

E Minor. John Newton, 1779.

Arr. William Walker, 1835 (alto by R. W. Hall).

1. How lost was my con - di-tion, Till Je - sus made me whole; There is but one Phy - si-cian Can cure a sin-sick soul.

2. From men great skill pro - fess-ing, I thought a cure to gain; But this prov'd more dis - tressing, And added to my pain;

3. At length this great Phy - si-cian, How matchless is his grace! Ac - cept - ed my pe - ti-tion, And un-dertook my case;

Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave, To tell to all a - round me, His won-drous pow'r to save.

Some said that noth-ing ailed me, Some gave me up for lost, Thus eve-ry ref-uge failed me, And all my hopes were cross'd.

First, gave me sight to view him, For sin my eyes had seal'd; Then bid me look un - to him, I look'd, and I was heal'd.