

# 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

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1. 'Tis mid - night, and on Olive's brow The  
star is dimmed that late - ly shone; 'Tis mid - night in the  
gar - den now, The suf - f'ring Sav - ior prays a - lone.

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.