**Tis midnight, and on Olive’s Brow**

#709 PFTL

1

‘Tis midnight, and on Olive’s brow

the star is dimmed that lately shone.

‘Tis midnight; in the garden now

the suff'ring Savior prays alone.

2

‘Tis midnight, and from all removed,

The Savior wrestles ’lone with fears.

E’en that disciple whom he loved

heeds not his Master’s grief and tears.

3

‘Tis midnight, and for others’ guilt

the Man of sorrows weeps in blood.

Yet he that hath in anguish knelt

is not forsaken by his God.

4

‘Tis midnight, and from etherplains

Is borne the song that angels know;

Unheard by mortals are the strains

That sweetly soothe the Savior’s woe.

**Es noche en Getsemaní**

1

Es noche en Getsemaní;

Ya el lucero tenue\_está.

Es noche\_ahora\_en el jardín;

Sufriendo,\_Él ora\_en soledad.

2

Es noche;\_a solas, con temor

El Salvador luchando\_está;

Aun el amado seguidor

No oye de\_Él las lágrimas.

3

Es noche,\_y por el pecador,

En sangre llora\_aquel Varón;

Mas él, postrado en dolor,

No\_es olvidado por Su Dios.

4

Es noche, y de más allá

Viene\_un angélico cantar;

El son no\_oirá ningún mortal

Que\_al Salvador calma\_el pesar.