

Wounded for Me

William Owens(1870-1945) and Gladys Roberts.

William Owens.

Wounded for me, wounded for me,  
There on the cross He was wounded for me;  
Gone my transgressions, and now I am free,  
All because Jesus was wounded for me.

Dying for me, dying for me,  
There on the cross He was dying for me;  
Now in His death my redemption I see,  
All because Jesus was dying for me.

Risen for me, risen for me,  
Up from the grave He has risen for me;  
Now evermore from death's sting I am free,  
All because Jesus has risen for me.

Living for me, living for me,  
Up in the skies He is living for me;  
Daily He's pleading and praying for me,  
All because Jesus is living for me.

Coming for me, coming for me,  
One day to earth He is coming for me;  
Then with what joy His dear face I shall see,  
O how I praise HimHe's coming for me!