

# At The Cross

Isaac Watts

R. E Hudson

mel. 1 2 3 4

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;

5 6 7 8 9

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 11 12

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

13 14 15

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

16 17 18 19

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