

BY HIS STRIPES



Affliction plagues the house of man;
It haunts us where we dwell,
To seek us out, and if it can,
Bear each of us to hell.

Our Savior knew its grip of steel;
He writhed within its hand.
He understands just how we feel;
He knows what we can stand.

He helps us with the pain we bear;
His strength won't let us yield.
With understanding, there is care...
And by His stripes we're healed.

-- Edmund E. Wells

© 1975

www.wellssofsalvation.com