

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
To Thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by Thy grace.

- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I gain a cure
From any hand but Thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
The picture of my sin.
- 4 It lies not in a single part,
But through my life is spread;
With deep corruption in my heart,
And evil in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
Disfigured, weak and lame;
And overclouds and fills my mind
With folly, self and shame.
- 6 O Lord of mercy, hear my cry,
And set my spirit free:
Thou wilt not let a sinner die
Who longs to live for Thee.

John Newton, 1725-1807