

## Night, with Ebon Pinion

PFTL #452

1

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.

2

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.

3

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.

## Noche, en ala negra

1

Noche,\_en ala negra, cubre\_el valle\_allí;  
Se\_oye solo\_el viento en Getsemaní.  
Y\_el Hombre de Dolores, cual sangre Su  
sudor,  
Ante Dios, postrado, alza Su clamor.

2

Sufre por ofensas, mas no\_hizo\_Él maldad;  
Él, por nuestras culpas, llora\_en soledad.  
Consuelo no\_hay, ni\_ayuda, ningún amigo  
leal;  
Se\_arrodilla\_el Manso y\_oro\_en humildad.

3

“Abba, si\_es posible, Padre, sea\_así:  
Pase esta copa, por favor, de Mí.  
Mas si Tu Hijo\_amado la tiene que tomar,  
Abba, Padre, Padre, haz Tu voluntad”.