

TIS MIDNIGHT, AND ON OLIVE'S BROW

Verse 1

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now
The suffering Savior prays alone.

Verse 2

'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
Even that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

Verse 3

'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

Verse 4

'Tis midnight, and from ether plains
Is born the song that angels know;
Un-heard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.