

At the Cross

Isaac Watts

Ralph E. Hudson

1. Al - as! and did my Sav - ior bleed
2. Was it for crimes that I have done
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay

And He groaned my - Sov' - reign die? Would He de - vote that
He shut his - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y!
And the debt of love I owe: When Christ, the might - y
The Lord, I give my -

sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Ma - ker died, For man the crea - ture's sin.
self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re -
rolled away,
ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!