'Tis Midnight And On Olive’s Brow
ZEPHYR L. M.

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from e-ther plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis mid-night; in the gar-den, now The suf-fering Sav-ior prays a-lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-ior's woe. A-men.

Words: William B. Tappan
Music: William B. Bradbury (1844)