Avon C. M.

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, Whilst His dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er 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 Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man, the creature's sin.
Disolve my heart in thankful ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do. Amen.