At the Cross

1. Alas, and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While Calvary's cross appears,

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;

Would he devote that sacred head For sinners such as I?

Amazing pity, grace unknown, And love beyond degree!

When Christ the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's sin.

Disolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

Here, Lord, I give my self away, 'Tis all that I can do.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, rolled away, It was there by faith

I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748; ref., Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901

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Hudson

www.hymnary.org/text/alas_and_did_my_savior_bleed

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