1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I? Was it for crimes that I have done? He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

2. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When Christ, the migh-ty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness and melt mine eyes to tears.

3. But drops of grief can never re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I
give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do! 'Tis all that I can do.