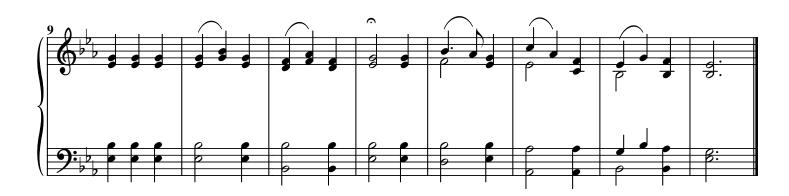
Lord, I despair myself to heal





Lord, I despair myself to heal: I see my sin, but cannot feel; I cannot, till thy Spirit blow, And bid the obedient waters flow.

'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.

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.

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

Charles Wesley