

Your Hands, O Lord, in Days of Old

Edward B. Plumptre

1. Your hands, O Lord, in days of old
were strong to heal and save;
they triumphed over pain 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 speech and strength and sight;
and youth renewed and health restored,
claimed you the Lord of light.
And so, O Lord, be near to bless,
almighty, now as then,
in ev'ry street, in ev'ry home,
in ev'ry troubled friend.
3. O be our mighty healer still,
O 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, originally as "Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old", in an 1866 hospital pamphlet.