Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my Sov -'reign die?
2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and shut His glo - ries in,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I?
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died for man, the crea - ture's sin.

Was it for sins that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, while His dear cross ap - pears,

A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree!
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears.

My God, why would You shed Your blood, so pure and un - de - filed,

To make a sin - ful one like me Your cho - sen, pre - cious child?