

At the Cross

1. A - las, and did my Sa - vior bleed, And
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And
 4. Thus might I hide my blu - shing face While
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The

did my Sov'-reign die? Would he de - vote that
 groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,
 shut his glo - ries in, When Christ the migh - ty
 Cal - v'ry's cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in
 debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -

sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I?
 grace un-known, And love be - yond de - gree!
 Ma - ker died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
 thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

At the cross, at the cross where I first_ saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,

I re - ceived my_ sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!