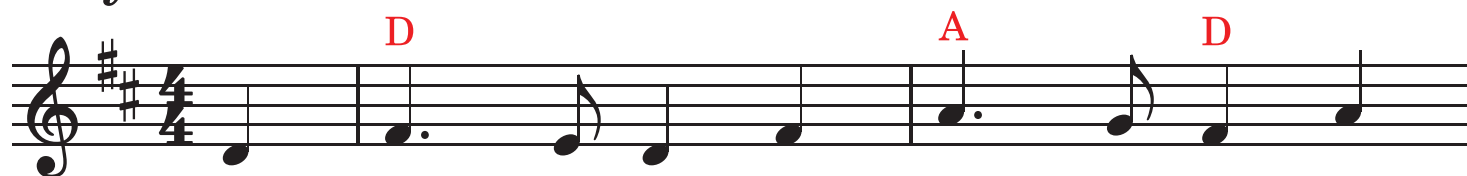
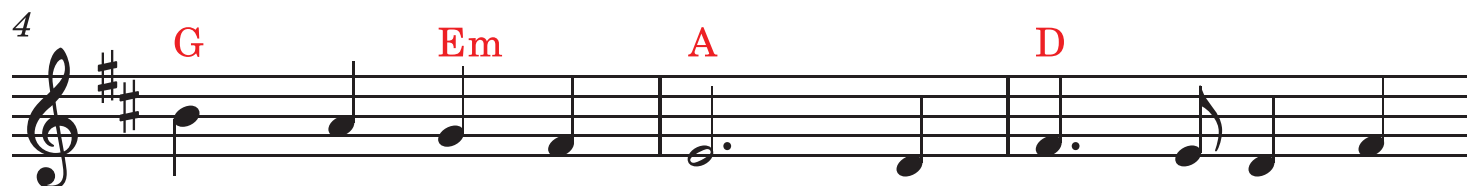


Key: D

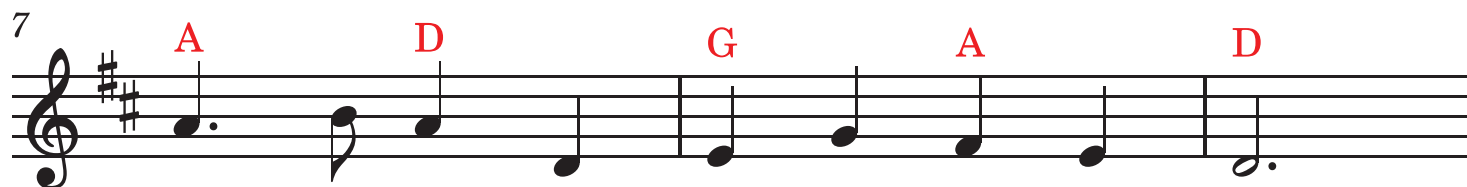
# At the Cross



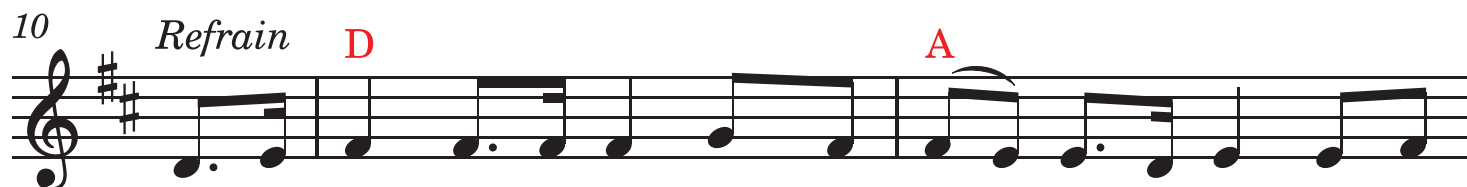
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And  
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He  
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And  
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The



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  
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.  
-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!