

Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Isaac Watts (1707)

Benjamin Shute (2017)

Soprano, Alto

1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed, and did my Sov'-reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, he groaned up - on the tree? A -
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut his glo - ries in, when
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while His dear cross ap - pears; dis -
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe: Here,

Tenor, Bass

5

S, A

he de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I?
maz - ing pi - ty! Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the migh - ty Mak - er, died for man the crea - ture's sin.
solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt my heart in tears.
Lord, I give my self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

T, B