Carl Smith, Gethsemane

On the hillside so lonely knelt Jesus one day
So wounded and worried he went there to pray
My friends there forsaken so lonely he feels
To heaven he's crying in helpless up here
But the golden day has broken in old Gethsemane
The mourner orphans singing the songs of victory
There's a new highway to glory the road that Jesus try
With a halo we're traveling the pathway too far
[steel]
On the hillside in garden such suffering I see
In humble submission he'll make honest plea
His blood streams of thirsty comes sinner be true
His cheeks are all crimson for me and for you
But the golden day has broken...