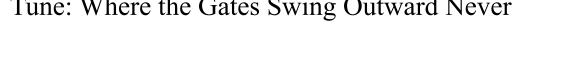
Jesus' Last Days

Tune: Where the Gates Swing Outward Never



Je - sus sad - dest days we willsing of here Were the last spent ear - th. he the gar-den then. It was called Geth - sem He went out to pray a ne, a cross He died for our sins that day. How we love Him for his de - ed.



He would be be-trayed, His dis - ci - ples slept. did not want

He would be dis - pised, They could not watch there. bear the ag - o - ny,

His But this was the plan since birth. They were not good friends, these three. But he loved us, saw need. our

Patsy Stevens



Men ar - rest - ed they tried him there. him, then will love Him We all of our days earth on

up ro - om. It was an fa un tri - al. For his gift pre-cious. is



Ju - das left the group be - tray our Lord. Je - sus knew His time was so our dear Lord that night, Then we hear Pe - ter's They con-demned to death de-ni -Je - sus paid the price. With His blood He to - day, lysaved