

Long Have I Lived In Grief And Pain
by Charles Wesley

1 LONG have I lived in grief and pain,
And suffered many things in vain,
And all physicians tried;
Nor men nor means my soul can heal,
The plague is still incurable,
The fountain is undried.

2 No help can I from these receive;
Nor men nor means can e'er relieve,
Or give my spirit ease;
Still worse and worse my ease I find .
Here then I cast them all behind,
From all my works I cease.

3 I find brought in a better hope,
Succour there is for me laid up,
For every helpless soul;
Salvation is in Jesu's name,
Could I but touch his garment's hem,
Even I should be made whole.

4 'Tis here, in hope my God to find,
With humble awe I come behind
And wait his grace to prove;
Before his face I dare not stand,
But faith puts forth a trembling hand,
To apprehend his love.

5 Surely his healing power is nigh;
I touch him now! by faith even I,
My Lord, lay hold on thee:
Thy power is present now to heal,
I feel, through all my soul I feel
That Jesus died for me.

6 I glory in redemption found;
Jesus, my Lord and God, look round,
The conscious sinner see;
Yes, I have touched thy clothes, and own
The miracle thy grace hath done
On such a worm as me.

7 With lowly reverential fear
I testify that thou art near,
To all who seek thy love;
Saviour of all I thee proclaim;
The world may know thy saving name
And all its wonders prove.