

THINE ARM, O LORD, IN DAYS OF OLD

867

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old, was strong to heal and save.
2. Be Thou our great De-liv-'rer still, Thou Lord of life and death.

It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, o'er dark-ness and the grave.
Re-store and quick-en, soothe and bless, with Thine al-might-y breath.

To Thee they came the blind, the mute, the pal-sied and the lame,
To hands that work and eyes that see give wis-dom 'heav'n-ly lore,

the lep-er shunned by all man-kind, the sick with fe-vered frame.
that whole and sick, and weak and strong, may praise Thee ev-er-more.