

King of tears

Go to dark Gethsemane,
See the Savior as He prays.

The man of Sorrows bows His head
And groans an anguished prayer
Redemption's cup, the price of sin
Is His alone to bear.
Beneath the olive trees He cries
and battles with His fears.
The shadows write His name in black,
Behold the "King of Tears".

The suffering Savior prays alone,
Surrounded by the night.
He lays aside His crown of gold,
His legacy of light.
The moaning wind repeats the call
That only heaven hears.
"O father let Thy will be done!"
Cries out the King of Tears.

Come to the garden, to olive's hill.
Come to the shadows be silent and still.
Pause for a moment, consider the cost.
As Jesus rises and chooses the cross.

Behold the Son of God who came
from heaven's highest throne.
Standing in a court
for saken and alone
Despised and rejected,
reviled by angry jeers.
"Behold your King," the rabble cries,
Behold the King of Tears!"

Joseph M. Martin / Quoting Aberystwyth

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