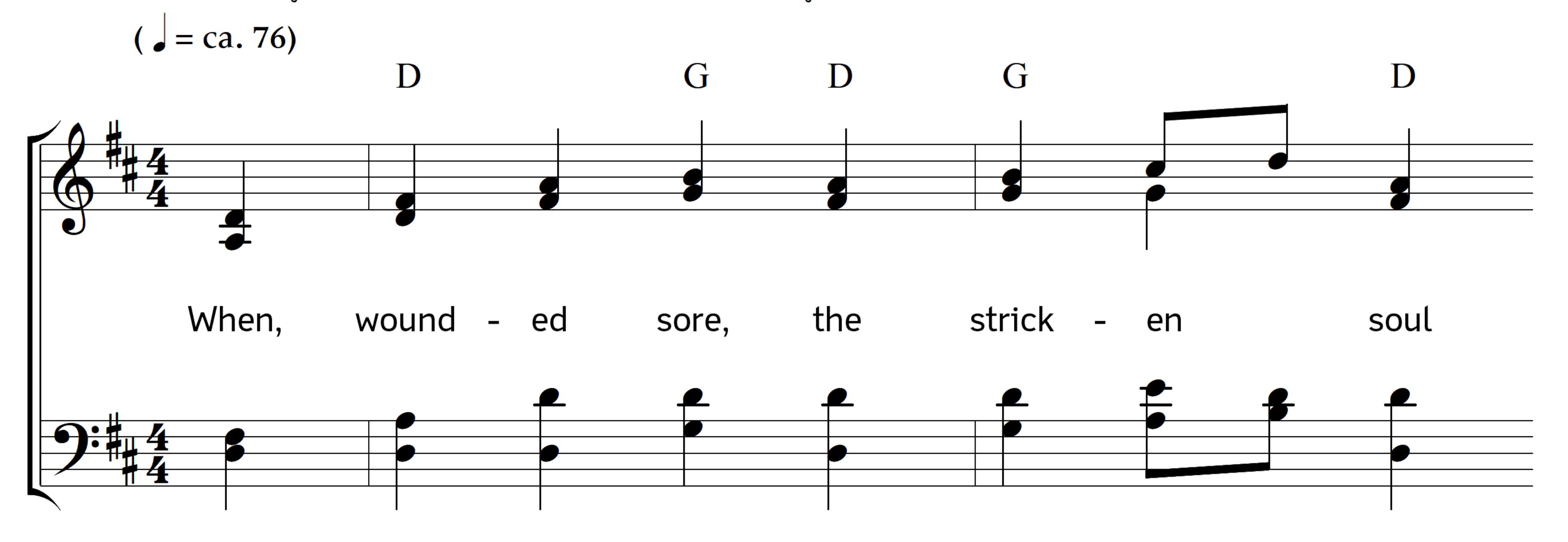
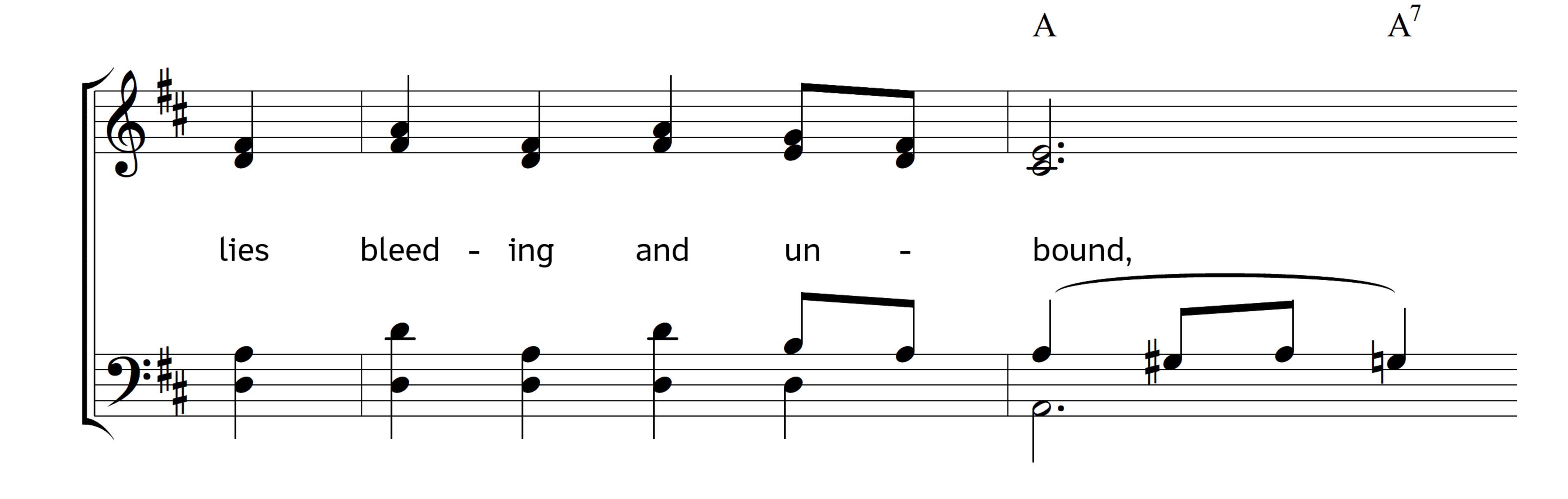
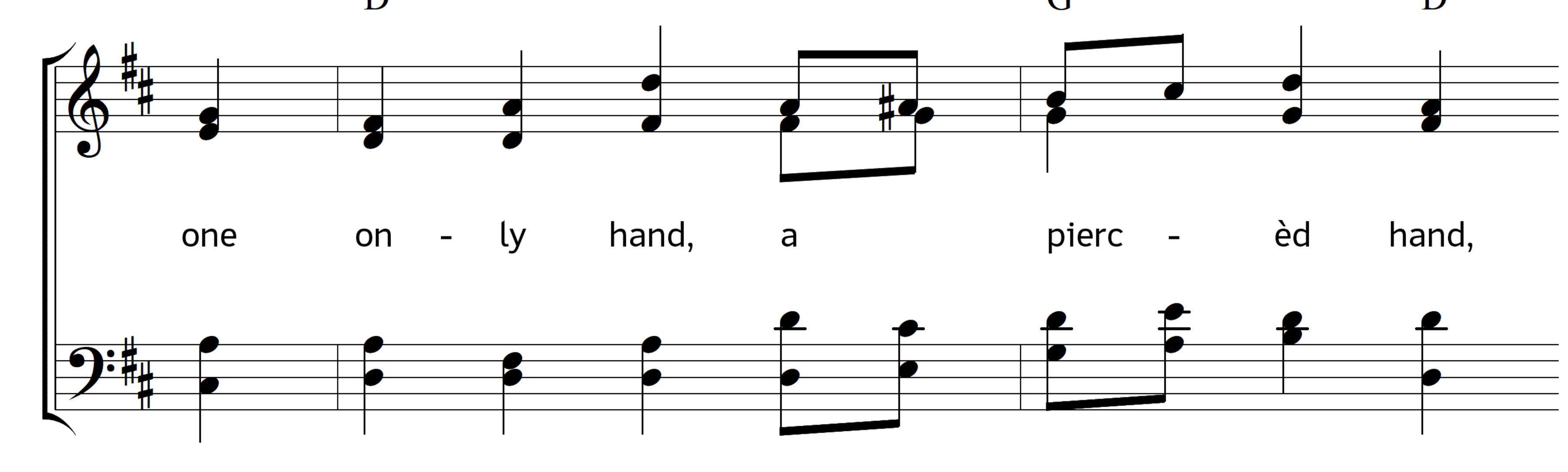
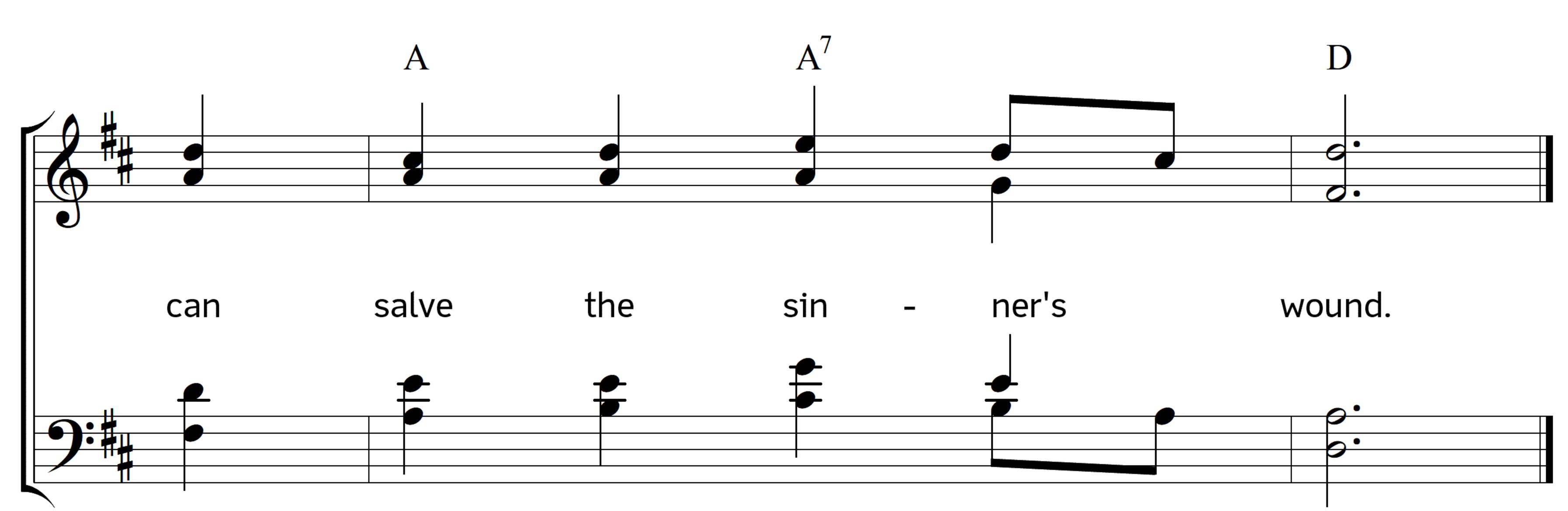
WHEN, WOUNDED SORE, THE STRICKEN SOUL









2. When sorrow swells the laden breast, and tears of anguish flow, one only heart, a broken heart, can feel the sinner's woe.

3. When penitence has wept in vain over some foul, dark spot, one only stream, a stream of blood, can wash away the blot.

4. 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white, his hand that brings relief; his heart that's touched with all our joys, and feeleth for our grief.

5. Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord! unseal that cleansing tide: we have no shelter from our sin but in thy wounded side.

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