At the Cross

1  Alas! and did my Savior bleed, and did my Sovereign die?
2  Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned upon the tree?
3  Well might the sun in darkness hide and shut its glories in,
4  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?
A marvelous pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
when Christ, the mighty Maker, died for his own creature's sin.
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,
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)
Tune: Ralph E. Hudson (1843-1901)
ref. melody John H. Hewitt (1801-1890)

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