Broker L. M.

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol-ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night; and, from all re-moved, The Sav-ior 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-fring Sav-ior 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-ior's woe.