



Alas, And Did My Savior Bleed

Hugh Wilson

Issac Watts

4/4

F Bb/F F F/C C⁷

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 F F/A F C

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 F C⁷ Dm F⁷/C Bb F

— 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 C F F/A Bb Dm F/C C⁷ F

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.