

Your Hands, O Lord, in Days of Old

Plumptre

1. Your hands, O Lord, in days of old
were strong to heal and save;
they triumphed o'er disease and death,
o'er darkness and the grave.
To you they went, the blind, the deaf,
the palsied, and the lame,
the leper set apart and shunned,
the sick and those in shame.
2. And then your touch brought life and health,
gave hearing, speech and sight;
and those you healed, their strength restored,
acclaimed you Lord of light.
And so, O Lord, be near to bless,
with all your healing pow'r,
in troubled home, in crowded street,
in sorrow's saddest hour.
3. O be our mighty healer still,
great Lord of life and death,
restore and strengthen, soothe and bless,
with your almighty breath.
On hands that work and eyes that see,
your healing wisdom pour,
that whole and sick, and weak and strong,
may praise you evermore.

Inspiration: Matthew 14: 35-36; Mark 6: 55-56.

Lyrics: 86.86 D; Edward B. Plumptre, 1821-1891, orig. as "Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old", in an 1866 hospital pamphlet.