

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?

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Isaac Watts

1. A - las! And did my Sav - iour bleed and
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He
3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the

did my Sov'-reign die? Would He de - vote that
groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y!
His dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in
debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my

sa - cred head for sin - ners such as I?
Grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
self a - away 'Tis all that I can do.