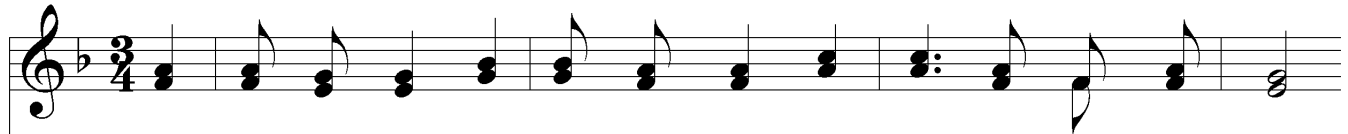# Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears:
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

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 God, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Dis - solve, my heart, in thank - ful - ness! And melt, mine eyes, to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.