

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, it was



there by faith I re - ceived my sight, and



now I am hap - py all the day!