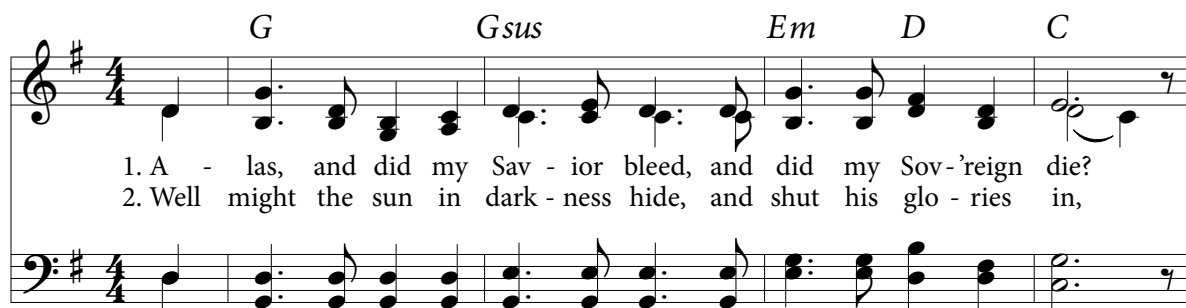


Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

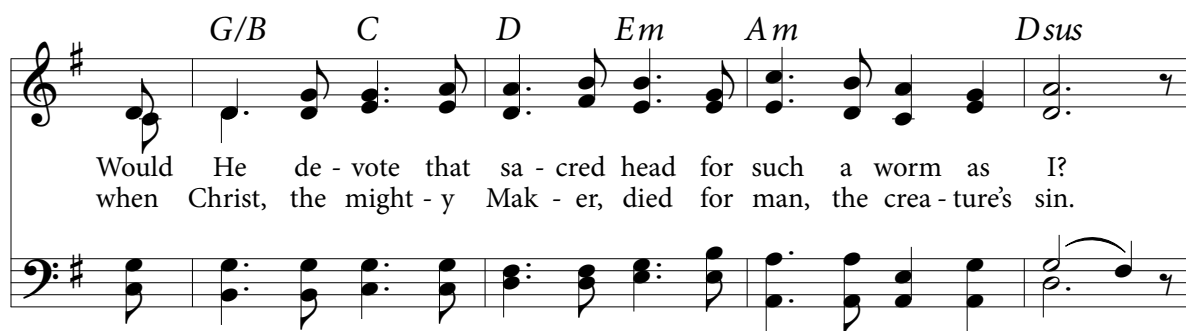
God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Romans 5:8

G Gsus Em D C



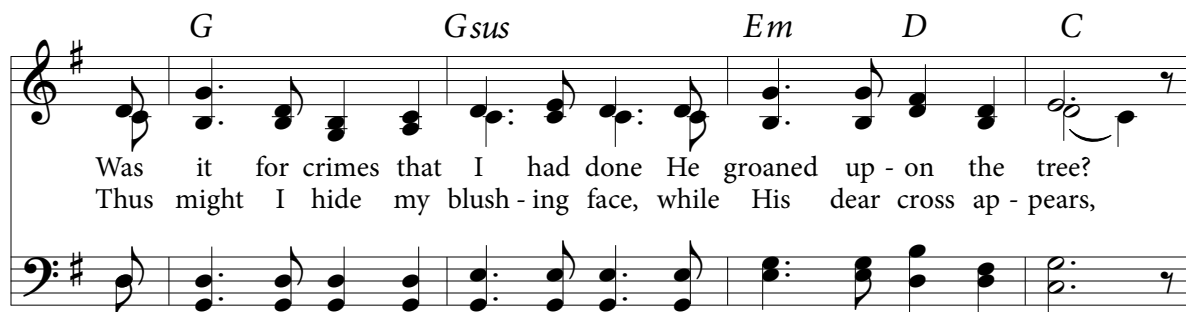
1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and shut his glo - ries in,

G/B C D Em Am Dsus



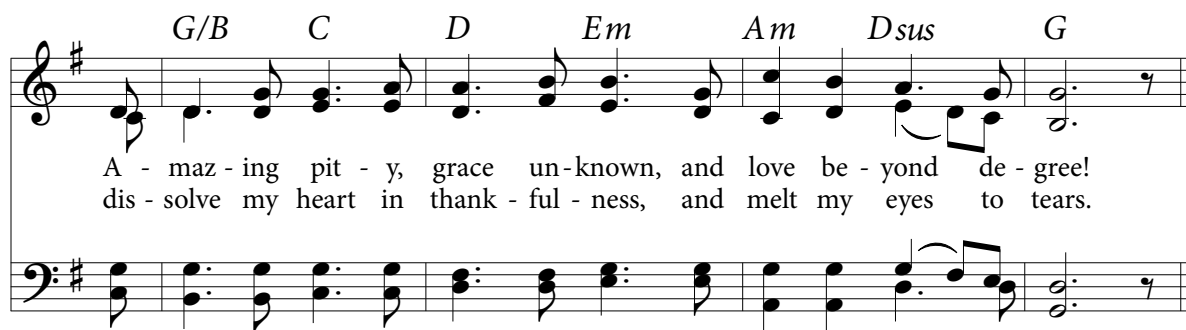
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I?
when Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died for man, the crea - ture's sin.

G Gsus Em D C



Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, while His dear cross ap - pears,

G/B C D Em Am Dsus G



A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, and love be - yond de - gree!
dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears.

TEXT: Isaac Watts, alt. Bob Kauflin

MUSIC: Bob Kauflin

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KAUFLIN
CMD with chorus

The musical score is written for guitar and voice. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has four measures with chords Bm, Em, Am, and Dsus. The second system has six measures with chords Bm, C, G/B, Am7, Dsus, and G. The lyrics are: "My God, why would You shed Your blood, so pure and un - de - filed, to make a sin - ful one like me Your cho - sen, pre - cious child?"

Bm *Em* *Am* *Dsus*

My God, why would You shed Your blood, so pure and un - de - filed,

Bm *C* *G/B* *Am7* *Dsus* *G*

to make a sin - ful one like me Your cho - sen, pre - cious child?

A Purple Robe, a Crown of Thorn

And they clothed Him in a purple cloak, and twisting together a crown of thorns, they put it on Him. And they began to salute Him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Mark 15:17-18

1. A purple robe, a crown of thorn, a reed in His right hand;
before the soldiers' spite and scorn I see my Savior stand.

He bears between the Roman guard the weight of all our woe;
a stumbling figure bowed and scarred, I see my Savior go.
2. Fast to the cross's spreading span, high in the sunlit air,
all the unnumbered sins of man I see my Savior bear.

He hangs, by whom the world was made, beneath the darkened sky;
the everlasting ransom paid, I see my Savior die.
3. He shares on high His Father's throne who once in mercy came;
for all His love to sinners shown, I sing my Savior's name.

TEXT: Timothy Dudley-Smith (can be sung to KINGSFOLD, no. 102, ending on a half-stanza)

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