

# 227 — At the Cross

ISAAC WATTS  
Chorus—Ralph E. Hudson

RALPH E. HUDSON

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign 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 his 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 such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do!

## CHORUS

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

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

CHRIST: HIS PASSION