

Voice

In anguish in the garden

Julie Rowbory

Mark 14-16

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1. In an-guish in the gar-den the Sa-viour kneels to pray, 'O
 si-lence in the cour-troom the Sa-viour stands a-lone, Be
 dark-ness on the hill-side the Sa-viour hangs to die. His
 glo-ry in the hea-vens, the Sa-viour sits to reign,[As]we

13 Fa-ther! A-bba! Fa-ther would you take this cup a-way?" With sweat like blood, with
 trayed, de-nied, a-ban-doned by the ones he called his own. Through jee-ring, spit-ting,
 arms stretched wide, he gives himself in faith to God on high. The Lord of life sub-
 wait in joy-ful hope un-til the day he comes a-gain. And then we'll have no

18 groans and tears, With death-ly so-rrow, bit-ter fears, 'Yet not my will, Lord not my will, but
 blows and pain, The sin-less One bears pu-blic shame,
 -mits to death, Sin slaugh-tered with his fi-nal breath.
 tears to cry, For pain wil end and death will die. The Fa-ther's will, his will a-lone, his

23 Fm Fm/A_b B_bsus4 B_b E_b Gm/D Fm
 yours be done. This is his road, the way he walked, The path he calls us now to

will's been done.

29 B_b7 E_b B_b/D Cm Cm/B_b A_b A_b/G Fm7 Fm7/A_b
 tread: To lose our lives, for-get our-selves and turn from sin; To die with him in sor-row And

34 B_b B_b/D E_b B_b/D Cm Gm/B_b Fm/A_b
 rise with him in glo-ry his e-ver-la-sing glo-ry. This is his road. This is his

40 B_b E_b B_bsusB_b Csus4 C F C/E
 path. Come, fol-low him. 2.3. In 4. In glor-ry in the hea-ven the

2

48 Dm Am/C B♭ F/A Gm Gm/B♭ Csus4

Sa-vioursits to reign, Aswe wait in joy-ful hope un-til the day he comes a - gain. And

54 F C/E Dm Am/C B♭ F/A

then we'll have no tears to cry, For pain will end and death will die. The Fa-ther's will, his will a-lone, his

60 Gm Gm/B♭ Csus4 C F Am/E Gm

will's been done. This is his road, the way he walked, The path he calls us now to

66 C7 F C/E Dm Dm/C B♭ B♭/A Gm7 Gm7/B♭

tread: To lose our lives, for-get our-selves and turn from sin; To die with him in sor-row And

71 C C/E F C/E Dm Am/C Gm/B♭

rise with him in glo - ry his e-ver-las-ting glo - ry. This is his road. This is his

77 C F

path. Come, fol - low him.