

'Twas On That Dark, That Doleful Night

GOOD THURSDAY

Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.

Music: 'St. Cross' John Bacchus Dykes, 1861. Setting: "Hymns Ancient and Modern", 1869.
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♩ = 140

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole - - ful night When pow'rs of
2. Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - - gan, He took the
3. "This is My bo - dy, broke for sin; Re - ceive and
4. For us His flesh with nails was torn, He bore the
5. For us His vi - - tal blood was spilt, To buy the

earth and hell a - - rose A - gainst the Son of
bread, and blessed, and brake: What love through all His
eat the liv - ing food:" Then took the cup, and
scourge, He felt the thorn; And jus - tice poured up -
par - - don of our guilt, When, for black crimes of

God's de - - light, And friends be - trayed Him to His foes:
ac - tions ran! What won - drous words of grace He spake!
blessed the wine; "'Tis the new cov - 'nant in My blood."
on His head Its hea - vy ven - geance in our stead.
big - gest size, He gave His soul a sac - ri - - fice.

6. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

7. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.