

# Midnight In The Middle Of The Day

WRITER: DOTTIE RAMBO

## Verse

THE SUN WAS HOT  
AN ANGRY MOB STOOD BY THE GRAY, STONE BUILDING  
WHILE A MAN DRAPED IN VELVET WITH A CURLY BLACK BEARD  
STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY  
NERVOUSLY WASHING HIS HANDS  
TO RID HIM OF THE BLOOD THAT HE WOULD NEVER WASH AWAY  
HIS WRINKLED BROW SHOWED THE WORRIED LINE  
I HEARD PILATE SAY  
“I FIND NO FAULT IN THIS MAN CALLED ‘JESUS’  
THE HEALER FROM THE SHORES OF GALILEE  
I COMMAND YOU TO ASK ME TO LET HIM GO FREE  
DON’T LET ME TAKE HIS BLOOD TO THE GRAVE WITH ME”  
THEN HE NERVOUSLY WASHED HIS HANDS  
TO RID HIM OF THE BLOOD THAT HE WOULD NEVER WASH AWAY  
THE MOB CRIED FOR BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT MAN  
I HEARD PILATE PRAY

## Chorus

AND IT WAS MIDNIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY  
TREMBLING SOLDIERS FELL BEFORE THE CROSS TO PRAY  
THE WHOLE WORLD SHOOK, THE VEIL WAS RENT  
WHEN THE SINLESS CHRIST WAS SLAIN  
AND IT WAS MIDNIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY  
THUNDER ROARED ACROSS THE RUMBLING MOUNTAIN  
LIGHT’NING BURNED LIKE FIRE ACROSS THE SEA  
BUT ON THE HOLY HILLS  
THE ANGELS RAISED THE CRIMSON FLAG OF TRIUMPH  
SHOUTING DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! GOOD LORD!  
DON’T YOU KNOW THAT DEATH WAS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY  
VICTORY

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