Broker L. M.

Softly, gently, yet distinct

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimm'd 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 mid-night; 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.

Words: William B. Tappan
Music: R. M. McIntosh

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