

**At Calvary #138**

1. 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.

4. Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!  
Oh, the 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.

**When I Survey the Wondrous Cross #144**

1. When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.