

## **O Son of God Who Came to Earth**

O Son of God who came to earth  
To be our great Physician,  
We've all been languishing from birth  
And need your kind attention.

Too deaf to hear Your warning cries  
We fail our course to alter,  
We hasten to our sure demise  
And march toward disaster.

Blind to the good that we should do  
We pass You by unheeding,  
Where You are hidden from our view  
In those we could be serving.

Too mute to call upon Your name,  
We're lax in interceding.  
We fail Your gracious gifts to claim  
For those who need our pleading.

Too lame to do Your Kingdom's deeds,  
We leave them uncompleted;  
Unplanted go Your Gospel seeds;  
Your harvest not collected.

Too paralyzed to do Your will,  
Our flesh to earth e'er crashes;  
Your good commands we can't fulfill;  
We lie in dust and ashes.

Have mercy, Lord! Stretch out Your hand,  
And be our great Physician.  
We'll all be healed at Your command -  
Give us your skilled attention!

Kurt Reinhardt

A quote from Cardinal Bona that gave impetus for writing this hymn.

Jusqu'à quand différerez vous à guérir mes plaies, Seigneur Jésus, vous qui êtes le plus habile & charitable de tous médecins? Vous voyez que je suis aveugle pour voir le bien, boiteux pour l'accomplir, sourd à vos avertissements, muet pour la prière, paralytique pour les bonnes oeuvres: ayez pitié de moi, & me guérissez.