

# At the Cross

1 A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, and did my So - vereign  
2 Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned up - on the  
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut its glo - ries  
4 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I

die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for  
tree? A - ma - zing pi - ty! Grace un - known! And  
in, when Christ, the migh - ty Ma - ker, died for  
owe; here, Lord, I give my - self a - way 'tis

*Refrain*

sin - ners such as I?  
love be - yond de - gree! At the cross, at the cross where I  
his own cre - ature's sin.  
all that I can do!

first\_ saw the light, and the bur - den of my heart rolled a -

way,  
rolled a - way, it was there by faith I re -

ceived my\_ sight, and now I am hap - py all the day!