Dark was the night and cold the ground

Dark was the night, and cold the ground
on which the Lord was laid;
his sweat like drops of blood ran down;
in agony he prayed.

"Father, remove this bitter cup,
if such thy sacred will;
if not, content to drink it up
thy pleasure I fulfill."

Go to the garden, sinner, see
those precious drops that flow;
the heavy load he bore for thee;
for thee he lies so low.

Then learn of him the cross to bear;
thy Father's will obey;
and when temptations press thee near,
awake to watch and pray.

This gives Richmond (Haweis) and Martyrdom as tunes for this text.

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