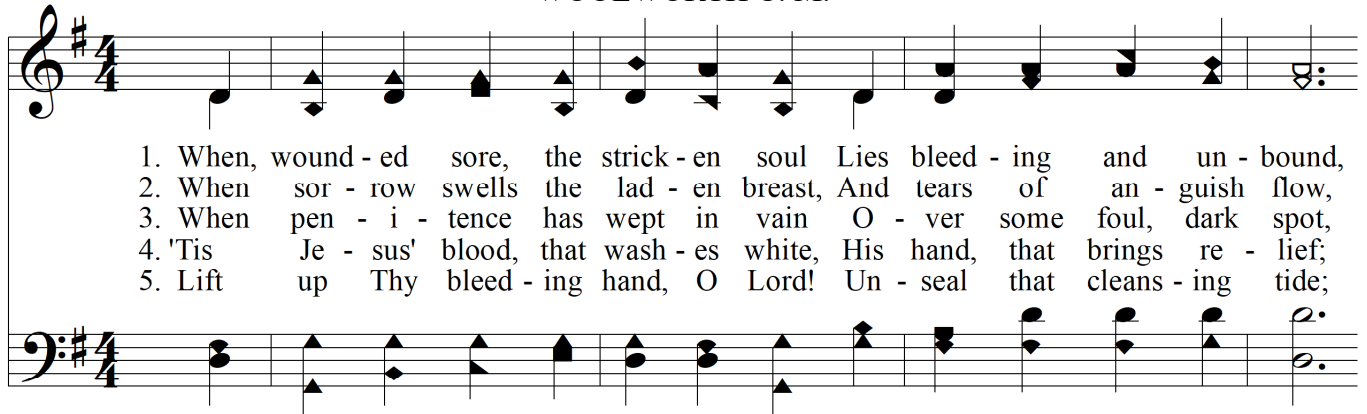
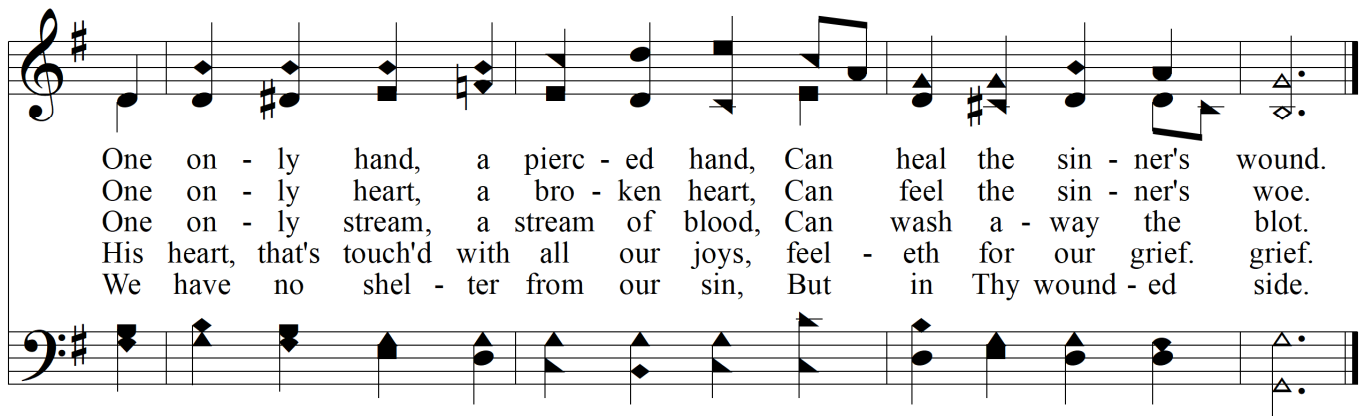


When, Wounded Sore, The Stricken Soul

WOOLWORTH C. M.



1. When, wound - ed sore, the strick - en soul Lies bleed - ing and un - bound,
2. When sor - row swells the lad - en breast, And tears of an - guish flow,
3. When pen - i - tence has wept in vain O - ver some foul, dark spot,
4. 'Tis Je - sus' blood, that wash - es white, His hand, that brings re - lief;
5. Lift up Thy bleed - ing hand, O Lord! Un - seal that cleans - ing tide;



One on - ly hand, a pierc - ed hand, Can heal the sin - ner's wound.
One on - ly heart, a bro - ken heart, Can feel the sin - ner's woe.
One on - ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a - way the blot.
His heart, that's touch'd with all our joys, feel - eth for our grief. grief.
We have no shel - ter from our sin, But in Thy wound - ed side.