

At the cross

Alas! and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light
And the burden of my heart rolled away
It was there by faith I received my sight
And now I am happy all the day

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine
And bathed in its own blood
While the firm mark of wrath divine
His soul in anguish stood

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree
Amazing pity! grace unknown
And love beyond degree