

Issakar

"Gethsemane"

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Dorare
Mi Jesu
Yashuwa
Yahweh
Ello vi yeh yi
Shaddi
My Jesus, my king

On the mount of olives, in the garden of Gethsemane
The Savior, our God, the spotless Lamb
Fell to his knees
And in a wish he prayed,
Sweating blood with every breath
He cried my soul's overwhelmed with sorrow
And to the point of death

Chorus:
And he cried take this cup,
Take this cup from me
Yet not my will, but yours be done
And he cried take this cup,
Take this cup from me
Yet not my will, but yours be done

We bow down to you, O Lord,
I surrender all
I lay it down, my everything
To my knees I fall
My life to you, my every breath
I am yours and yours alone
Use me Lord, O this I pray
For your will and not my own

Chorus:
And he cried take this cup,
Take this cup from me
Yet not my will, but yours be done
And he cried take this cup,
Take this cup from me
Yet not my will, but yours be done

Not my will,

Not my will,
Not my will, but yours be done
Not my will,
Not my will,
Not my will, but yours be done

Chorus:

And he cried take this cup,
Take this cup from me
Yet not my will, but yours be done
Oh I will die, and soon I'll rise
I'll be your sacrifice
So not my will, but your will be done...

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