‘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;
In the garden, now the suffering Savior prays alone.

2. ’Tis mid-night, and from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E’en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not His Master’s grief and tears.

3. ’Tis mid-night, and for others’ guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4. ’Tis mid-night, and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior’s woe. A-men.

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