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'Twas on That Night When Doomed to Know
John Morrison, 1781.
Edward Miller, 1790.

'Twas on that night, when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Savior of the world took bread.

And after thanks and glory giv'n
To Him that rules in earth and Heav'n,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

"My broken body thus I give
For you, for all. Take, eat, and live.
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My saving love to view."

Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

"My blood I thus pour forth," He cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heaven's eternal grace revealed.

"With love to man this cup is fraught;
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In memory of My dying hour."

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