

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

6

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For some-one such 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!

11

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

14

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith

17

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