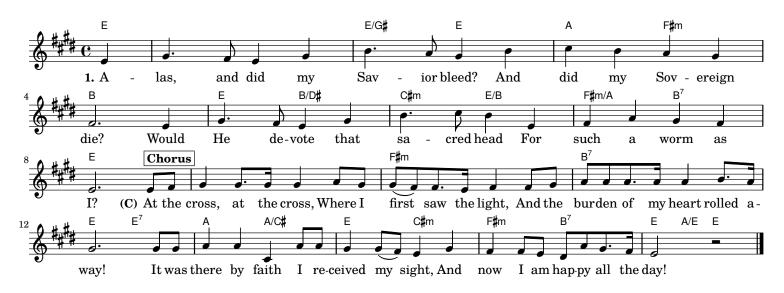
Alas, and did my Savior bleed (revised)

Gospel — Redemption

8681



- Alas! My Savior on the tree!
 Hands, feet cruel nails bore,
 Head crowned with thorns, pricked painfully,
 And body wounded sore.
- 3. Was it for sins that I had done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 4. Well might the sun in darkness hide And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, His creature's sin.
- **5.** Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness And melt mine eyes to tears.

- **6.** 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.
- 7. No veil from God now separates;
 His death rent it in twain;
 Breached also were the tombs of saints;
 Death can no more detain.
- 8. His side was pierced, but from it stemmed Blood, water flowing free,
 To give life and from death exempt,
 To cleanse iniquity.
- 9. At death, He "It is finished!" cried, Redemption to proclaim; At once my fears and worries died, And sighing, praise became.