'Neath the Old Olive Trees



'Neath the stars of the night Walked the Saviour of light, In the garden of dew-ladened breeze; Where no light could be found, Jesus knelt on the ground, There He prayed 'neath the old olive trees.

Refrain

'Neath the old olive trees, 'Neath the old olive trees, Went the Saviour alone on His knees: ''Not My will, Thine be done,'' Cried the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old olive trees. All the sins of the world On the Saviour was hurled, As He knelt in the garden alone; Hear His soul-burdened plea, Let this cup pass from Me, "Even so, not My will, Thine be done."

Refrain

May my song ever be Of the love proffered me, By my Lord all alone on His knees: Praise His wonderful name, He who bore all my blame, As He knelt 'neath the old olive trees.

Refrain

B.B. McKinney