

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Beyond the holy city wall

Beyond the holy city wall  
they set the cruel cross on high,  
where the dear Lord, who saved us all,  
did hang in pain, and bleed, and die.

The hands that touched the blind to sight,  
that gave the sick man strength anew,  
that raised the dead to life and light,  
were pierced and wounded through and through.

The feet that walked the stormy sea,  
that ever turned at sorrow's prayer,  
by sharp nails fastened to the Tree,  
hung torn and hurt and bleeding there.

Since God's own Son must suffer thus,  
our souls from Satan's grasp to win;  
since only he could ransom us,  
O what a fearful thing is sin!

How can we yield to Satan's power,  
and let our sinful passions reign,  
when hearing of that awful hour,  
and thinking of our Savior's pain?

O by thy griefs that dreadful day,  
dear Lord, and by thy precious Blood,  
wash all our guilty stains away,  
and make thy sinful children good!

(1818-1895), 1853