

The Gift of His Touch

Music: to the tune of *SLANE (Irregular)* Irish Traditional Melody

Words: Brenton Prigge

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[Be thou my vision]

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1. Unclean, unworthy, before we found grace;
who would have dreamed we'd find love in His face?
That we should know the gift of His touch?
That the Great Healer should love us so much?
2. Come then, all faithful, sing praise to His Name,
all who were once lost and blind, weak and lame;
He has turned weeping to dancing and joy;
He has brought healing and death is destroyed!
3. We'll not be silent; we'll tell of His might.
We'll not forget all who share our world's plight.
Bring them to Jesus to call on His grace;
His touch brings healing, turns night into day!
4. Once blind and cripple, now set free to run,
we will run our race until it is won!
Running with purpose, our eyes on the prize;
running with Jesus right here by our side.

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