

# At the Cross

Isaac Watts

Ralph E. Hudson

Eb
Eb
Ab
Eb
Bb7/F
Eb
Bb

1. Al - as! 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 glor - ies in,  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Eb
Eb
Fmin/Ab
Eb/Bb
Bb7
Eb

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.

Eb
Bb
Bb
Eb

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the bur den of my heart rolled a - way,

Ab
Eb
Fmin/Ab
Bb7
Eb

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!