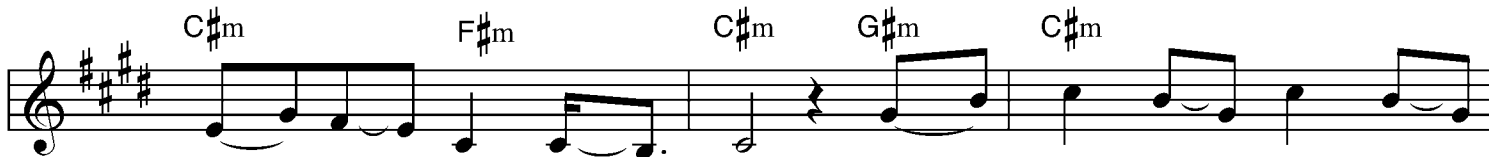


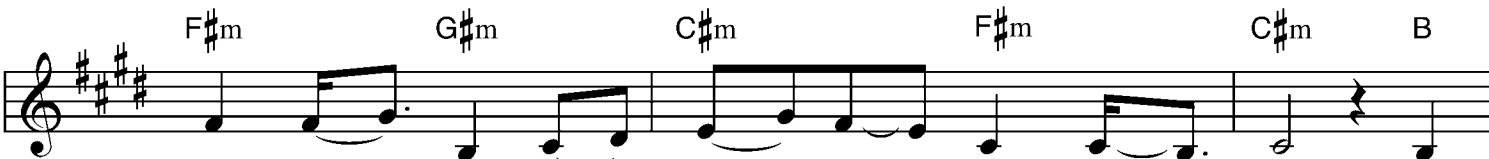
# Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed



1. A - las and did my Sa - vior bleed and  
 2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the



did my Sov - 'reign die! Would he de - vote that  
 shut his glo - ries in, when Christ the might - y  
 debt of love I owe; here, Lord, I give my -



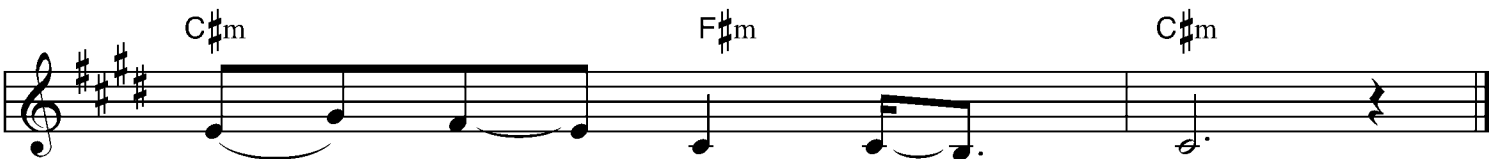
sa - cred head for such a worm as I! Was  
 Mak - er died for man the crea - ture's sin. Thus  
 self a - way, 'tis all that I can do. A -



it for crimes that I had done he groaned up - on the  
 might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear cross ap -  
 las! and did my Sav - ior bleed and did my Sov - 'reign



tree! A - maz - ing pi - ty grace un - known! And  
 pears; dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and  
 die! Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for



love melt be - yond eyes de - - - gree.  
 such a my eyes in as tears.  
 worm as I!