

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

Chorus — Ralph E. Hudson, 1843-1901

RALPH E. HUDSON, 1843-1901

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign 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 such a worm 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!

CHORUS

At the 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
 rolled a - way -

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