Lift Up Thy Bleeding Hand

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- 1. When wounded sore, the stricken heart Lies bleeding and unbound, One only hand, a piercèd 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