

7. At the Cross

Isaac Watts (1707)

Alas! and did my Savior bleed
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For sinners such as I?

Refrain

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!

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine—
 And bathed in its own blood—
 While the firm mark of wrath divine,
 His Soul in anguish stood.

Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
 For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give my self away
 'Tis all that I can do.



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7. At The Cross

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| ALAS | DISSOLVE | MARK |
| ANGUISH | DROPS | PITY |
| APPEARS | FIRM | REPAY |
| BATHED | GLORIES | ROLLED |
| BEYOND | GRACE | SACRED |
| BLEED | GRIEF | SIGHT |
| BLUSHING | GROANED | SLAIN |
| CRIMES | HAPPY | SOVEREIGN |
| DARKNESS | HEAD | UNKNOWN |
| DEVOTE | LIGHT | WRATH |