

Deep Are the Wounds That Sin Has Made

Anne Steele, 1760.

George Cooper, 1836.

Deep are the wounds that sin has made;

Where shall the sinner find a cure?

In vain, alas! is nature's aid;

The work exceeds all nature's power.

And can no sovereign balm be found?

And is no kind physician nigh,

To ease the pain, and heal the wound,

Ere life and hope for ever fly?

There is a great Physician near;

Look up, O fainting soul, and live!

See in His heavenly smiles appear

Such ease as nature cannot give.

See in the dying Savior's blood

Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!

'Tis only this dear, sacred flood

Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,

For here a sovereign cure is found,

A cordial for the fainting heart,

A balm for every painful wound.