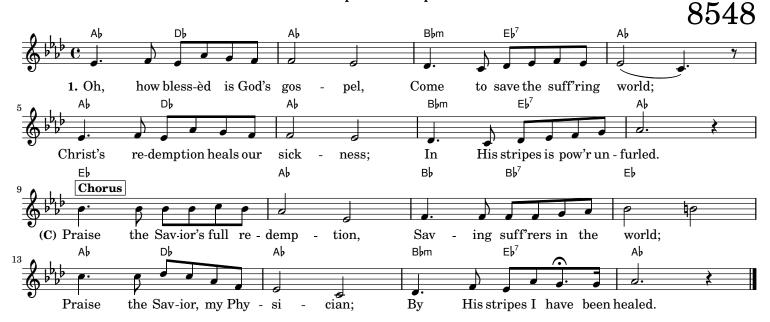
Oh, how blessed is God's gospel





- 2. Whosoever would beseech Him, All will surely welcomed be. Sickness causes me to seek Him; By His stripes, His pow'r heals me.
- 3. Praise Him for His ointment holy—'Tis the Spirit, gift outpoured;O Lord, lay Your hands upon me;By Your stripes, a cure afford.
- 4. When come flaming darts from Satan, Be our sure defending shield. We shall reach our destination, For Your stripes have pow'r to heal.
- 5. Lord, I offer all my members Glory unto Thee to yield; Let me evermore remember— In Your stripes is pow'r to heal.