On Calvary (MacGill)

Jacob Wakefield MacGill (1829-1902)   Jacob Wakefield MacGill

♩=100   *Solo*   *pp* *Quartet*   *Solo*

1. It pleased the Lord to bruise His on - ly Son On Cal-va-ry, That
2. Al - though the pierc-ing wail went up on high From Cal-va-ry, "My
3. And canst thou, sin - ner, stand be - neath the cross Of Cal-va-ry, To
4. The cross un - folds the won - drous love di - vine On Cal-va-ry, And

pp *Quartet*

He might ran - som sin - ners such as you, And set you free; He
God, O why hast Thou for - sak - en Me On Cal - va - ry?" The
see His life's blood drop - ping sure - ly down Un - heed-ing - ly; And
shows in woe love's ma - jes - ty su - preme On Cal - va - ry; Then

Solo   *pp* *Quartet*   *Solo*

hid His face from Je - sus, whom He loved So ten - der - ly, With
heav'ns re - turned nor ech - o, groan nor sigh On that dark day, And
treat His cru - el suf - fer - ing as dross On Cal - va - ry, While
yield to Him that bur - dened heart of thine At Cal - va - ry, And

pp *Quartet*

all His heart in yearn-ings deep and true On Cal-va-ry.
all that He might free - ly par - don me On Cal-va-ry.
He is wear-ing sor - row's hea - vy crown In ag - o - ny?
then the cross will be thy theme through-out E - ter-ni-ty.