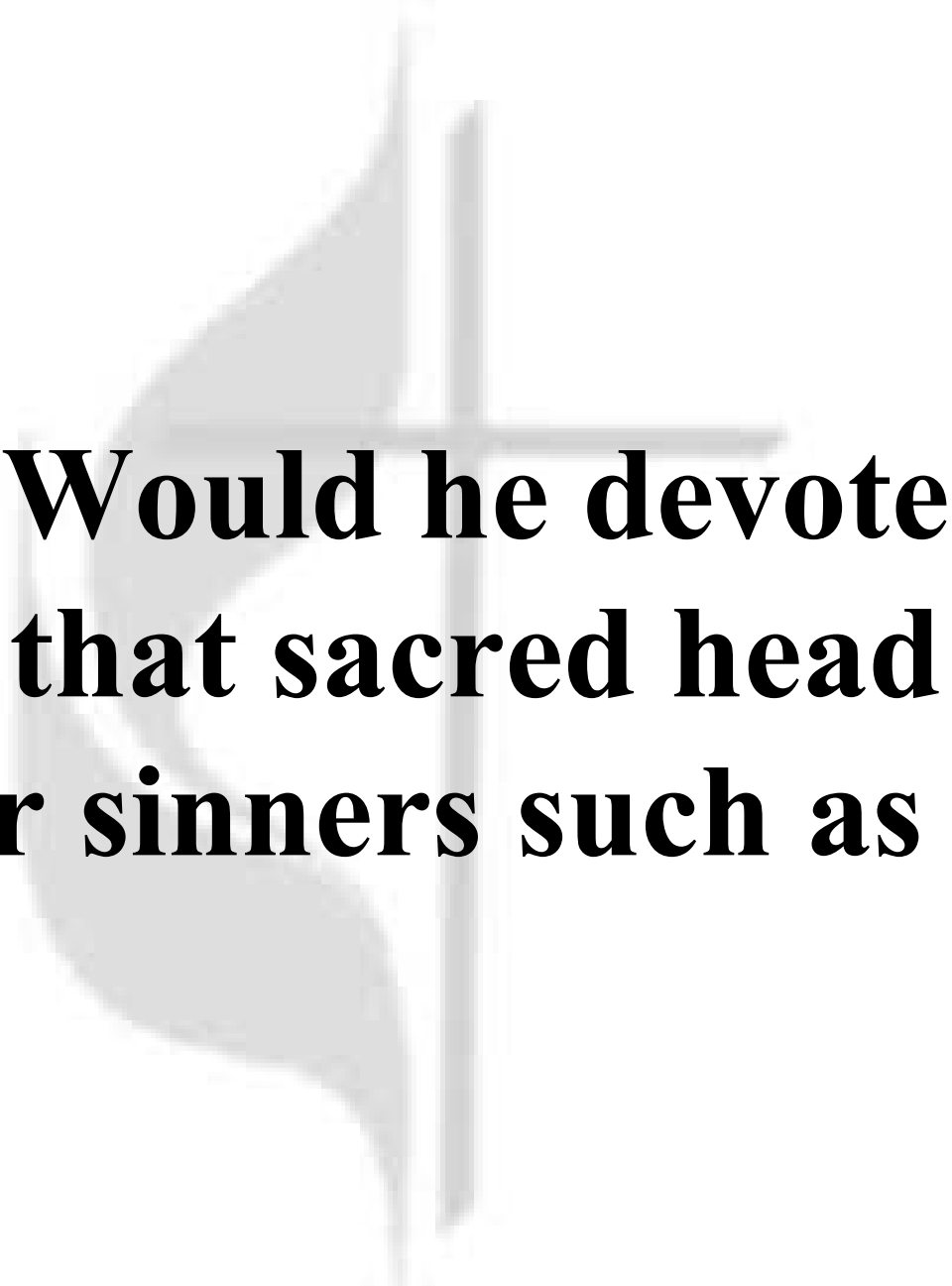


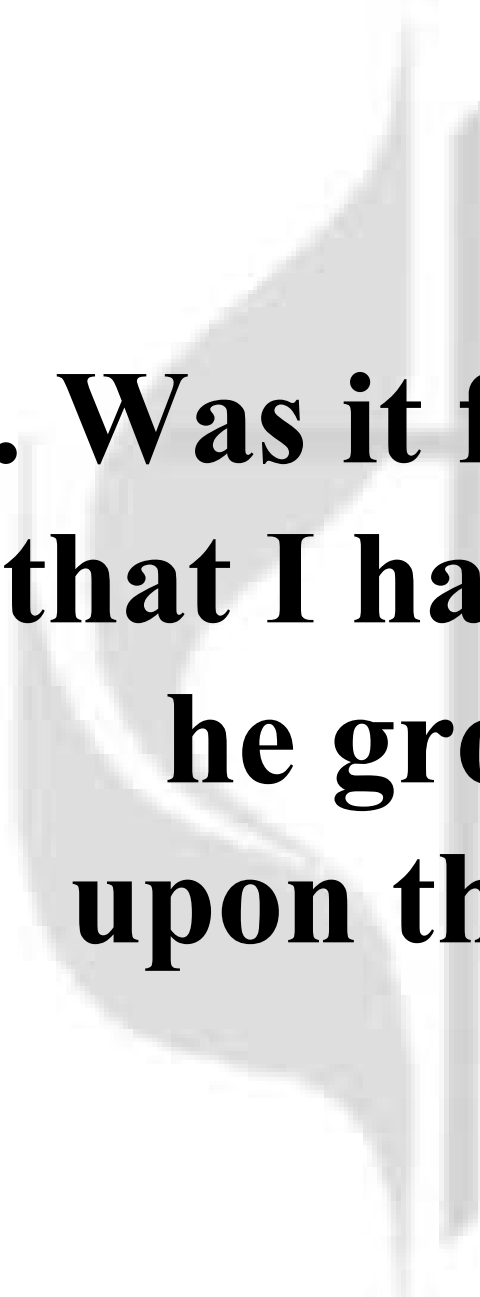
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1707

**1. Alas! and did
my Savior bleed,
and did my
Sovereign die?**



**Would he devote
that sacred head
for sinners such as I?**



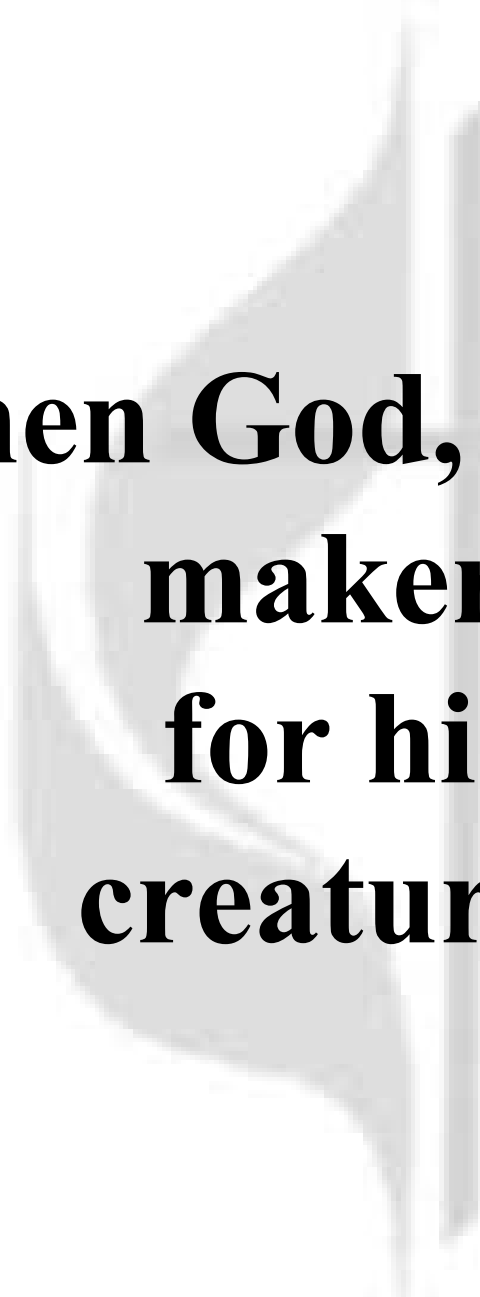
**2. Was it for crimes
that I have done,
he groaned
upon the tree?**



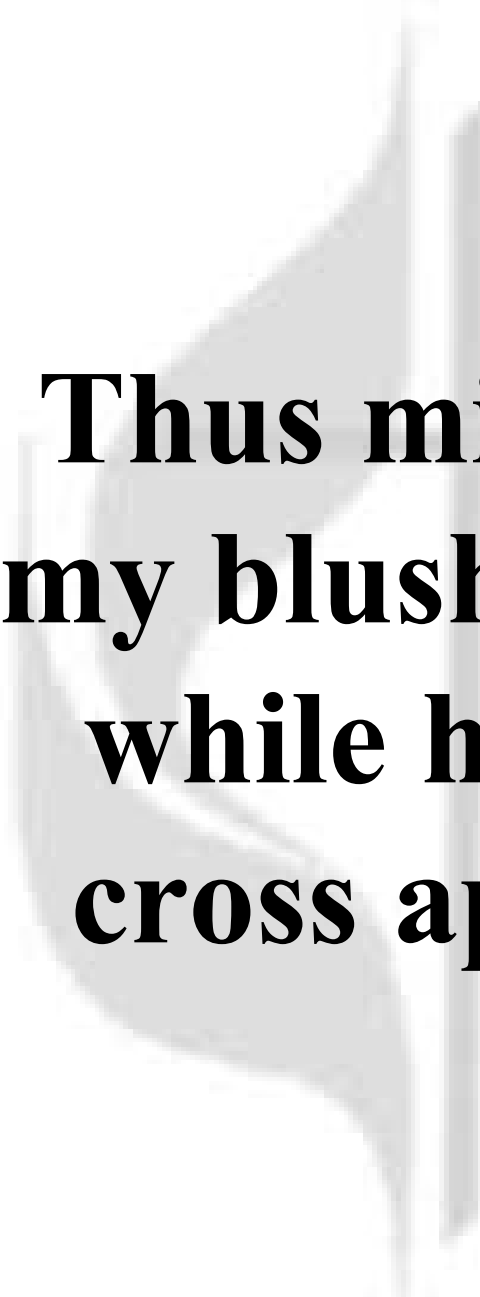
Amazing pity!
Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!




**3. Well might the sun
in darkness hide,
and shut its glories in,**



**when God, the mighty
maker, died
for his own
creature's sin.**




**4. Thus might I hide
my blushing face
while his dear
cross appears;**



**dissolve my heart
in thankfulness,
and melt mine
eyes to tears.**



**5. But drops of tears
can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe.**



**Here, Lord, I give
myself away;
'tis all that I can do.**