

FAITH WORKETH BY LOVE.

Words by J. D. BURNS.

T. B. STEPHENSON.

1 Oh, mourn not that the days are gone, The old and wondrous days, When

Faith's un - earth - ly glo - ry shone Along our earthly ways; When

the a - pos - tle's gentlest touch Wrought like a sa - cred spell, And

health came down on ev - ry couch On which his sha - dow fell

2 The glory is not wholly fled,
That shone so bright before,
Nor is the ancient virtue dead,
Though thus it works no more.
Still, godlike power with goodness dwells,
And blessings round it move,
And faith still works its miracles,
Though now it works by love.

3 It may not on the crowded ways
Lift up its voice as then,
But still with sacred might it sways
The stormy minds of men.
Grace still is given to make the faint
Grow stronger through distress,
And even the shadow of the saint
Retains its power to bless.