

# Edington

Transcribed from *The American Compiler*, 1803.

Tr. 1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I? \_\_\_\_  
2. Thy bo - dy slain, sweet Jesus, thine, And bathed in its own blood, While all exposed to wrath divine The glorious Sufferer stood! \_\_

C. 3. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? A - ma - zing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! \_\_\_\_  
4. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When God, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin. \_\_

T. 5. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears; Dis - solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes to tears. \_\_\_\_  
6. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do. \_\_\_\_

B.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016

Measure 8, *Bass*: changed from C-D-F to C-E-A.