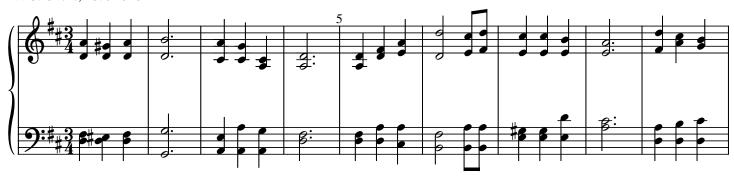
Wounded for me

W. G. Ovens, 1870-1945





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 Him—He's coming for me!

William G. J. Ovens

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