

**H**EAL us, Emmanuel! we are here,  
Waiting to feel Thy touch;  
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust Thy Word;  
But wilt Thou pity us the less?  
Be that far from Thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied  
With trembling for relief:  
'Lord, I believe,' with tears he cried,  
'O help my unbelief!'
- 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered, 'Daughter, go in peace;  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,  
To touch Thee, if we may;  
O send us not despairing home,  
Send none unhealed away.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*