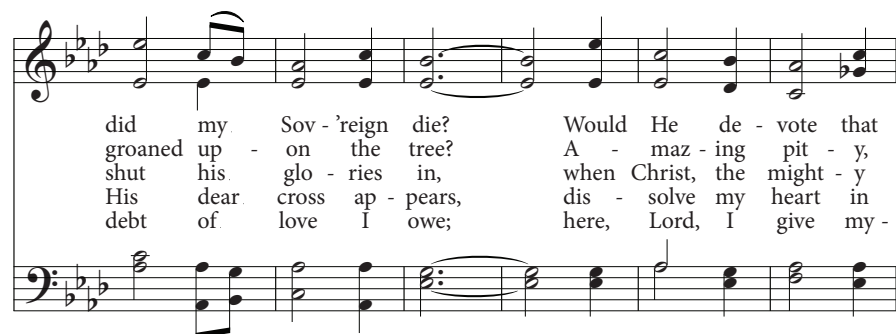


Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

MARTYRDOM



1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior 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 blush - ing face while
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the



did my Sov - 'reign die? Would He de - vote that
 groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y,
 shut his glo - ries in, when Christ, the might - y
 His dear cross ap - pears, dis - solve my heart in
 debt of love I owe; here, Lord, I give my -



sa - cred head for such a worm as I?
 grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree!
 Mak - er died for man the crea - ture's sin.
 thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears.
 self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1707
 MUSIC: Hugh Wilson, 1824

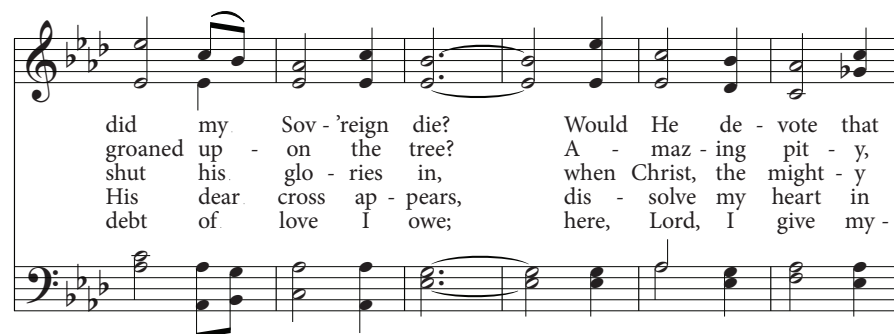
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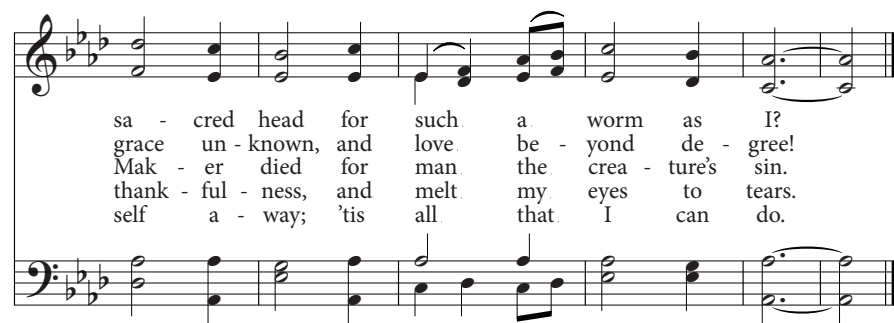
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