

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed

Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824

Avon
C.M.

**Alas! and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For sinners such as I?**

**Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine—
And bathed in its own blood—
While the firm mark of wrath divine,
His Soul in anguish stood.**

**Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.**

**But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my self away
'Tis all that I can do.**

Isaac Watts