

WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,
In His heart compassion reigned;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest case disdained.

2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possessed;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blessed.

3 He could make the leper whole;
Thousands at a meal He fed;
Winds and waves could He control;
By a word He raised the dead.

4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give;
Hungering, sick, and faint, I come;
Let me in Thy presence live,
Lead me to my heavenly home.

5 Be Thy love to me revealed,
Be Thy grace by me possessed;
Touch me, and I shall be healed;
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

John Ryland, 1753-1825