



- 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut its glories in, when God, the mighty maker, died for his own 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 tears can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe. Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do.