

## NIGHT, WITH EBON PINION

Night, with ebon pinion, brooded o'er the vale;  
All around was silent, save the night wind's wail,  
    When Christ, the Man of Sorrows,  
    In tears, and sweat, and blood,  
Prostrate in the garden, raised His voice to God.  
Smitten for offenses which were not His own,  
He, for our transgressions, had to weep alone;  
    No friend with words to comfort,  
    Nor hand to help was there,  
When the Meek and Lowly humbly bowed in prayer.  
    Abba, Father, Father, if indeed it may,  
    Let this cup of anguish pass from Me, I pray;  
Yet, if it must be suffered, by Me, Thine only Son,  
    Abba, Father, Father, let Thy will be done.