

# There in the garden

For Maundy Thursday and Good Friday

Text: Leigh Newton © 2018 Melody: Beethoven's 7th symphony, 2nd movement  
Piano arrangement: Leigh Newton, adapted from Ernst Pauer 1826-1905

Am E Am D7

1. There in the gard - en, No hope of pard - on, Christ is ar -  
3. Lost in our dread - ing, Where are we head - ing? Pat - terns re

8 C G Am G C B Bm A Am

rest - ed, Tak - en a - way. Sent - ence is spok - en, Pil - ate has brok - en,  
peat - ed, Right to the grave. Mute in our trudg - ing, Lost in our hurt - ing,

15 E/G# Am E Am C B Bm E/B

Wash - es his hands, The cross now a - waits. Christ now de - feat - ed, Num - bers dep -  
This ach - ing path to be trod ev - 'ry day. Christ, we be - trayed you, Hurt you, den -

21 A Am E Am E Am

let - ed, Fol - low'rs in hid - ing, No more de - bate. 2. Hand in the  
ied you. Striv - ing for free - dom, We stand now en - slaved. 4. Come sing lam -

27 E Am D7 C/G G

cash drawer, Side - step - ping love's law; Deep - ly in - volved in\_ what's yet to  
ent, friend; Long 'til the dawn and Come take his bod - y To rest in the

33 C B Bm E A Am

come. Where lies red - emp - tion? Is there ex - emp - tion? Cold, heart-less  
grave. We stand con - vic - ted, High - ly con - flict - ed, Choos-ing for

39 E/G# Am E Am C B

law Con - demns to the grave. Wom - en draw near - er, —  
com - fort When love is the way. Jes - us we failed you, Re -

44 Bm A Am E/G# Am E Am

This lone- ly fig - ure. Dark falls the curt - ain, Life slips a - way.  
- ject - ed and nailed you. Would that your bod - y be Raised once ag - ain.

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| 1. There in the garden,<br>No hope of pardon,<br>Christ is arrested,<br>Taken away.<br>Sentence is spoken,<br>Pilate has broken,<br>Washes his hands,<br>The cross now awaits.<br>Christ now defeated,<br>Numbers depleted,<br>Follow'rs in hiding,<br>No more debate. | 2. Hand in the cash drawer,<br>Side-stepping love's law,<br>Deeply involved in<br>What's yet to come.<br>Where lies redemption?<br>Is there exemption?<br>Cold, heartless law<br>Condemns to the grave.<br>Women draw nearer<br>This lonely figure.<br>Dark falls the curtain,<br>Life slips away. | 3. Lost in our dreading,<br>Where are we heading?<br>Patterns repeated,<br>Right to the grave.<br>Mute in our trudging,<br>Lost in our hurting,<br>This aching path to be<br>Trod every day.<br>Christ, we betrayed you,<br>Hurt you, denied you.<br>Striving for freedom,<br>We stand now enslaved. | 4. Come sing lament, friend;<br>Long 'til the dawn, and<br>Come take his body<br>To rest in the grave.<br>We stand convicted,<br>Highly conflicted,<br>Choosing for comfort<br>When love is the way.<br>Jesus, we failed you,<br>Rejected and nailed you;<br>Would that your body be<br>Raised once again. |
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