He healeth me, oh, bless His name

Divine Healing — Christ the Same as of Old

1. He heal - eth me, oh, bless His name! I want to spread a-
broad His fame; From dread di-sease He sets me free, The Lord my heal - er,
strong is He! **(C)** He heal - eth me, He heal - eth me! By power di - vine He
heal - eth me; He healed the sick in Gal - i - lee, And now by faith He heal - eth me!

2. He healeth me! my simple faith
Believes the word that Jesus saith,
And takes the place of ardent hope,
Believes the Lord will raise me up.

3. He healeth me! I touch for cure
The border of His garment pure,
And virtue through my being flows,
A healing balm for nature's woes.

4. He healeth me, as when of yore,
Their sins and sicknesses He bore;
Nor has He lost His power and skill—
Our blessed Christ is living still.

5. He healeth me! how oft I sought
This healing power, but found it not:
But now I trust with all my soul,
And now through faith He makes me whole.