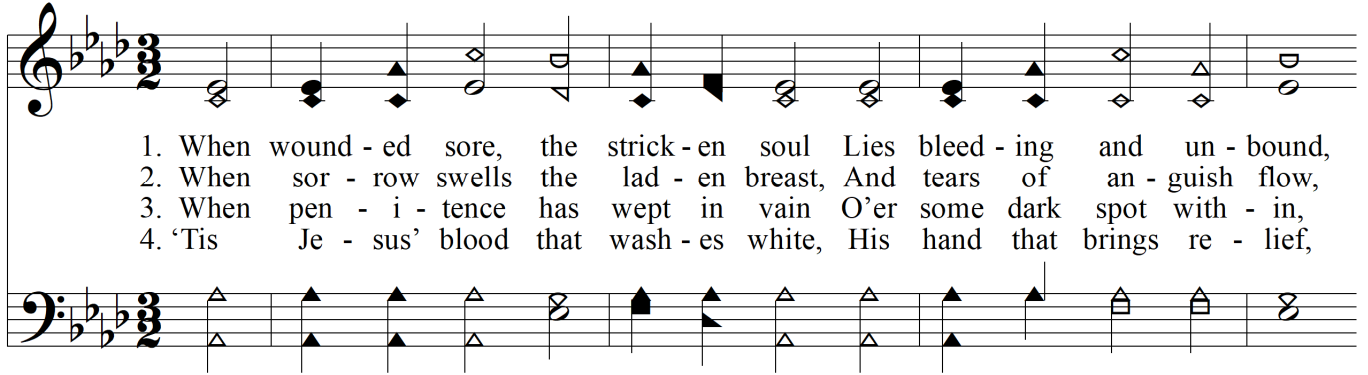


# When Wounded Sore, The Stricken Soul

EVAN 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'er some dark spot with - in,  
4. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that wash - es white, His hand that brings re - lief,



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 sin.  
His heart that knows our ev - 'ry joy, And feels our ev - 'ry grief. A - men.

Words: C. F. Alexander (1858)

Music: Rev. W. H. Havergal (1793-1870)