

Hymn Lyrics

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Now my soul, thy voice upraising

Now my soul, thy voice upraising,
tell in sweet and mournful strain
how the Crucified, enduring
grief and wounds, and dying pain,
freely of his love was offered,
sinless was for sinners slain.

See, his hands and feet are fastened!
So he makes his people free;
not a wound whence blood is flowing
but a fount of grace shall be;
yea, the very nails which nail him
nail us also to the Tree.

Jesus, may those precious fountains
drink to thirsting souls afford;
let them be our cup and healing,
and at length our full reward:
so a ransomed world shall ever
praise thee, its redeeming Lord.