At the Cross (Hudson)

Isaac Watts, pub. 1707; ref. by R. E. H., 1885

Ralph E. Hudson, 1885

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die?

2. Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine—
And bathed in its own blood—

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

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

5. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:

Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

While the firm mark of wrath divine,
His soul in anguish stood.

Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

Dis solve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

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

Refrain

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,

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