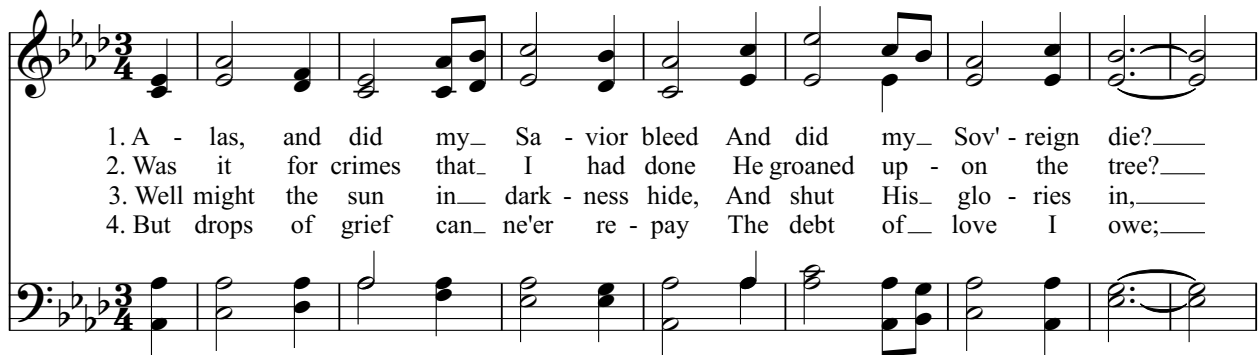
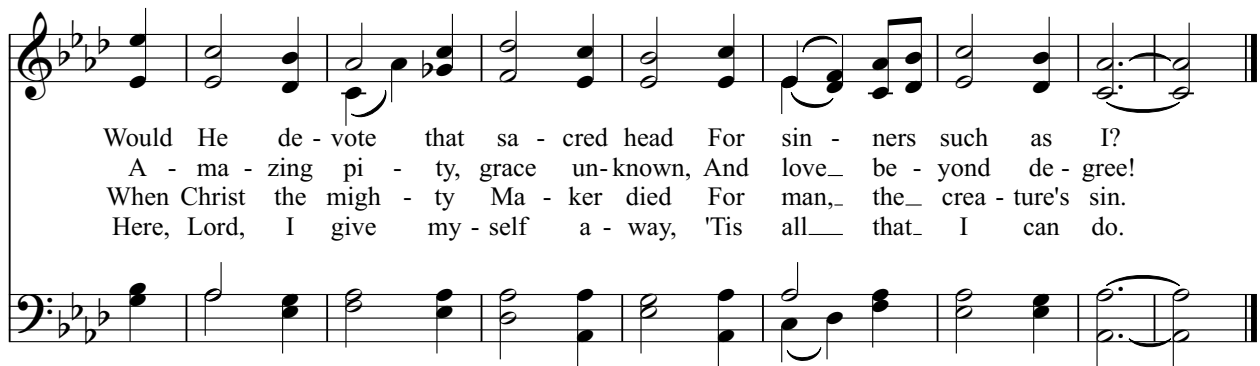


Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed



1. A - las, and did my Sa - vior bleed And did my Sov' - reign die?___
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?___
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,___
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;___



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I?
A - ma - zing pi - ty, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ the migh - ty Ma - ker died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Tune: Hugh Wilson, 1766-1824



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