‘Tis Midnight And On Olive’s Brow

Words: William B. Tappan
Music: E. Laroche

1. ’Tis mid-night, and on Olive’s brow
   The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
2. ’Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved,
   The Sav-i-or wres-tles 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-i-or 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-i-or’s woe.