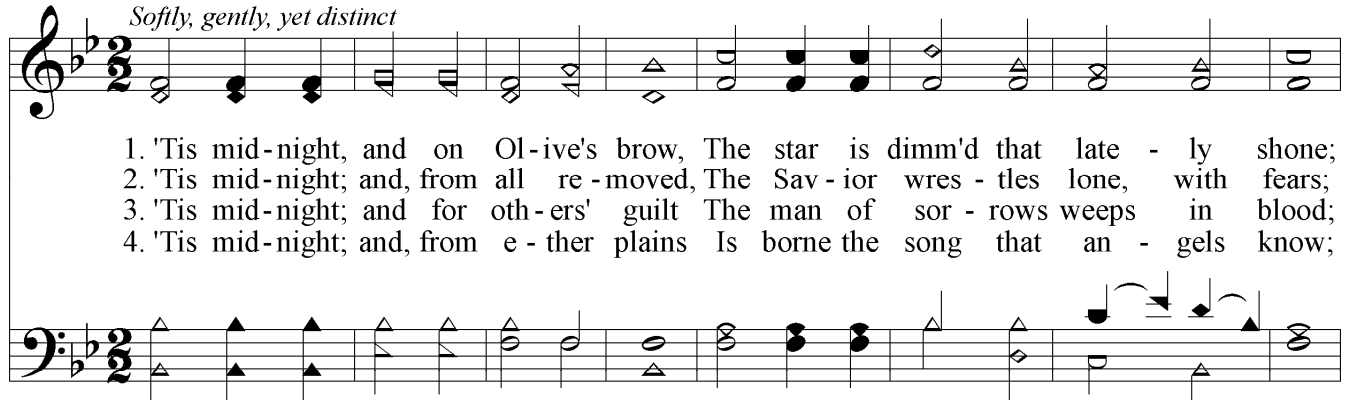


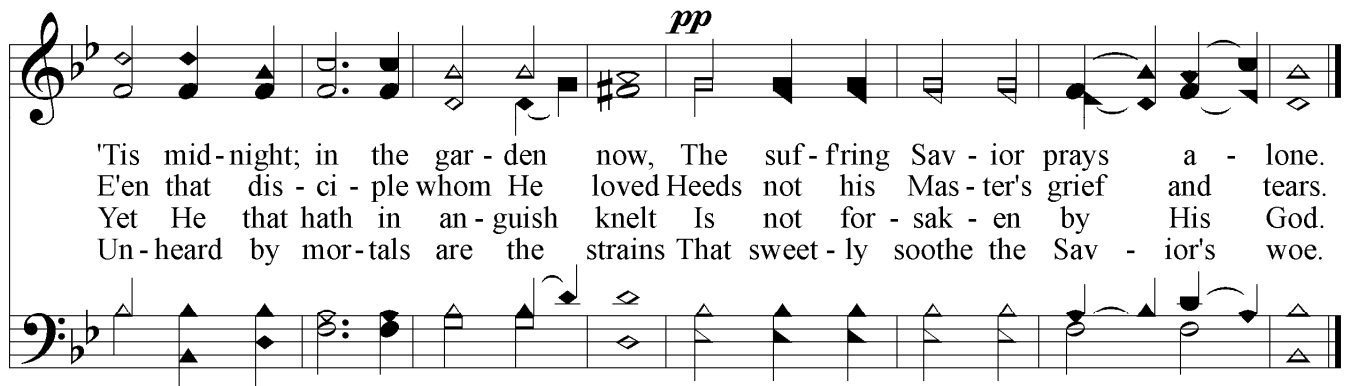
Broker L. M.

Softly, gently, yet distinct



1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol-ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night; and, from all re-moved, The Sav - ior 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 e - ther plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

pp



'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now, The suf - fring Sav - ior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom 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 - ior's woe.