At The Cross

Isaac Watts
and Ralph E. Hudson

Ralph E. Hudson

A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And
Was it for crimes that I have done He
Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And
But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The
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
debt of love I owe. Here, Lord, I give my -
sac - red 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.
sel - f 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!

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