

Walking My Lord Up Calvary's Hill

[Rhonda Vincent](#)

On the cross and they hung Him shame was forsaken
As they drove the nails in His hands and His feet
As death closed his eyes His cries went to Heaven
Oh Father forgive them I hear Him redeem
One morning past day-break as the crowd slowly gathered
Like a sheep He was humble to His Father's own will
So sad was His face there the birds hushed their singing
They were walking my Lord up Calvary's hill
In the tomb he was laid but death could not hurt Him
He was God's only son in this world below
On the cross He fulfilled the plan of salvation
I want to thank Jesus for His coming again
One morning past day-break as the crowd slowly gathered
Like a sheep He was humble to His Father's own will
So sad was His face there the birds hushed their singing
They were walking my Lord up Calvary's hill
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