

# 'Tis Midnight

"And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." — Luke 22:44

Poem: GETHSEMANE  
William Bingham Tappan 1822

Tune: BROKER II  
Emilius LaRoche (Rigdon McCoy McIntosh) 1879  
Arr., Alan Johns 2020

1. 'Tis mid-night— and on O-live's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone;  
2. 'Tis mid-night— and from all re - moved, Im - man - uel wres - tles, lone, with fears;  
3. 'Tis mid-night— and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor - rows weeps in blood;  
4. 'Tis mid-night— and from heav'n-ly plains, Are borne the songs that an - gels know;

*rit.*  
'Tis mid-night— in the gar-den now, The suf-f'ring Sav - ior prays a - lone.  
E'en the dis - ci - ple that He loved Heeds not his Mas - ter's grief and tears.  
Yet He, that hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.  
Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav - iour's woe.

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