

Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

Isaac Watts

M. J. Hood (2016)

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior 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 tears can ne'er re - pay the

did my Sov - reign die! Would
groaned up - on the tree? Am -
shut its glor - ies in, when
his dear cross app - ears; dis -
debt of love I owe. Here,

he de - vote that sac - red head for
a - zing pi - ty! Grace un - known! And
God, the might - y ma - ker, died for
solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and
Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'tis

sin - ners such as I? I?
love be - yond de - gree!
his own creat - ure's sin.
melt mine eyes to tears.
all that I can do.