

At Calvary

Years I spent in vanity and pride, Caring not my Lord was
Crucified, Knowing not it was for me He died on Calvary.
Mercy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was
Multiplied to me; There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trembled at the
Law I'd spurned, Till my guilty soul imploring turned to Calvary.
Mercy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was
Multiplied to me; There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

Now I've giv'n to Jesus ev-ry'-thing, Now I gladly own Him
As my King, Now my raptured soul can only sing of Calvary.
Mercy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was
Multiplied to me; There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan! Oh, the great grace that bro't it
down to man! Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span at Calvary.
Mercy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was
Multiplied to me; There my burdened soul found liberty at Calvary.

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
tune my heart to sing thy grace;
streams of mercy, never ceasing,
call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
sung by flaming tongues above;
praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
hither by thy help I'm come;
and I hope, by thy good pleasure,
safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
wand'ring from the fold of God:
he, to rescue me from danger,
interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
daily I'm constrained to be;
let that grace now, like a fetter,
bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander – Lord, I feel it –
prone to leave the God I love;
here's my heart, O take and seal it,
seal it for thy courts above.

Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus

1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
just to take him at his word;
just to rest upon his promise;
just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

Refrain:

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him!
How I've proved him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
O for grace to trust him more!

2 O how sweet to trust in Jesus,
just to trust his cleansing blood;
just in simple faith to plunge me
'neath the healing, cleansing flood! [Refrain]

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
just from sin and self to cease;
just from Jesus simply taking
life and rest, and joy and peace. [Refrain]

4 I'm so glad I learned to trust thee,
precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;
and I know that thou art with me,
wilt be with me to the end. [Refrain]