

Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow

Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, the star is dimmed that lately shone;

Tis midnight, in the garden now the suffering Savior prays alone.

Tis midnight, and, from all removed, the Savior wrestles lone with fears; e'en that disciple that he loved heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

Tis midnight, and, for others' guilt, the Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; yet he that hath in anguish knelt is not forsaken by his God.

Tis midnight, and from heav'nly plains is borne the song that angels know; unheard by mortals are the strains that sweetly soothe the Savior's woe, soothe the Savior's woe.