

Old Street CM

Isaac Watts

Kathryn Rose



1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
for sinners such as I?

2 Was it for sins that I have done
he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
and love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
and shut its glories in
when Christ, the mighty Maker, died
for his own creatures' sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
while his dear cross appears,
dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
and melt mine eyes to tears.