

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

99

(Guitar: Capo 1)

1. '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.

2. 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears—
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight, and for other's guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.
4. 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.