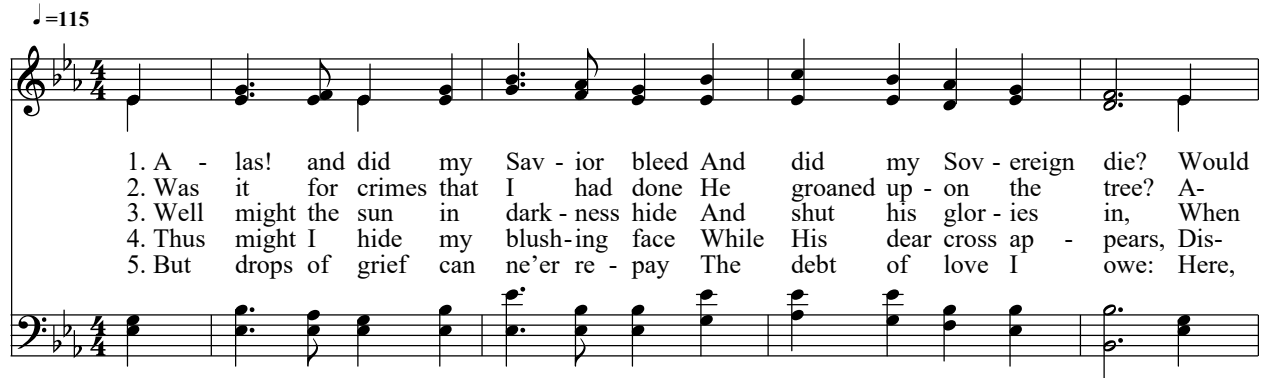


# At the Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707

Arr. by Ralph E. Hudson, ca. 1885

♩=115

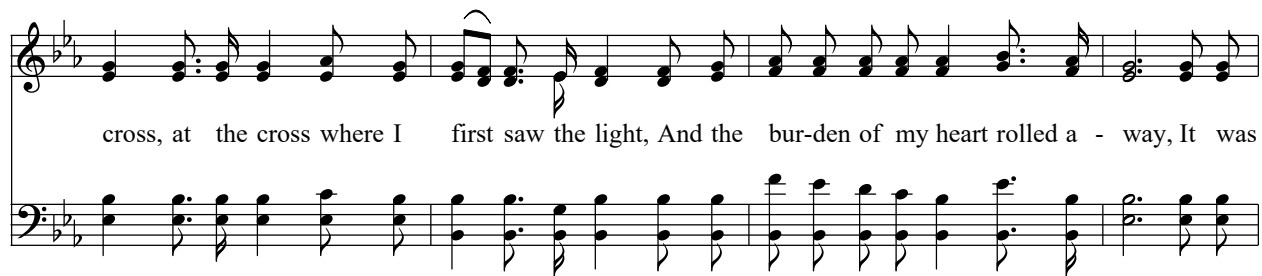


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed And did my Sov - ereign die? Would  
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? A-  
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And shut his glor - ies in, When  
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears, Dis-  
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here,

*Refrain*



He de - vote that sac - red head For sin - ners such as I?  
- maz - ing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
- Christ, the might - y Mak - er died, For man the crea - ture's sin. At the  
- solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.  
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!