

## GETHSEMANE

(written by Kenneth Cope)

My Lord Jesus  
Me in heaven—You on earth  
You're in the garden  
And Your heavy burden is growing worse  
I weep for You, Jesus

My poor Jesus  
I'm so sorry to make You cry  
But I'm far from like You  
And all my sins, Lord, demand this price

I wish that I could come to You  
And wipe away the blood  
And then I'd bear Your cross, Lord  
If I could  
But I'm up here  
And You're down there, Jesus

My poor Jesus  
I'm so sorry to make You die  
But, please, for me, Jesus  
Die

Now Lord Jesus  
You're in heaven and I'm on earth  
Now it's my turn  
And my little burden is getting worse  
I weep for me, Jesus

Oh kind Jesus  
I keep trying to win this fight  
But I just can't change me  
I need Your grace, Lord  
Please provide

I wish that I could run to You  
And all of this would end  
If I could see Your face  
Have You close again  
But You're up there  
And I'm down here, Oh Jesus

My Lord Jesus  
If You've got time to spend with me tonight  
Then fly to me, Jesus  
Fly