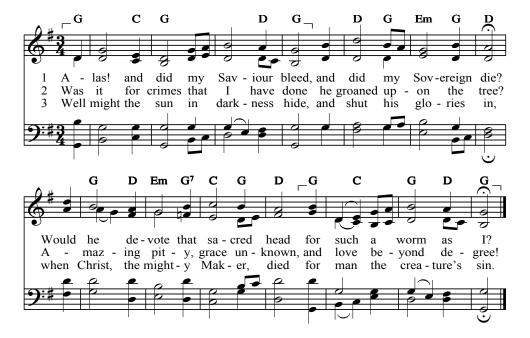
274 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed



- Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears; dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe; here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707 Tune: Hugh Wilson, 1766-1824; arr. Robert A. Smith, 1825 MARTYRDOM