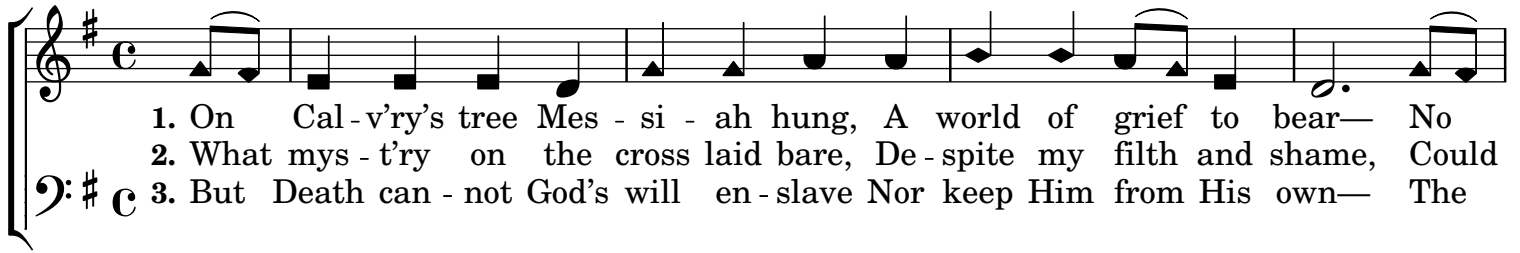


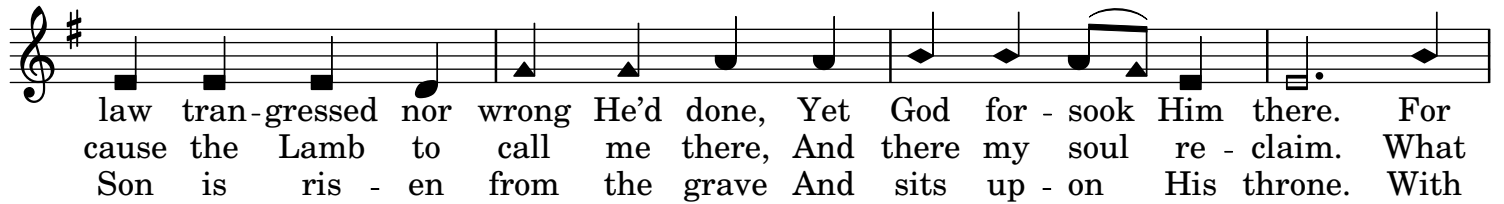
On Calv'ry's Tree

Rob Ritter

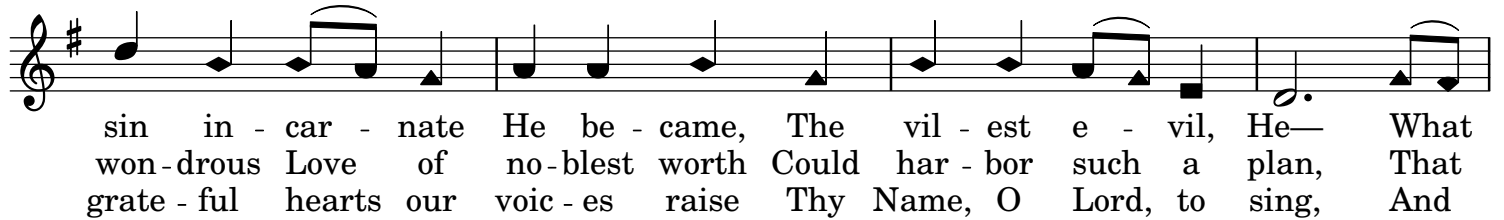
Traditional



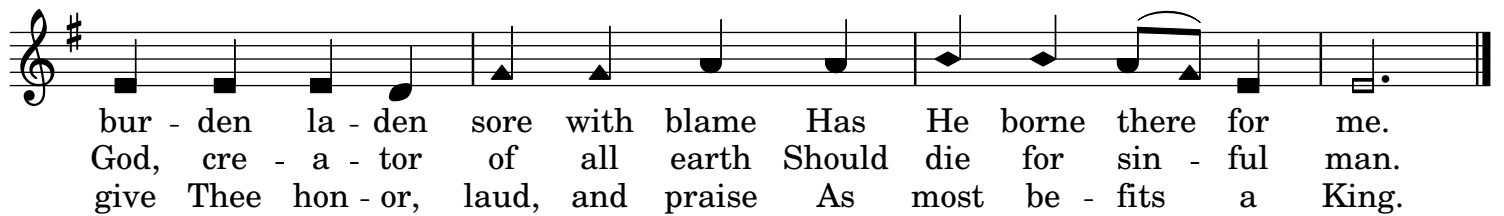
1. On Cal-v'ry's tree Mes - si - ah hung, A world of grief to bear— No
2. What mys - t'ry on the cross laid bare, De - spite my filth and shame, Could
3. But Death can - not God's will en - slave Nor keep Him from His own— The



law tran-gressed nor wrong He'd done, Yet God for - sook Him there. For
cause the Lamb to call me there, And there my soul re - claim. What
Son is ris - en from the grave And sits up - on His throne. With



sin in - car - nate He be - came, The vil - est e - vil, He— What
won-drous Love of no-blest worth Could har - bor such a plan, That
grate - ful hearts our voic - es raise Thy Name, O Lord, to sing, And



bur - den la - den sore with blame Has He borne there for me.
God, cre - a - tor of all earth Should die for sin - ful man.
give Thee hon - or, laud, and praise As most be - fits a King.