

# At the Cross

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"...we have redemption through His blood." (Eph. 1:7)

ISAAC WATTS

RALPH E. HUDSON

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed And did my Sov - ereign 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 sin - ners such 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.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way (rolled a - way). It was there by faith

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