

How Lost Was My Condition

John Newton, 1779.

Felix Mendelssohn, 1847.

How lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole!  
There is but one physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul!  
Next door to death He found me,  
And snatched me from the grave;  
To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous power to save.

The worst of all diseases  
Is light, compared with sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within:  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness all combined;  
And none but a believer,  
The least relief can find.

From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain:  
Some said that nothing ailed me,  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every refuge failed me,  
And all my hopes were crossed.

At length this great physician,  
How matchless is His grace!  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case;  
First gave me sight to view Him,  
For sin my eyes had sealed;  
Then bid me look unto Him;  
I looked, and I was healed.

A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
From every danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death:  
Come then to this physician,  
His help He'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition,  
'Tis only look, and live.