Lift Up Thy Bleeding Hand

1. When wounded sore, the stricken heart
   Lies bleeding and unbound,
   One only hand, a pierced hand,
   Can salve the sinner’s wound.

2. When sorrow swells the laden breast,
   And tears of anguish flow,
   One only heart, a broken heart,
   Can feel the sinner’s woe.

   **Chorus**
   Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
   Unseal that cleansing tide;
   We have no shelter from our sin
   But in Thy wounded side.

3. When penitential grief has wept
   O’er 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 feels for all our grief.

   **Chorus**