

At the Cross

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748 / Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901
Edited for Christian Concourse

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For sinners such as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.

Chorus:

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!

*But God forbid that I should glory, save in
the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Galatians 6:14