

# Suffering from Gethsemane to Calvary

## Praise of the Lord — Remembrance of Him

(Guitar: Capo 3)

The musical score is written for guitar with a capo on the 3rd fret. It consists of five staves of music in a 3/4 time signature, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily quarter and eighth notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: G, D7, G, D, D7, G, D7, G, G7, C, G, C, G, B, C, Am, G, D7, G, B, C, Am, G, D7, G.

1. Lord, You suf - fered and were rav - aged By the cru - el - ty of  
men. From Geth - se - mane to Cal - va - ry, Men op - pressed and judged You  
then; Our trans - gres - sions caused You wound - ing, Pain and suf - fering all con -  
sum - ing, 'Til a breach in Your com - mun - ing Caused You grief un - known from  
birth. From the gar - den to Gol - go - tha, All You passed through proved Your worth.

2. You had one friend who betrayed You,  
With a kiss, to hate-filled men,  
And another who denied You  
Out of fear towards all of them.  
When they took You as their prisoner,  
Questioned You, their anger bitter,  
And then mocked You, thought a sinner,  
You did not Yourself defend.  
You were mute and long-enduring  
With a view to reach Your end.

3. The Sanhedrin sought to weaken  
Your endurance and Your strength,  
Then delivered You to Pilate  
Whose men scourged You, whipped at length.  
At Golgotha, soldiers stripped You,  
And with violent pounding nailed You  
To Your cross, through joint and sinew,  
There to hang upon the tree,  
Where bystanders mocked, despising,  
Wagging heads contempt'ously.

4. Those who hated You were staring,  
No respect, their visage hard.  
Soldiers gambled for Your garments  
While Your strength dried like a shard.  
Like hot wax, Your heart was melting.  
Gravity each joint was rending.  
In Your mouth, Your tongue was cleaving.  
As Your weight each breath then stole,  
Your ordeal made all the harder  
When God made You sin for all.

5. At the noon hour, when God judged You,  
Laid on You the whole of sin,  
God's dear presence fled, departed,  
From Your fellowship within.  
This was much worse than the violence;  
This forsaking—dreaded silence,  
All the scorn of men's derision  
Paling in comparison  
To the scope of God's own judgement  
Poured upon His only Son.

6. After three hours, at Your limit,  
You cried out in agony,  
In the words of David, Psalmist,  
"Why have You forsaken Me?"  
Saying, "I thirst... It is finished"  
You were done, Your work unblemished.  
You prayed "Father, into Your hands  
I commit My spirit." Then  
With a loud cry, You expired,  
As Your loved ones grieved again.

7. When Your death the soldiers noticed,  
One took up His weighted spear  
And he pierced Your side in coldness,  
Blood and water flowing clear.  
From Gethsemane to Calvary  
You were broken, suffering greatly.  
Wounds innumerable, a fountain,  
Flowing precious priceless blood,  
For our sins and our redemption,  
Reconciling us to God.

8. Lord, I praise You and I thank You  
That You bled and died for me,  
As I ponder how You loved me  
And You gave Yourself for me.  
I am filled with love and reverence,  
Gratitude and deep assurance  
You forgive me in Your mercy,  
By Your blood, for all my sin!  
And You joined me to the Father!  
Hallelujah, Lord! Amen!