

Alone He prays

Through the daylight hours
fragrant flowers bloom,
In the olive orchard
emitting sweet perfume,
But on this night of malice
kneeling 'mid the stones,
Jesus prays with passion,
in agony alone.

Peaceful walls of roses
Blossom 'neath the sun,
While near the stony staircase
Climbing grapevines run,
But in the darkest hours
Up on this night of hate,
Pleading with His Father,
The Lord awaits His fate.

Alone He prays,
Alone He prays.
Up on this night of hate,
The Lord awaits His fate,
Alone.

Stream and hedge and olive
Are thriving there by day,
Calling to the weary to come,
And rest, and pray,
But underneath the clouds
No moonlight finds the sky
As on this night of treason
The Lord prepares to die!

Alone He prays, Alone He prays.
Up on this night of hate,
The Lord awaits His fate,
Alone He prays, Alone He prays.
Up on this night of hate,
The Lord awaits His fate,
Alone. Alone.

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