

At The Cross

Verse 1 Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For sinners such as I?

CHORUS

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!

Verse 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

Verse 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.

Verse 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While Calv'ry's cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

Verse 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

- Verse 1** All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- Verse 2** Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- Verse 4** Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- Verse 5** O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

His Mercy Is More

Verse 1 What love could remember no wrongs we have done?
Omniscient, all knowing, He counts not their sum.
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore;
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more.

Verse 2 What patience would wait as we constantly roam?
What father, so tender, is calling us home?
He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor;
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more.

CHORUS

Praise the Lord! His mercy is more!
Stronger than darkness, new ev'ry morn;
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more.
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more.

Verse 3 What riches of kindness he lavished on us;
His blood was the payment, His life was the cost.
We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford;
Our sins they are many,
His mercy is more.