‘Tis Midnight And On Olive’s Brow

1. ‘Tis midnight, and on Olive’s brow The star is dimmed that late ly shone; ‘Tis midnight; in the garden, now The suffering Savior prays a lone.

2. ‘Tis midnight, 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 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.

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

Words: William B. Tappan
Music: Virgil C. Taylor

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