

The Great Physician

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

C Major

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr.
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
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

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
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

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

10
Tr.
1. door to death he found me, And snatched me from the grave, To tell to all a - round me, His wondrous power to save.
2. pal-sy, plague, and fe-ver, And madness, all combined; And none but a be - lie - ver The least re - lief can find.

T.
3. said that nothing ailed me, Some gave me up for lost; Thus eve-ry re - fuge failed me, And all my hopes were crossed.
4. gave me sight to view him, For sin my eyes had sealed; Then bid me look un - to him, I looked, and I was healed.

B.
5. then to this Phy-si-cian, His 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).