1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears:
5. But drops of grief can never repay The debt of love I owe;

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
When God, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dissolve, my heart, in thankful ness! And melt, mine eyes, to tears.
Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'Tis all that I can do.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: H. Wilson

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