

# Gethsemane

\$2.50 per copy

for baritone voice and piano

From the Easter Cantata, "The Lamb"

Katherine Knecht

*Solemnly mp*

1. The night was still, just hours 'til break of day; My torch was lit, a sword in  
 2. think it was pe-cu-liar then That one would sell his lord for

hand. We start-ed out and Jud-as led the way; The chief of priests was in com-  
 pay, But with a kiss? Such I had ne-ver seen. It seemed to me a cow - ard's

mand. I'd never seen the man we came to take. He was a fraud, so I was  
 way. Then du-ty - bound I laid my hands on him. He showed no fear; how could this

*cresc.*

*mp*

face. Was this the man whom we were told to fear? Was this the One they called their own. He ques-tioned why we came as for a thief. He would not fight; he did not

King? His tat-tered robe was stained with blood and tears; A hum-bler man I'd ne-ver run. He said, "Put up thy sword in-to thy sheath. My Fa-ther's will shall now be

seen. I did not know! I did not un-der-stand What he had suf-fered there for done." I never saw him heal a-noth-er man, But then his vir-tue flowed through

*f* *mp*

me. \_\_\_\_\_ De - scend - ing all, he bought the souls of men, With - in a  
 me. \_\_\_\_\_ And 'tho un - wor - thy of his ten - der hand. I found my

*molto rit. 2nd verse*

gar - den called Geth - sem - a - ne. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sa - vior in Geth - sem - a - ne. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf a tempo*

*molto rit. 2nd verse*

1. *mp* 2.

2. I did not

*mp* *rit.* *p*