

274 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed

1 A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, and did my Sov - ereign 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,

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.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 while his dear cross appears;
 dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 and melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 the debt of love I owe;
 here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'tis all that I can do.