

At The Cross

Isaac Watts

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mel.

1.) A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - reign die?
2.) Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3.) Well, might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4.) Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5.) But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

6
Would He de - vote that sac - red head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree.
When God, the migh - ty Ma - ker, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

10
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

13
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith

16
I re - cieved my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.