

# Dark Was the Night, Cold Was the Ground

## Blind Willie Johnson

Dark was the night, and cold the ground  
On which the Lord was laid;  
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;  
In agony he prayed. "Father, remove this bitter cup,  
If such Thy sacred will;  
If not, content to drink it up  
Thy pleasure I fulfill." "Go to the garden, sinner, see  
Those precious drops that flow;  
The heavy load He bore for thee;  
For thee he lies so low.  
Then learn of Him the cross to bear;  
Thy Father's will obey;  
And when temptations press thee near,  
Awake to watch and pray.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>