Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, and
did my So - vereign die? Would he de - vote that
Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, he
groaned up - on the tree? A - ma - zing pi - ty!
ma - ker, died for his own crea - ture's sin!

3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and
shut its glo - ries in, when God, the migh - ty
thank - ful - ness, and melt mine eyes to tears,
sel - f a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

4. Thus might I hide my blu - shing face while
debt of love I owe. Here, Lord, I give my -
self a - way, and the

5. But drops of tears can ne'er re - pay the
Refrain

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, and the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way; it was there by faith I re -

received my__ sight, and now I am hap - py all the day.