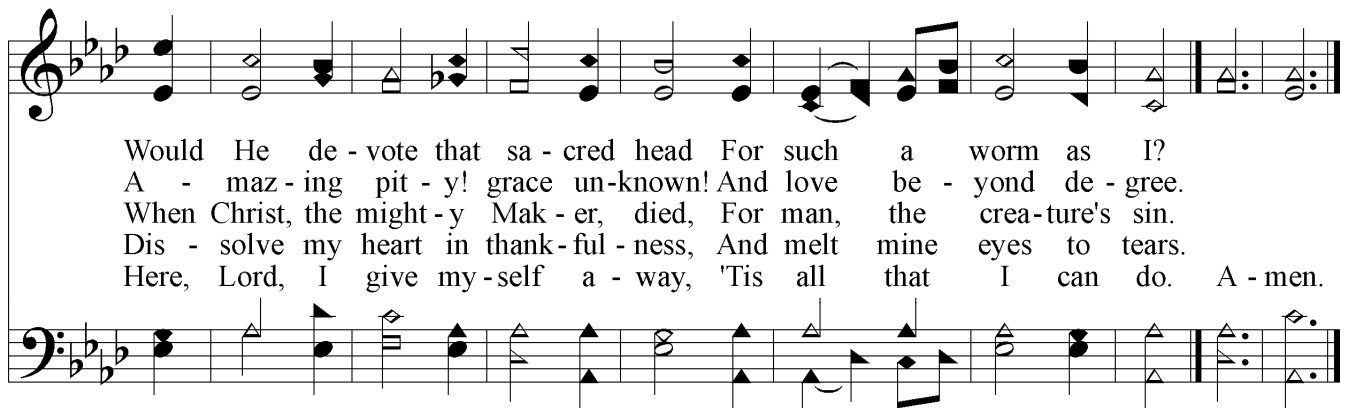


# Avon C. M.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die?  
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?  
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,  
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, Whilst His dear cross ap - pears;  
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree.  
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.  
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do. A - men.