Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Tune: Hugh Wilson, 1766-1824

1. Alas, and did my Savior bleed And did my Sov’ reign die?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up on the tree?

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in.

4. But drops of grief can neer re pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He devote that sacred head For sinners such as I?
Ama zing pi ty, grace un known, And love be yond de gree!
When Christ the migh ty Ma ker died For man, the crea ture’s sin.
Here, Lord, I give my self a way, ’Tis all that I can do.

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