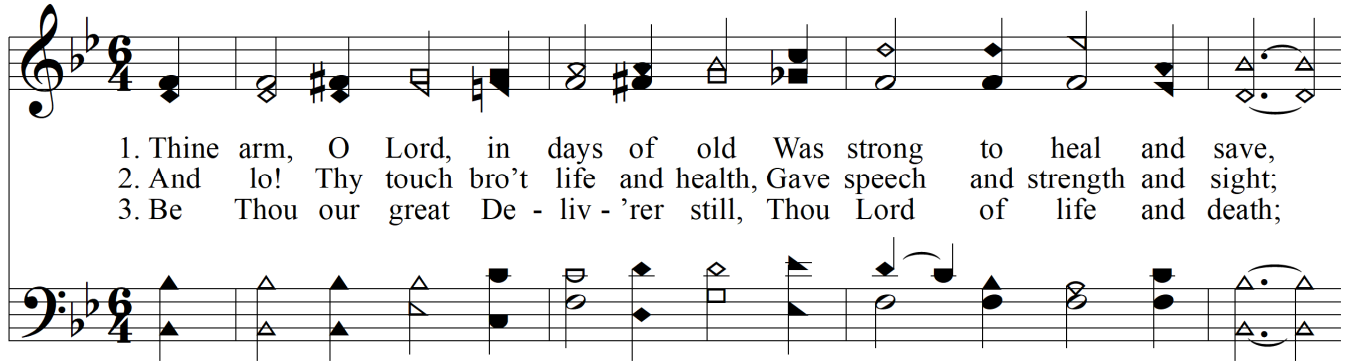
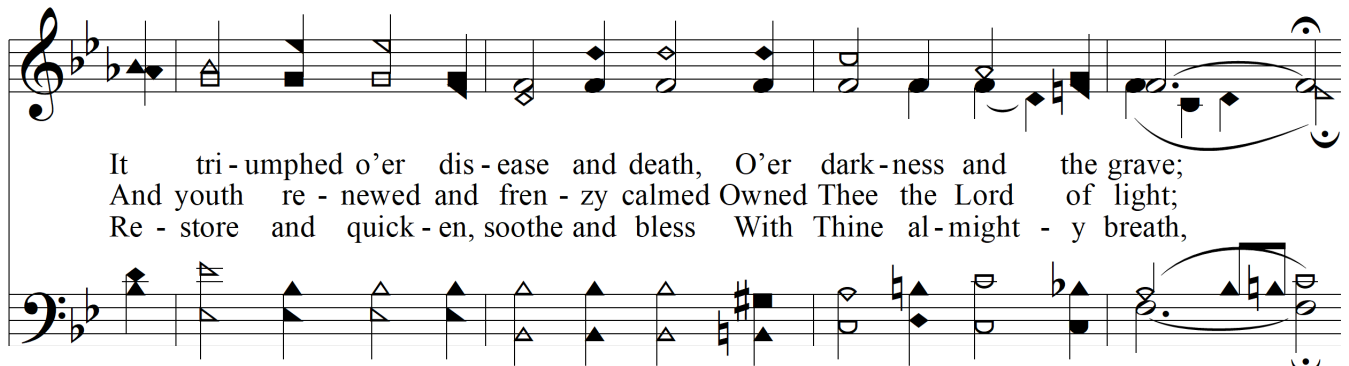


Thine Arm, O Lord, In Days Of Old

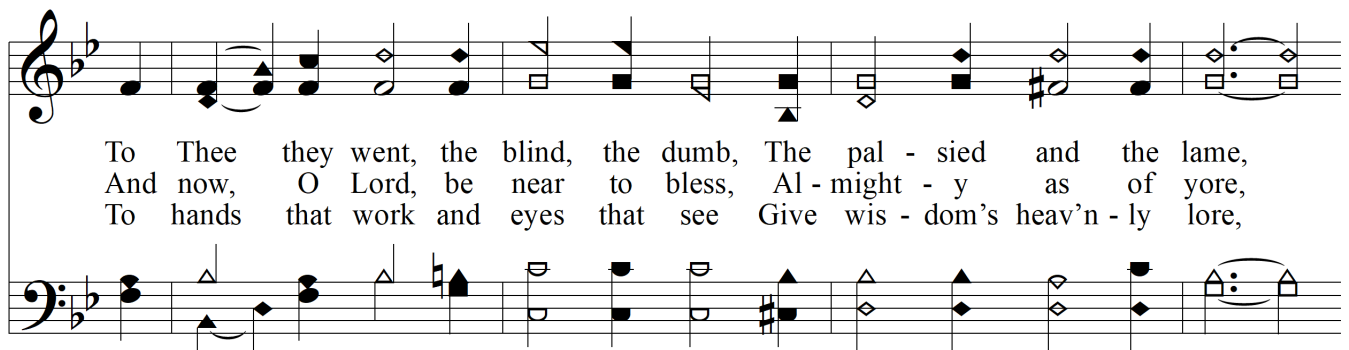
HOPE C. M. D.



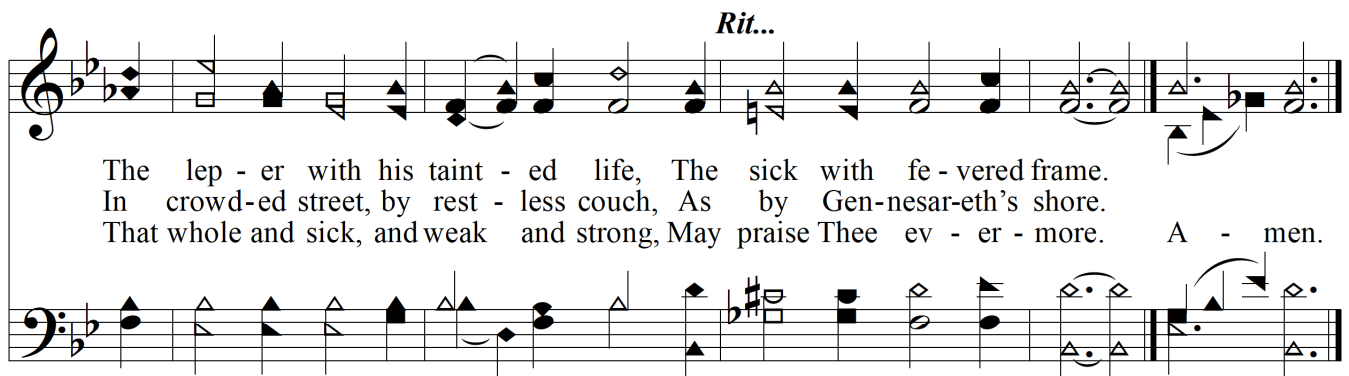
1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save,
2. And lo! Thy touch bro't life and health, Gave speech and strength and sight;
3. Be Thou our great De - liv - 'rer still, Thou Lord of life and death;



It tri - umphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave;
And youth re - newed and fren - zy calmed Owned Thee the Lord of light;
Re - store and quick - en, soothe and bless With Thine al - might - y breath,



To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al - might - y as of yore,
To hands that work and eyes that see Give wis - dom's heav'n - ly lore,



Rit...
The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame.
In crowd - ed street, by rest - less couch, As by Gen - nesar - eth's shore.
That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee ev - er - more. A - men.