## Your arm, O Lord, in days of old



Your arm, O Lord, in days of old was strong to heal and save; it triumphed o'er disease and death, o'er darkness and the grave: to you they went, the blind, the dumb, the palsied and the lame, the leper with his tainted life, the sick with fevered frame;

and, lo, your touch brought life and health, gave speech, and strength, and sight; and youth renewed and frenzy calmed owned you, the Lord of light. And now, O Lord, be near to bless, almighty as of youre, in crowed street, by restless couch, as by Gennesaret's shore. O be our great deliverer still, strong Lord of life and death; restore and quicken, soothe and bless with your almighty breath: to hands that work and eyes that see give wisdom's heavenly lore, that whole and sick, and weak and strong, may praise you evermore.

Edward Hahes Plumtre