

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One hand alone, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When conscience rends the burdened heart
And tears of sorrow flow,
One heart alone, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When deep remorse has wept in vain
Ashamed of some foul sin,
One stream alone, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the stain.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that purges guilt,
His power shall bring relief;
The Lord, alone, offence removes,
And takes away our grief.

5 Uplift Thy pardoning hand, O Lord,
Unseal Thy cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95‡