Lord, I Despair Myself to Heal

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Lord, I despair my- self to heal: I

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
see my sin, but cannot feel; I

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
cannot, till thy Spirit blow, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
bid th'obedient waters flow.

The other verses

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, is thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool,
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Charles Wesley (1707–1788) or John Wesley (1703–1791). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.