Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan’d 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 ne’er repay The debt of love I owe:

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

A-mazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

When Christ, the mighty Maker died, For man, the creature’s sin.

Dis-solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

Here, Lord, I give myself away—’Tis all that I can do.

Words: Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709
Music: Dr. Lowell Mason, 1839