His Blood Was Shed For Me

1. My sin it was that laid the rod On Him who from the law was free; And the eternal Son of God received the stripes once due to me. shed for me, To be of sin the double cure: And balm there flows from Calv'ry's tree That heals my guilt and makes me pure.

2. Nor beam was in His eye, nor mote; Nor laid to Him was any blame; And yet His cheeks for me they smote—The cheeks that never blushed for shame. And yet His blood was shed for me, To be of sin the double cure: And balm there flows from Calv'ry's tree That heals my guilt and makes me pure.

3. I pierced those sacred hands and feet That never touched nor walked in sin; I broke the heart that only beat The on the reed; And when derision mocked His call My souls of sinful men to win. And yet His blood was shed for me, To be of sin the double cure: And balm there flows from Calv'ry's tree That heals my guilt and makes me pure.

4. That sponge of vinegar and gall I handled Him up received the stripes once due to me. shed for me, To be of sin the double cure: And balm there flows from Calv'ry's tree That heals my guilt and makes me pure.

Words: James M. Gray
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