

Dark was the night, cold was the ground

In the garden on the hillside
a sweet wind rose
Beneath a passover moon
in bloodred clothes
Now the hour had come
There is nothing concealed
that won't be disclosed

The nightingale was mute
and hardly able to breathe
From the load of the world
He sank to his knees
You could hear the ancient hiss
When the Son of Man
was betrayed with a kiss

Dark was the night
cold was the ground
on which the Lord had laid
drops of sweat ran down

The taste of iron on his lips
was cold and dry
A cross of rough-hewn wood
toward a darkening sky
Blackness came upon his eyes
"Take this cup away from me"
He prayed and sighed

Dark was the night
cold was the ground
on which the Lord had laid
drops of sweat ran down