

That Health Of Soul I Gasp To Know
by Charles Wesley

1 THAT health of soul I gasp to know
Which only Jesus can bestow,
Jesus, thy sovereign skill display,
And take this seed of sin away;
The original infirmity,
O were it now expelled by thee,
Who didst my every pain endure,
And die thyself to effect my cure!

2 The world with feeble saints agree
In vain to urge "It cannot be!
Sin must remain; howe'er expelled
And healed; ye never can be healed."
I trust my great Physician's skill,
And, saved according to thy will,
Shall live, a saint in love complete,
Shall die, a sinner at thy feet.