

## LIBERTY HALL C.M.

Lucius Chapin

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, And did my Sovreign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Thy bo - dy slain, sweet Je - sus, thine, And bathed in its own blood, While all ex - posed to wrath di - vine, The glorious Suff - 'rer stood.

3. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up - on the tree: A - mazing pit - y! Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!

4. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When God the might - y Ma - ker died For man, the crea - ture's sin.