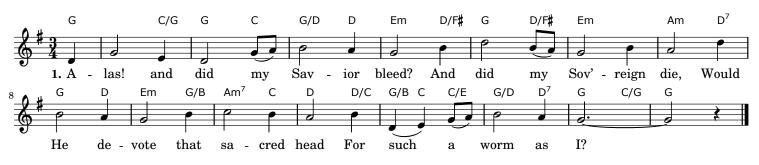
Alas! and did my Savior bleed

Praise of the Lord — His Redemption



- 2. Was it for sins that I had done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When the incarnate Maker died For man, His creature's sin.
- 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5. 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.