

At the Cross

Isaac Watts
Chorus-Ralph E. Hudson

Ralph E. Hudson

Soprano
Alto




A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die? Would
Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A -
Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And shut his glo - ries in, When
But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here,

Tenor
Bass




S/A



He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? At the
maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self a - way~ 'Tis all that I can do!

T/B



S/A




cross, at the cross where I first — saw the light And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way~ It was

T/B



S/A



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

T/B

