

At The Cross

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

Chorus

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.