

# 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...