

Loretta Lynn "Gethsemane"

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GETHSEMANE

WRITERS B.L. SMITH, W.B. WALDROP

Toll 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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