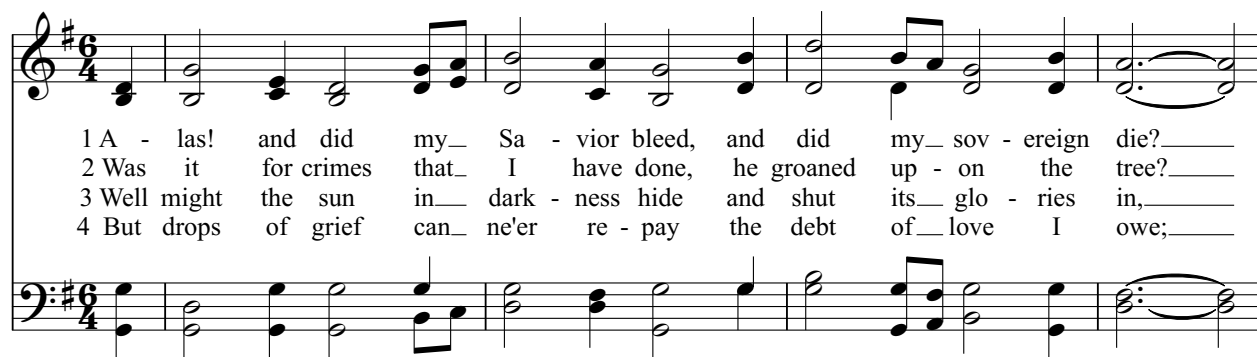
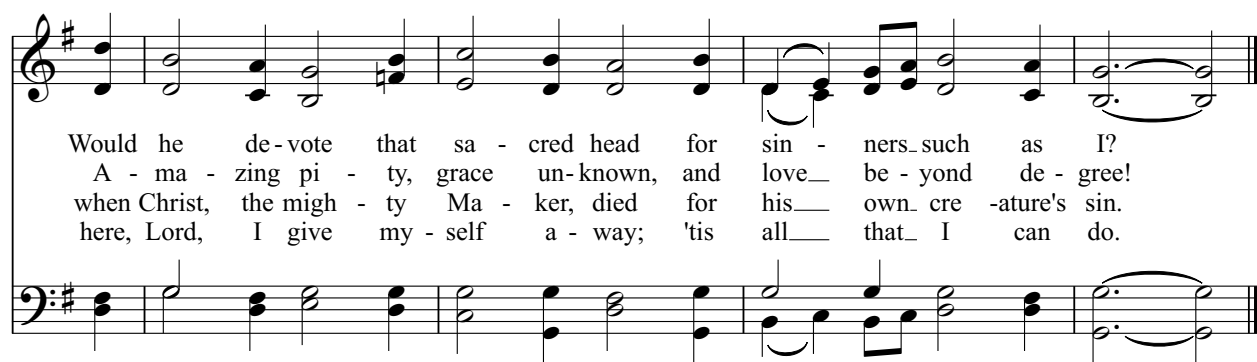


Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed



1 A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, and did my sov - ereign die? _____
2 Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned up - on the tree? _____
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut its 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 his own cre - ature's sin.
here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Tune: Hugh Wilson (1764-1824);
adapt. Robert Smith (1780-1824)



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