

# ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, he groaned up -  
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut his  
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of



Sov - 'reign die? \_\_\_\_\_ Would he de - vote that  
 on the tree? \_\_\_\_\_ A - maz - ing pit - y!  
 glo - ries in, \_\_\_\_\_ when God, the might - y  
 cross ap - pears, \_\_\_\_\_ dis - solve my heart in  
 love I owe; \_\_\_\_\_ Here, Lord, I give my -



sa - cred head for such a wretch as I.  
 grace un - known! and love be - yond de - gree!  
 Mak - er, died for man the crea - ture's sin.  
 thank - ful - ness, and melt mine eyes to tears.  
 self a - way; 'tis all that I can do.

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