

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Additional lyrics: M. Morrow

Music: Traditional, arranged M. Morrow

♩ = 78

Soprano

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed and did my Sov - 'reign
 2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut his glo - ries
 3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear cross ap -

Alto

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed and did my Sov - 'reign
 2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut his glo - ries
 3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear cross ap -

Tenor

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed and did my Sov - 'reign
 2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut his glo - ries
 3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear cross ap -

5

S.

die? Would he de - vote that sac - red head for
 in when Christ, the might - y Mak - er died for
 pears, dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness and

A.

die? Would he de - vote that sac - red head for
 in when Christ, the might - y Mak - er died for
 pears, dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness and

T.

die? Would he de - vote that sac - red head for
 in when Christ, the might - y Mak - er died for
 pears, dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness and

8

S.

such a one as I? His bo - dy slain be -
 man the creat - ure's sin. Was it for crimes that
 melt my eyes to tears. But drops of grief can

A.

such a one as I? His bo - dy slain be -
 man the creat - ure's sin. Was it for crimes that
 melt my eyes to tears. But drops of grief can

T.

such a one as I? His bo - dy slain be -
 man the creat - ure's sin. Was it for crimes that
 melt my eyes to tears. But drops of grief can

11

S. fore its time, his head was bathed in blood He
I had done he groaned up - on the tree? A -
ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe. Here,

A. fore its time, his head was bathed in blood He
I had done he groaned up - on the tree? A -
ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe. Here,

T. fore its time, his head was bathed in blood He
I had done he groaned up - on the tree? A -
ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe. Here,

14

S. bore the mark of wrath di - vine while in my place he stood.
ma - zing pi - ty, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree.
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

A. bore the mark of wrath di - vine while in my place he stood.
ma - zing pi - ty, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree.
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

T. bore the mark of wrath di - vine while in my place he stood.
ma - zing pi - ty, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree.
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.