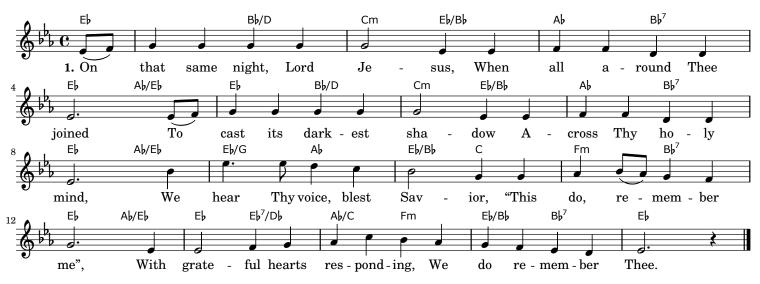
On that same night, Lord Jesus

Praise of the Lord — Remembrance of Him



- 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.