

There in the garden

Words: Leigh Newton © 2019

Melody: Beethoven's 7th Symphony, 2nd Movement

1. There in the garden,
No hope of pardon,
Christ is arrested,
Taken away.
Sentence is spoken,
Pilate has broken,
Washes his hands,
The cross now awaits.
Christ now defeated,
Numbers depleted,
Follow'rs in hiding,
No more debate.

2. Hand in the cash drawer,
Side-stepping love's law,
Deeply involved in
What's yet to come.
Where lies redemption?
Is there exemption?
Cold, heartless law
Condemns to the grave.
Women draw nearer
This lonely figure.
Dark falls the curtain,
Life slips away.

3. Lost in our dreading,
Where are we heading?
Patterns repeated,
Right to the grave.
Mute in our trudging,
Lost in our hurting,
This aching path to be
Trod every day.
Christ, we betrayed you,
Hurt you, denied you.
Striving for freedom,
We stand now enslaved.

4. Come sing lament, friend;
Long 'til the dawn, and
Come take his body,
To rest in the grave.
We stand convicted,
Highly conflicted,
Choosing for comfort
When love is the way.
Jesus, we failed you,
Rejected and nailed you;
Would that your body be
Raised once again.