Thine Arm, O Lord, In Days Of Old
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1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
   Was strong to heal and save;

2. And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
   Gave speech, and strength, and sight;

3. Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
   Thou Lord of life and death;

   It triumphed o'er disease and death,
   O'er darkness and the grave
   And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
   Owned Thee, the Lord of light:
   Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
   With Thine almighty breath:

   To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
   The palsied and the lame,
   And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
   Almight y as of yore,
   To hands that work and eyes that see,
   Give wisdom's heav'ly lore,

   The leper with his tainted life,
   The sick with fevered frame.
   In crowded street, by restless couch,
   As by Gennesereth's shore.
   That whole and sick, and weak and strong,