

At the Cross

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Isaac Watts, 1674 - 1748

Chorus, Ralph E. Hudson, 1843 - 1901

Ralph E. Hudson, 1843 - 1901

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed And did my Sov - ereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ the might - y Mak - er died For man the crea - ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

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

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

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