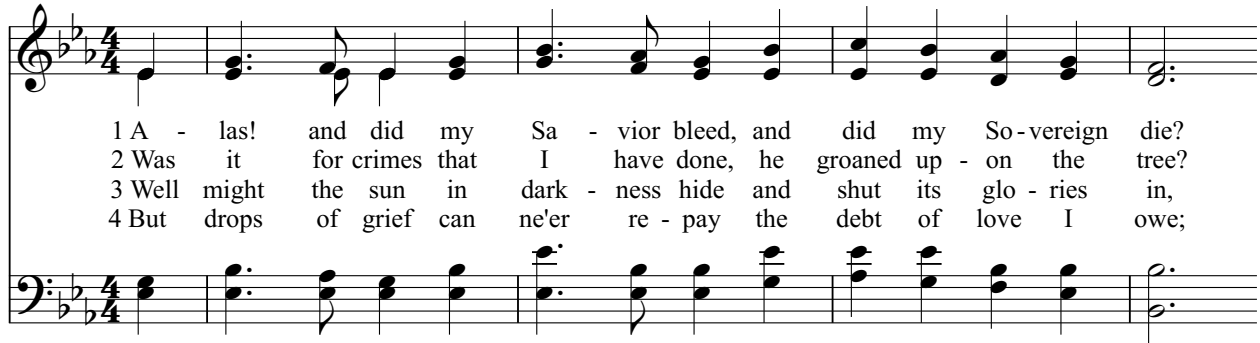
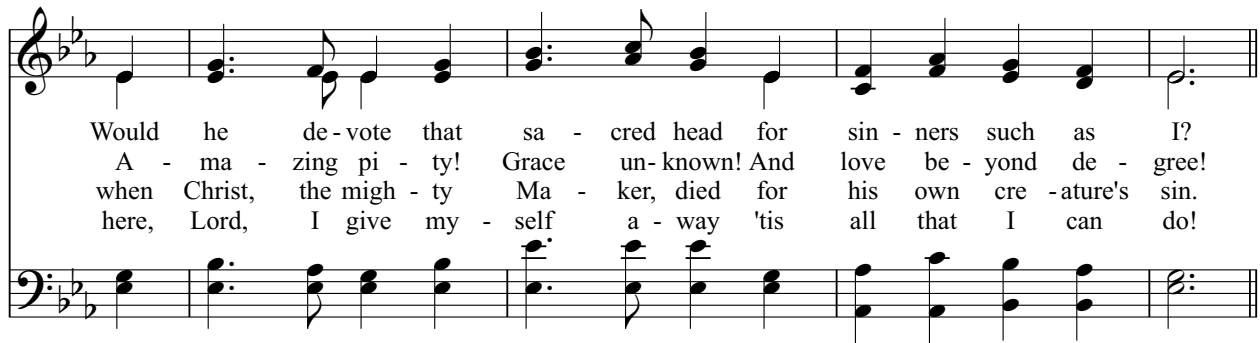


# At the Cross



1 A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, and did my So - vereign 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 its glo - ries in,  
4 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe;

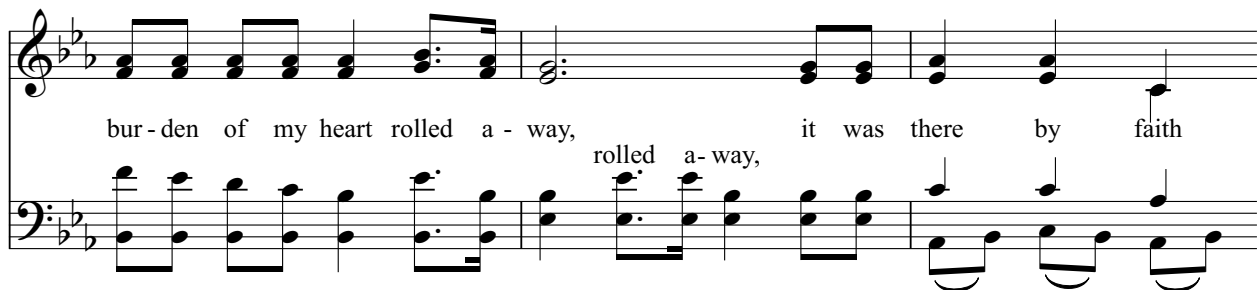


Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for sin - ners such as I?  
A - ma - zing pi - ty! Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
when Christ, the migh - ty Ma - ker, died for his own cre - ature's sin.  
here, Lord, I give my - self a - way 'tis all that I can do!

*Refrain*



At the 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  
rolled a - way,



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)  
ref. melody John H. Hewitt (1801-1890)



CM Refrain  
HUDSON  
[www.hymnary.org/text/alas\\_and\\_did\\_my\\_savior\\_bleed](http://www.hymnary.org/text/alas_and_did_my_savior_bleed)