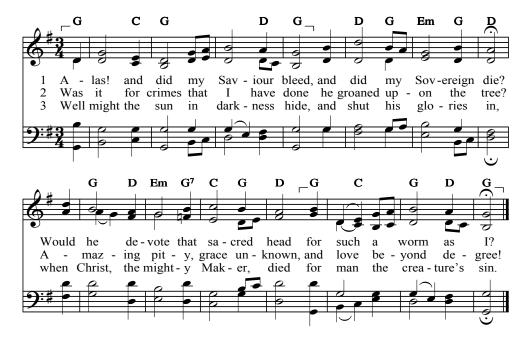
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed 274



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