



The busy crowd was thronging round,
A frightened woman, cursed for years,
Pushed through the throng and trembling still,
Reached out and found you through her tears.
She touched your hem and she was healed,
Behold, God's grace in love revealed.

The little girl was fading fast,
Her father dragged you to his door,
You banished those who wept and wailed,
She rose up, live and whole once more;
You kissed her cheek, and she was healed.
Behold, God's grace in love revealed.

Through centuries of scorn and shame
Your love has named us as your own.