‘Tis Midnight And On Olive’s Brow

**BROKER 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 removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. ‘Tis mid-night, and for others' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. ‘Tis mid-night, and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis mid-night; in the garden, now The suffering Saviour prays alone.
Even that disciple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt Is not forsaken by His God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Words: William B. Tappan
Music: E. Laroche

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