

Gethsemane

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for tenor 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

p *mp*

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 ne-ver 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.

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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 nev - er 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

f *mp*

molto rit. 2nd verse

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

molto rit. 2nd verse *mf a tempo*

1. *mp* 2.

2. I did not

mp *rit.* *mp*