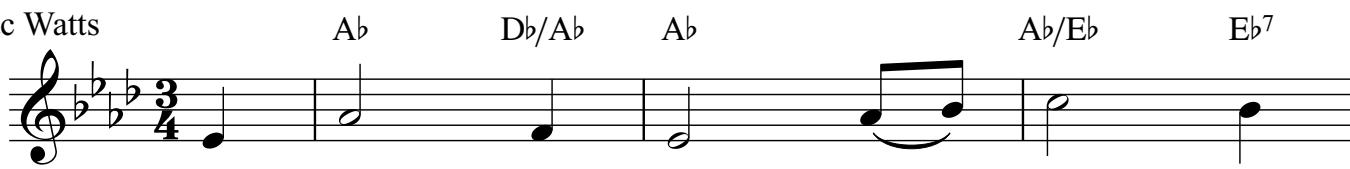




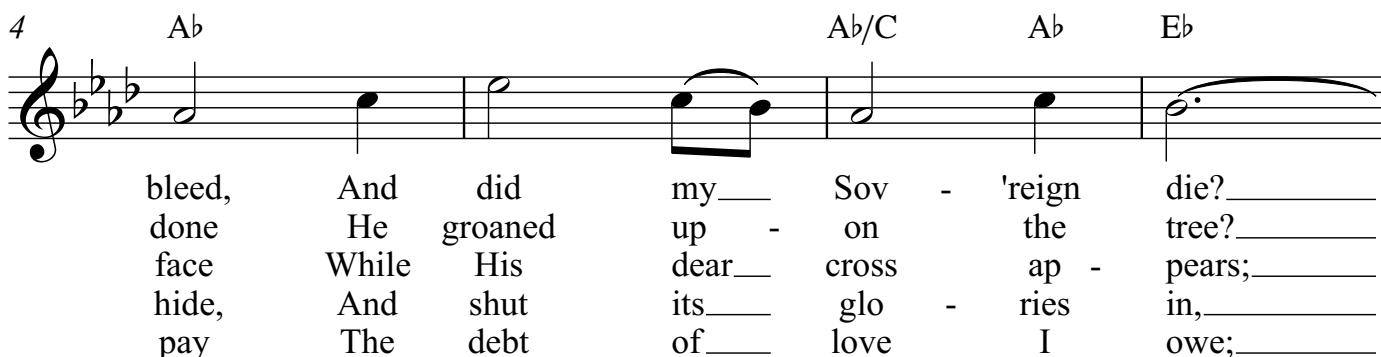
Alas, And Did My Savior Bleed

Hugh Wilson

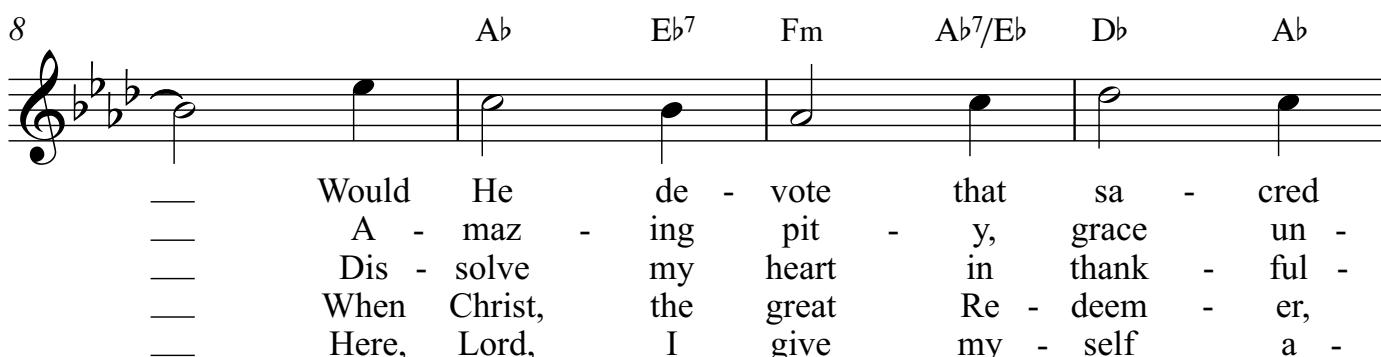
Issac Watts



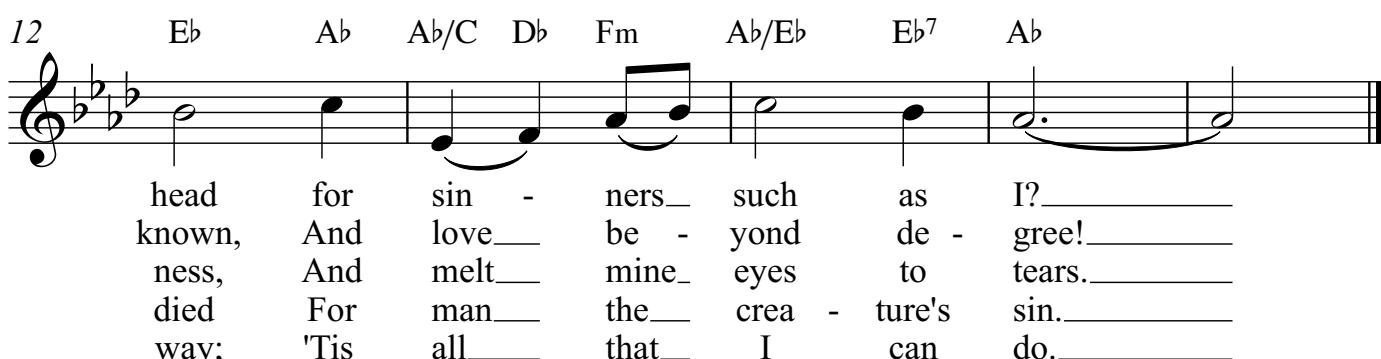
A - las, and did my Sav - - ior
Was it for crimes that I have
Thus might I hide my blush - - ing
Well might the sun in dark - - ness
But drops of grief can ne'er re -



4 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;



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 -



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.