

**T**O Calvary, Lord, in spirit now  
Our weary souls repair,  
To dwell upon Thy dying love,  
And taste its sweetness there.

- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart  
That feels the plague of sin,  
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy:  
The peace of God within.
- 3 Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,  
With cords of love divine,  
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,  
And linked our life with Thine.
- 4 Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessed brow,  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
Its crown of glory now.
- 5 Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come,  
Responsive to our call;  
Come, take Thine ancient power, and reign  
The Heir and Lord of all.

*Edward Denny, 1796-1889*