1. Alas and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head for sinners such as I? At the tree? Amazing pity grace unknown, and love beyond degree?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, and the burden of my heart rolled away. It was thereby faith I received my sight and now I am happy all the day.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut His glories 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 love I owe. Here, Lord, I give myself a way, ’tis all that I can do.