



Alas, And Did My Savior Bleed

Issac Watts

Hugh Wilson

B \flat Eb/B \flat B \flat B \flat /F F 7

A - las, and did my Sav - ior
 Was it for crimes that I have
 Thus might I hide my blush - ing
 Well might the sun in dark - ness
 But drops of grief can ne'er re -

4 B \flat B \flat /D B \flat F

bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die?
 done He groaned up - on the tree?
 face While His dear cross ap - pears;
 hide, And shut its glo - ries in,
 pay The debt of love I owe;

8 B \flat F 7 Gm B \flat 7 /F E \flat B \flat

— Would He de - vote that sa - cred
 — A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un -
 — Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful -
 — When Christ, the great Re - deem - er,
 — Here, Lord, I give my - self a -

12 F B \flat B \flat /D E \flat Gm B \flat /F F 7 B \flat

head for sin - ners such as I?
 known, And love be - yond de - gree!
 ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 died For man the crea - ture's sin.
 way; 'Tis all that I can do.