

Physician of my sin-sick soul
A Sick Soul
John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 83

Physician of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2. Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

3. I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

4. It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

5. It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

6. A thousand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

7. Lord I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?