

## 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.