

John Newton, 1779

*The Good Physician* (Hymn 62, Book 1) 76. 76. 76. 76.

# The Great Physician

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

C Major

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr. 5 10

1. How lost was my con-di - tion Till Jesus made me whole! There is but one Phy-si-cian Can cure a sin-sick soul. Next door to death he found me, And  
2. The worst of all di - sea - ses Is light, compared with sin; On eve-ry part it sei - zes, But ra-ges most with-in: 'Tis pal-sy, plague, and fe-ver, And

T.

3. From men great skill pro-fes-sing I thought a cure to gain; But this proved more distressing, And added to my pain: Some said that nothing ailed me, Some  
4. At length this great Phy-si-cian, How matchless is his grace! Ac-cep-ted my pe-ti-tion, And undertook my case: First gave me sight to view him, For

B.

5. A dy-ing, ri-sen Je - sus, Seen by the eye of faith; At once from danger frees us, And saves the soul from death: Come then to this Phy-si-cian, His

Tr. 15

1. snatched me from the grave, To tell to all a - round me, His wondrous power to save.  
2. madness, all combined; And none but a be - lie - ver The least re - lief can find.

T.

3. gave me up for lost; Thus eve-ry re - fuge failed me, And all my hopes were crossed.  
4. sin my eyes had sealed; Then bid me look un - to him, I looked, and I was healed.

B.

5. help he'll freely give; He makes no hard con-di - tion, 'Tis on-ly: look and live.

A folk hymn (Jackson 1952, no. 186; Jackson 1953b, nos. 8 and 31).