

# At the Cross

Isaac Watts  
R.E. Hudson

1. A - las, and did my sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - reign die? Would  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done he groaned up - on the tree? A -  
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut his glo - ries in, When  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe: Here,

he de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I? At the  
 maz - ing p - i - ty! grace un - known! and love bey - ond de - gree!  
 Chrst the might - y mak - er died for man the crea - ture's sin.  
 Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

cross, at the cross where I first saw the light and the

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

ceived my \_\_\_ sight, and now I am hap - py all the day.