

On that same night, Lord Jesus

Praise of the Lord — Remembrance of Him

213

1. On that same night, Lord Je - sus, When all a - round Thee
 joined To cast its dark - est sha - dow A - cross Thy ho - ly
 mind, We hear Thy voice, blest Sav - ior, "This do, re - mem - ber
 me", With grate - ful hearts res - pond - ing, We do re - mem - ber Thee.

2. The depth of all Thy suffering
 No heart could e'er conceive,
 The cup of wrath o'erflowing
 For us Thou didst receive;
 And, oh, of God forsaken
 On the accursed tree;
 With grateful hearts, Lord Jesus,
 We now remember Thee.

3. We think of all the darkness
 Which round Thy spirit pressed,
 Of all those waves and billows,
 Which rolled across Thy breast.
 Oh, there Thy grace unbounded
 And perfect love we see;
 With joy and sorrow mingling,
 We would remember Thee.

4. We know Thee now as risen,
 The Firstborn from the dead;
 We see Thee now ascended,
 The Church's glorious Head.
 In Thee by grace accepted,
 The heart and mind set free
 To think of all Thy sorrow,
 And thus remember Thee.

5. Till Thou shalt come in glory,
 And call us hence away,
 To rest in all the brightness
 Of that unclouded day,
 We show Thy death, Lord Jesus,
 And here would seek to be
 More to Thy death conformed,
 While we remember Thee.