

# At the Cross

1. A - las, and did my Sa - vior 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 blu - shing face While Cal - v'ry's cross ap - pears,  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

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.  
 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.

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

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

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

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748;  
 ref., Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901  
 Tune: Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901



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