

At the Cross

Isaac Watts; refrain Ralph E. Hudson

Ralph E. Hudson

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'-rein 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;

6

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

11 *Refrain*

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

14

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way; It was there by faith I re -

17

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