Dark Was The Night

1. Dark was the night and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;
   His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down; In agony He prayed:
   If not, content to drink it up, Thy pleasure I fulfill."

2. “Father, remove this bitter cup, If such Thy sacred will;
   If not, content to drink it up, Thy pleasure I fulfill.”

3. Go to the garden, sinner; see Those precious drops that flow,
   The heavy load He bore for thee—For thee He lies so low.

4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear; Thy Father's will obey;
   And when temptations press thee near, Awake to watch and pray.

Words: Unknown
Music by J. H. Tenney