‘Tis Midnight And On Olives Brow

Words: William B. Tappan
Music: William B. Bradbury

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 ether 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.