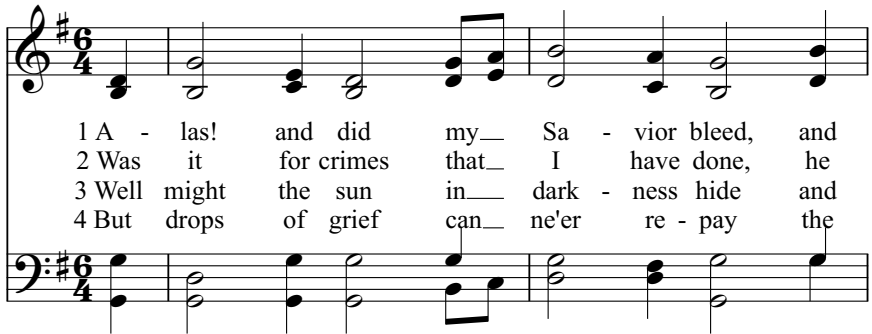
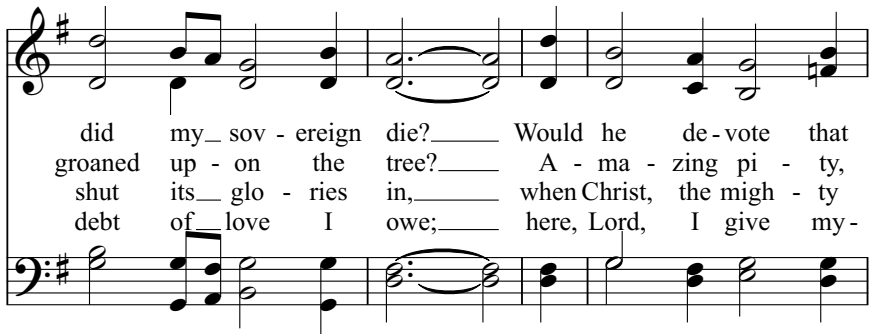


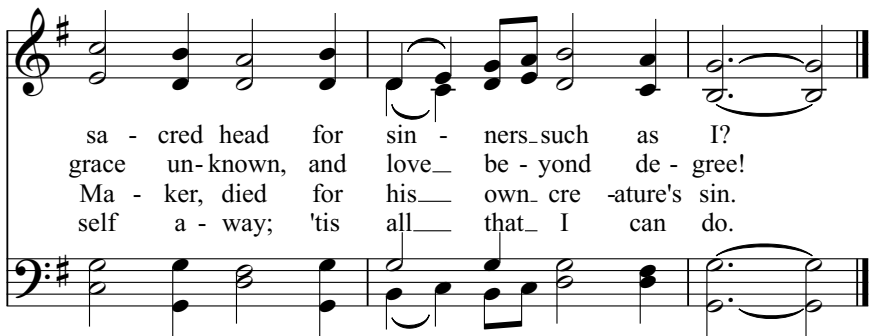
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed



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 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the



did my sov - ereign die? Would he de - vote that
groaned up - on the tree? A - ma - zing pi - ty,
shut its glo - ries in, when Christ, the migh - ty
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 cre - ature's sin.
self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.