Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

1. Alas, and did my Savior bleed And did my love for the race of man?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done Hegroaned up on the tree? Would He devote that grace unknown, And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His gloories in, When Christ the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's sin.

4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of self away, 'Tis all that I can do.

Sov'reign die? Would He devote that sacred head For sinners such as I?

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