Alas! and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for sinners such as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, And love beyond degree.

Refrain
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.

Well might the sun in darkness hide and shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died, for man the creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face while His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt my eyes to tears.

Refrain
But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my self away 'tis all that I can do.