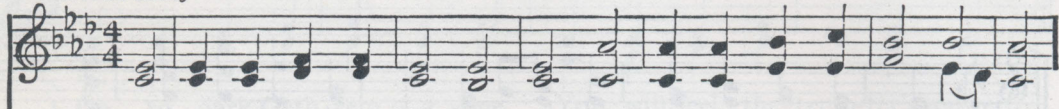


## Holy Thursday

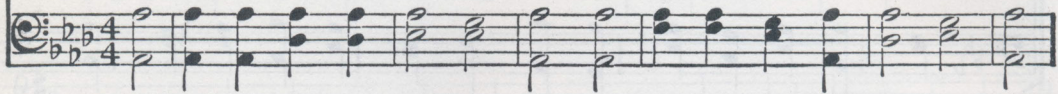
OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1794-1849  
*Not too slowly*

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868



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



'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den now, The suf-fering Sav-iour 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-iour's woe. A-MEN.

