YOUR ARM, O LORD, IN DAYS OF OLD

OLD 107TH C.M.D
Edward Hayes Plumptre

1. Your arm, O Lord, in days of old was strong to heal and save; it triumphed o'er disease and death, o'er owned with darkness and the grave: to you, the Lord of light. And

2. And, lo, your touch brought life and health, gave speech, and strength, and sight; and youth re - newed and frenzy and death, calmed with

3. O be our great de - liv - erer still, strong to heal and save; it triumphed o'er disease and death, o'er owned with darkness and the grave: to you, the Lord of light. And

4. Still, health, old gave was strong to heal and save; it triumphant o'er disease and death, o'er owned with darkness and the grave: to you, the Lord of light. And

5. Your arm, O Lord, in days of old was strong to heal and save; it triumphed o'er disease and death, o'er owned with darkness and the grave: to you, the Lord of light. And
hands you they went, the blind, the dumb, the now, O’ Lord, be near to bless, all -

strong, as life, the sick with fevered frame; as by Gen - ne - sa - ret’s shore.

pals - ied and the lame, the lep - er with his tain - ted migh - ty as of yore, in crowded street, by rest - less couch, wisdom’s heaven - ly lore, that whole and sick, and weak and

life, the sick with fevered frame; as by Gen - ne - sa - ret’s shore.

may praise you ev - er - more.