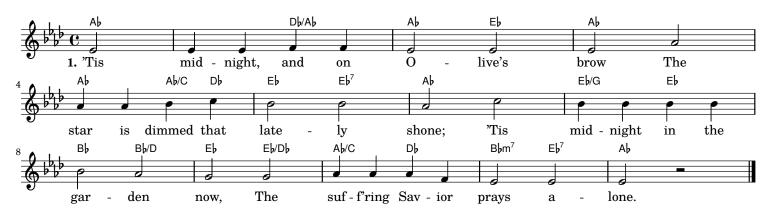
Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering



- 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.