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, hegroaned up-on the
3 Wellnight 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!
his own cre - ature's sin.
At the cross, at the cross where I
all that I can do!

first_ saw the light, and the bur - den of my heart rolled a-
way, it was there by faith I re -
ceived my sight, and now I am hap - py all the day!

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