

Alas and did my Saviour bleed And did my

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For sinners such as I!

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine  
And bathed in its own blood  
While the firm mark of wrath divine,  
His Soul in anguish stood.

Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

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

Thus might I hide my shamed face  
while his dear Cross appears,  
dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
and melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away-  
'Tis all that I can do!

Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

---Alternative verses---

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I!  
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Saviour die?  
Would He devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I?

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When the Incarnate Maker died  
For man His creature's sin.  
Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine  
And bathed in its own blood  
While all exposed to wrath divine,  
The glorious Sufferer stood.  
Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut His glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, 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 my eyes to tears.