'ring shade,  
 2.) "My Fath - er, if Thou wilt, re - move  
 3.) A - lone He knelt, a - lone He wept;  
 4.) Lord, think up - on that hour of gloom,

He knelt in an - guish and a - lone;  
 This cup of woe and wrath di - vine;  
 Our cup He drank and for us pray'd;  
 Thy tears, Thy blood, Thine a - go - ny;

And 'mid the gath - 'ring gloom He pray'd,  
 But if I must it's an - guish prove,  
 My soul a - wake! for thou hast slept,  
 The cross, the dark - ness and the tomb,

While crush'd by bur - dens not His own.  
 Then not My will be done, but Thine."  
 While Christ, thy Mas - ter was be - tray'd.  
 Then, O my Sav - iour, think on me!