

Gethsemane

Loretta Lynn

GETHSEMANE

WRITERS B.L. SMITH, W.B. WALDROPToll no bell for me Father

But let this cup of suffering pass from me

Send me no shepherd to heal my world

But the Angel - the dream foretold

Prayed more than thrice for you to see

The wolf of loneliness in me

Not my own will but Yours be done.

You wake up where's the tomb?

Will Easter come, enter my room?

The Lord weeps with me

But my tears fall for you.

Another Beauty

Loved by a Beast

Another tale of infinite dreams

Your eyes they were my paradise

Your smile made my sun rise.

Forgive me for I don't know what I gain

Alone in this garden of pain

Enchantment has but one truth:

I weep to have what I fear to lose.

You wake up where's the tomb?

Will Easter come, enter my room?

The Lord weeps with me

But my tears fall for you.

I knew you never before

I see you never more

But the love the pain the hope O beautiful one

Have made you mine 'till all my years are done.

Without you

The poetry within me is dead...

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