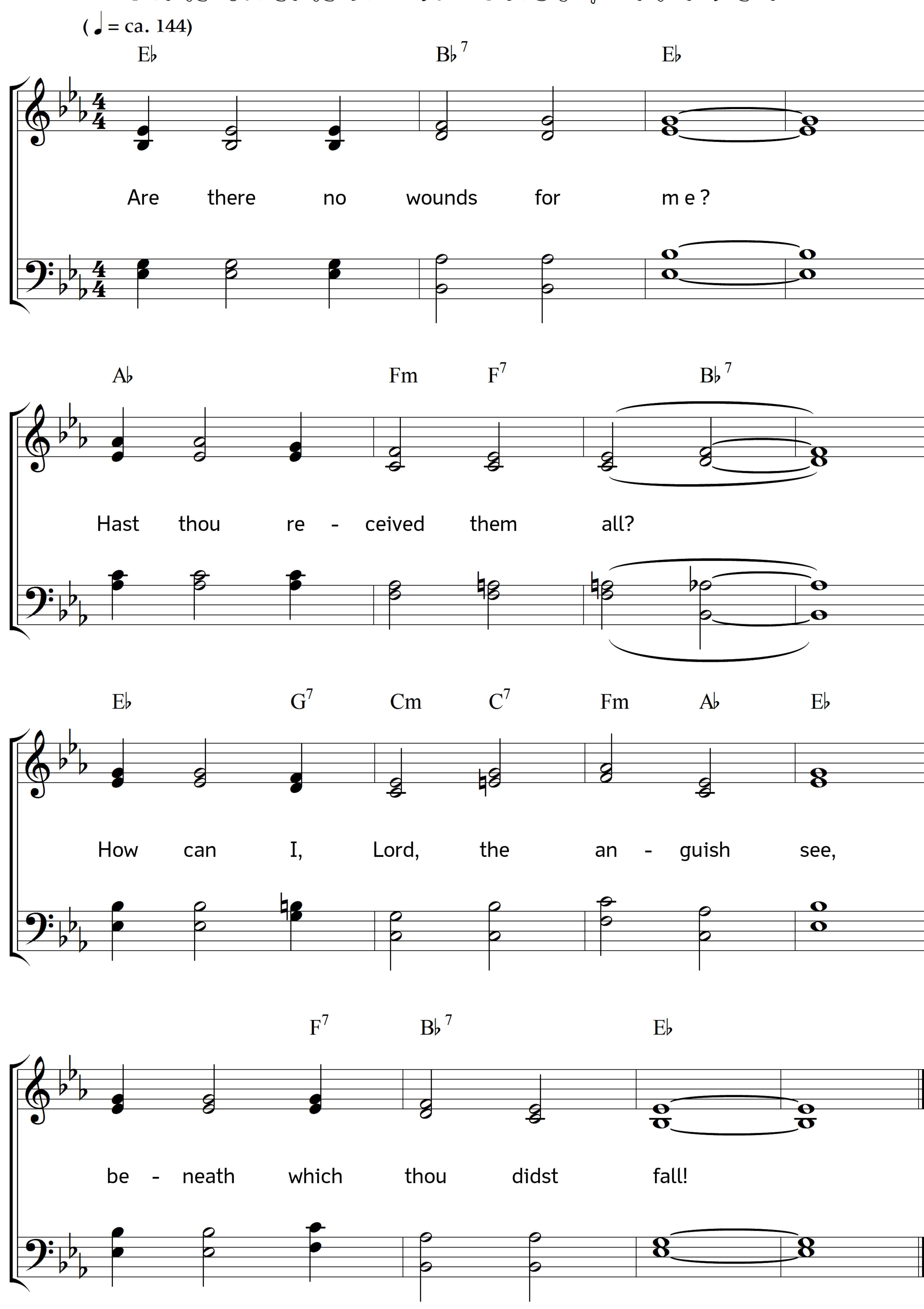
ARE THERE NO WOUNDS FOR ME?



- 2. Shedding such tears for me! Sweating such drops of blood! That by thy stripes my soul might be saved from the wrath of God!
- 3. 'Tis over now, I know, –
 that suffering life of thine;
 thy precious blood has ceased to flow,
 thou wear'st thy crown divine;
- 4. but yet, I weeping see the thorns which pierced thy head; thou faint'st beneath thy cross for me, for me to death thou'rt led!
- 5. Stretched on the cruel tree, and fastened by my sin, Lord, at thy cross, with shame, I see how guilty I have been.
- 6. Meekly, with love divine, thy holy head is bent, and streams of blood, for sins of mine, flow where thy side is rent.
- 7. Such grief did well atone for all our sinful race; but yet, O Christ! for me alone the Father hid his face!
- 8. Oh, how this crimson tide o'erwhelms my soul with shame! Within thy bleeding wounds I hide: wilt thou, Lord, own my name?
- 9. Beneath this sacred flood
 I bow my sinful soul:
 dear Saviour, let thy precious blood
 o'er my defilement roll.

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