

At the Cross

Isaac Watts

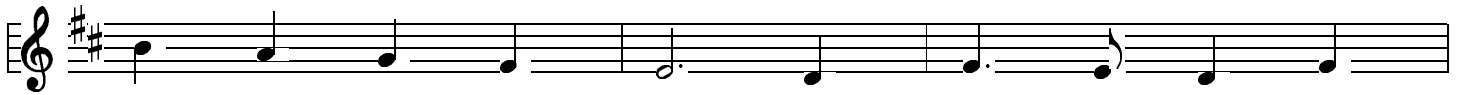
Ralph E. Hudson

D



1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, And
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The

G D A7 D A D



did my Sov - 'reign die? Would He de - vote that
 groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,
 shut his glo - ries in, When Christ the might - y
 Cal - v'ry's cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in
 debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my -

A7 D A7 D



sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I? At the
 grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
 Mak - er died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
 thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

A



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

A7 D G



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

D A7 D



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