

At the Cross

ISAAC WATTS

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E G# A G# F# E B

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:

E F#m A E B7 E

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!

E

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

B7 E A

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

E F#m B E B7 E

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