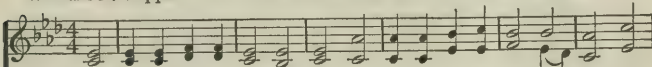


'Tis Midnight.

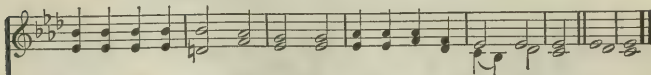
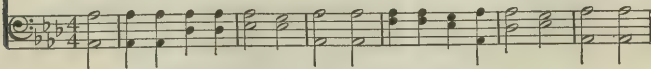
William B. Tappan.

Olive's Brow. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Savior wrestles lone with fears; E'en
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know; Un-



mid-night; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
 that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
 heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A - MEN.

