At the Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707

Arr. by Ralph E. Hudson, ca. 1885

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1. A-лас! and did my Sav-ior bleed And did my Sov-ereign die? Would
   drops of grief re-pay - ne’er re-pay - ne’er re-pay - ne’er re-pay - ne’er re-pay -
   The debt of love I owe: Here,

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree? A-
   He de-vote - that sac-red head For sin-ners such as I?
   maz-ing pi-ty! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
   Christ, the might-y Mak-er died, For man the crea-ture’s sin. At the
   Lord, I give my self a-way - 'Tis all that I can do.

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide And shut his glori-ies in, When
   solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
   Lord, I give my self a-way - 'Tis all that I can do.

4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap-pears, Dis-
   cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a-
   - way, It was there by faith I re-ceived - my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

5. But drops of grief can ne’er re-pay - The debt of love I owe: Here,

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   maz-ing pi-ty! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
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