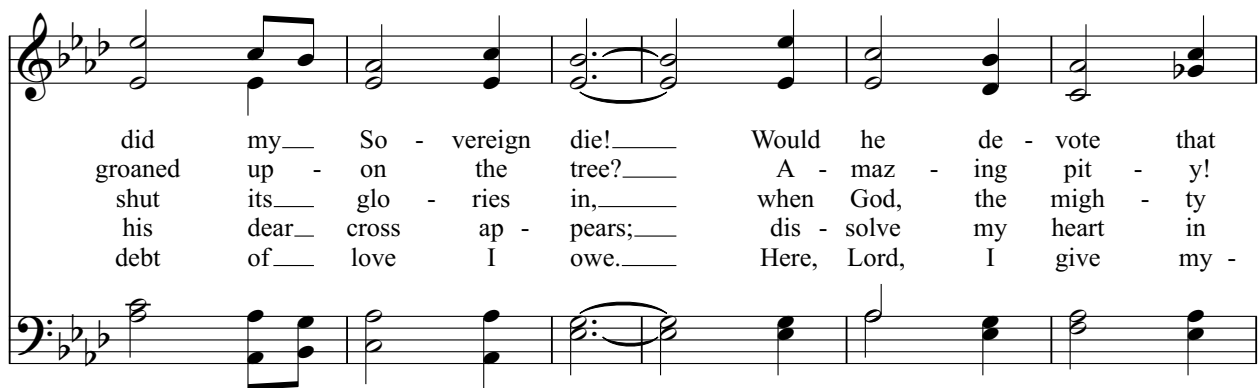


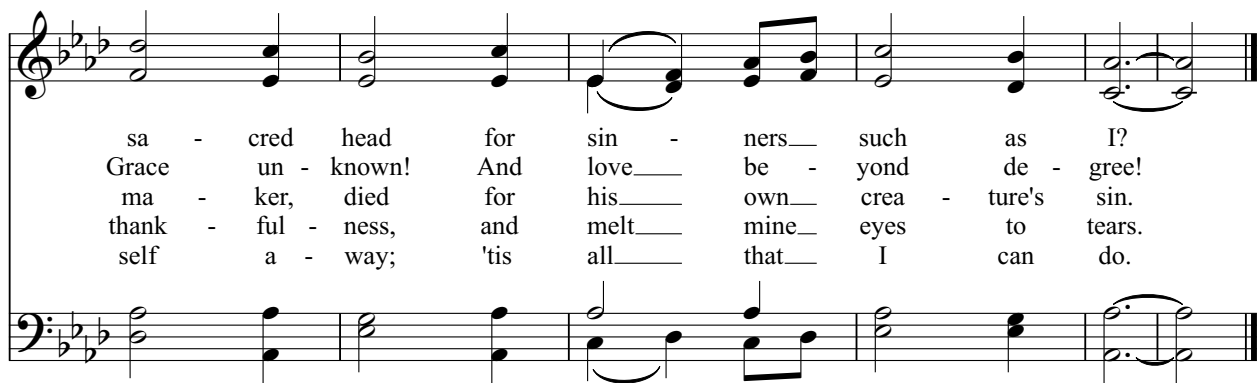
# Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed



1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, and  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, he  
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and  
 4. Thus might I hide my blu - shing face while  
 5. But drops of tears can ne'er re - pay the



did my So - vereign die! Would he de - vote that  
 groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y!  
 shut its glo - ries in, when God, the migh - ty  
 his dear cross ap - pears; dis - solve my heart in  
 debt of love I owe. Here, Lord, I give my -



sa - cred head for sin - ners such as I?  
 Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 ma - ker, died for his own crea - ture's sin.  
 thank - ful - ness, and melt mine eyes to tears.  
 self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707  
 Tune: Attr. to Hugh Wilson, 1827



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