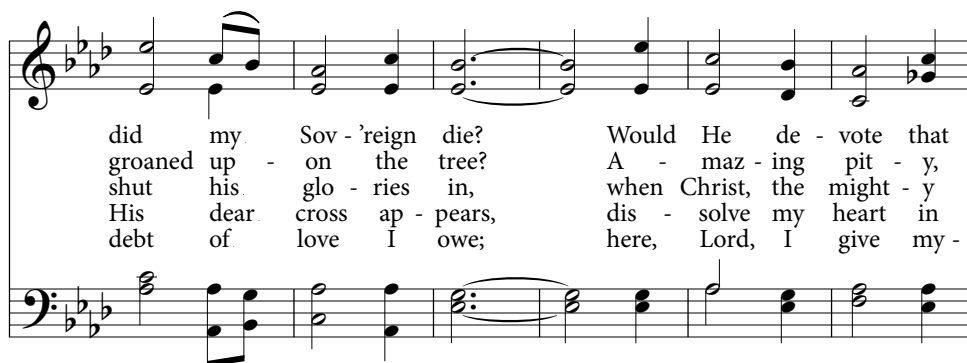


# Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

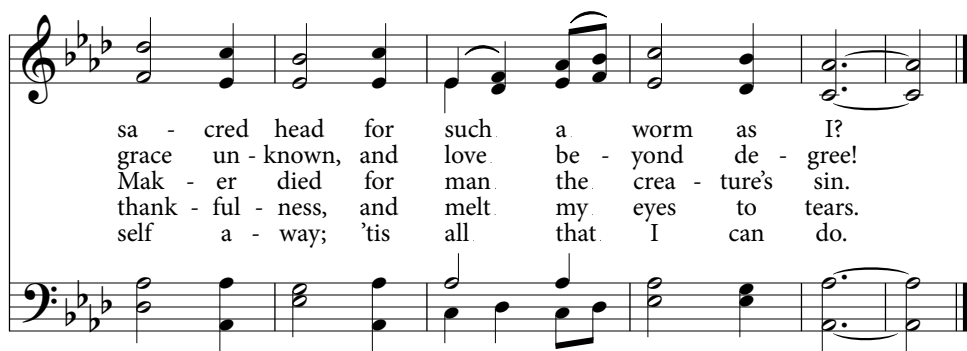
## MARTYRDOM



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

CM