

## To Calv'ry, Lord, In Spirit Now

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To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now, Our grateful souls repair  
To dwell upon Thy dying love, And taste its sweetness there

Sweet resting place of every heart, That feels the plague of sin  
Yet knows the deep, mysterious joy, Of peace with God within

There, thro' Thine hour of deepest woe, Thy suff'ring spirit passed;  
Grace there its wondrous victory gained, And love endured its last

O Lamb of God! Thy bleeding wounds, With cords of love divine  
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee, And linked our life with Thine

Our longing eyes would fain behold, That bright and blessed brow  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear, Its crown of glory now

Thy sympathies and hopes are ours: We long, O Lord, to see  
Creation all, below, above, redeemed and blessed by Thee