

At Calvary

John Brinsmead

Floyd Saylor

1. The light-ning flashed, the thun-ders crashed; The bolts of wrath He bore for
 2. That ang - ry face was full of hate: Just who could be so vile as
 3. The dark-ness breaks; that fiend I see. 'Twas I who did this thing to

me; Then in the dark some fiend I see; He nailed God's Son up - on the tree,
 he? He spat up - on that love-ly face; Who could it be? Who could it be?
 Thee! I drove the nails at Cal - va - ry: The truth at last, at last I see.

CHORUS

O Lord for - bid that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ my

Lord. I clear - ly see at Cal - va - ry Just what I did, I did to Thee