

How lost was my condition
The Good Physician
John Newton, 1779,
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 62

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 pow'r to save.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

5. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith;
At once from 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.