Physician of My Sin-sick Soul

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
Phy- sician of my sin sick soul, To

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
thee I bring my case; My

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
raging mala- dy control, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
heal me by thy grace.

The other verses

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?

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.