

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



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