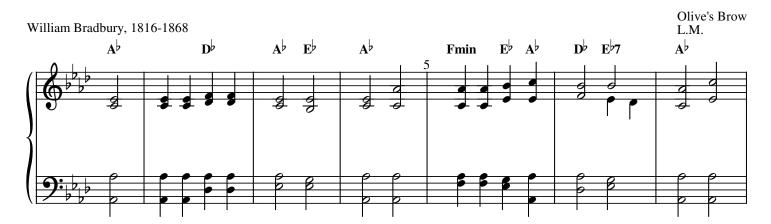
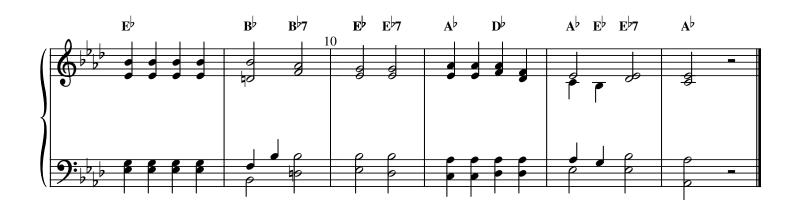
'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's brow





'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 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

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