

'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's brow

William Bradbury, 1816-1868

Olive's Brow
L.M.

A^b D^b A^b E^b A^b F^{min} E^b A^b D^b E^b7 A^b

E^b B^b B^b7 E^b E^b7 A^b D^b A^b E^b E^b7 A^b

'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
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears
E'en the disciple whom 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 Who hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

'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.

William B. Tappan