

# At the Cross

Isaac Watts

Ralph E. Hudson



1. Al - as! and did my Sav - ior bleed And did my Sov - 'reign 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 glor - ies 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.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a - way,  
rolled away,

It was there by faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!