'TIS MIDNIGHT AND ON OLIVES BROW

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 Savior 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 midnight; in the garden, now The suffering Savior prays alone.
E'en 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 Savior's woe.

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