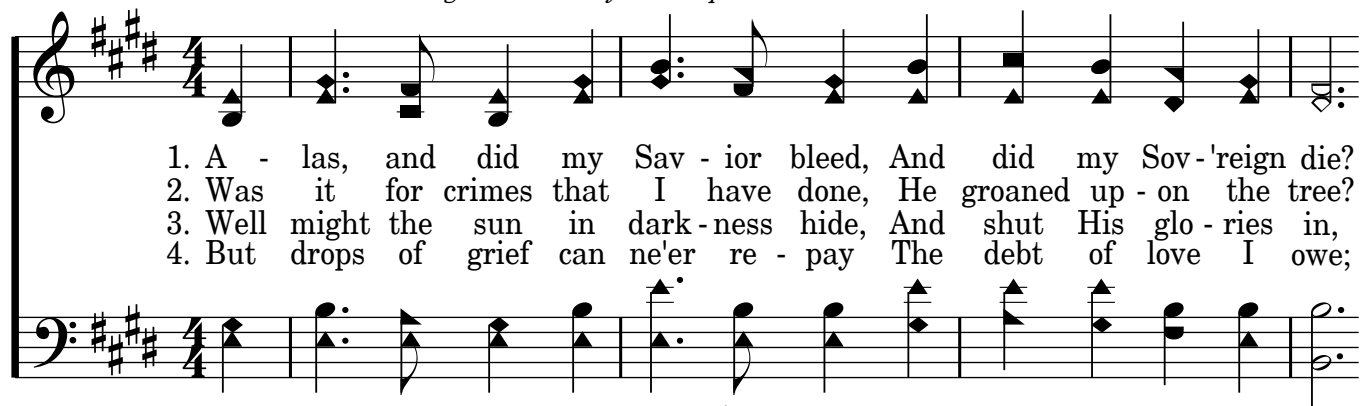


At the Cross

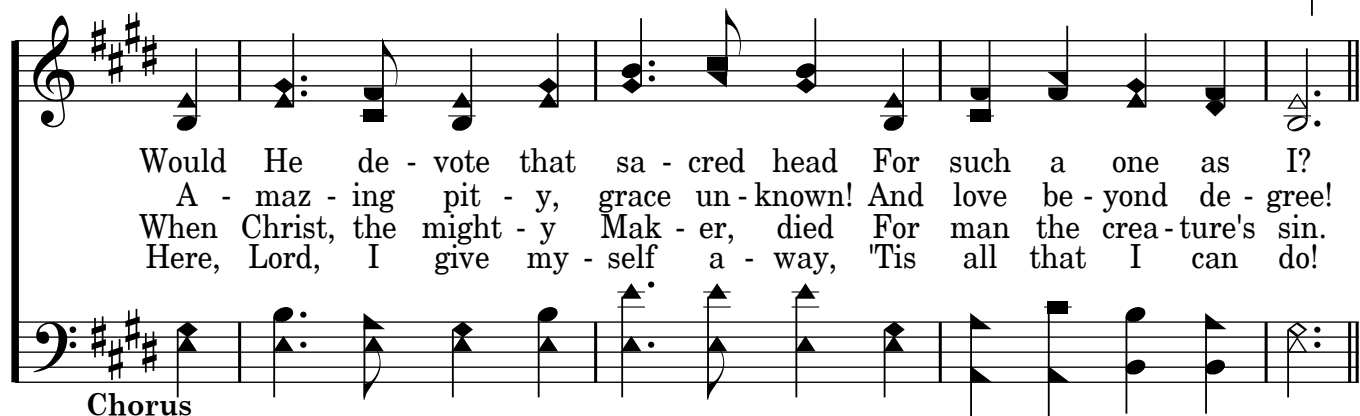
157

E - 4 - DO

*Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows . . . But he was wounded
for our transgressions . . . by His stripes we are healed. Isaiah 53:4-5*



1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

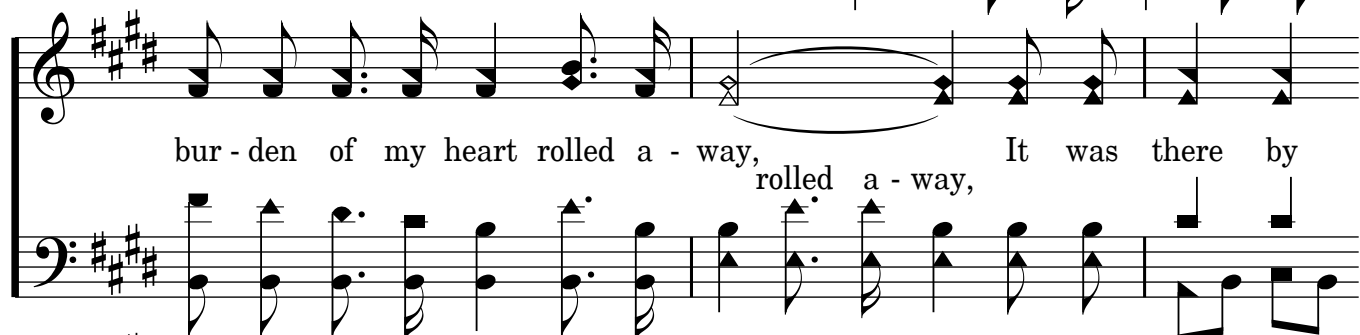


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a one as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

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
rolled a - way,



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