3. Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it; Whatever the

2. Ah! many a life is one long fever—A fever of

1. He touched her hand and the fever left her; He touched her

A hand as only He can, With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician, With the anxious suspense and care; A fever of getting, a fever of fretting; A tempest, His voice can still; There is only joy as we seek His pleasure, There is

tender touch of the Son of Man; And the eyes, when the fever of hurrying here and there. Ah! what if the winning the

on ly rest as we choose His will. And some day, after life's

light had fad ed, Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim; And she praise of others We miss at the last the King's "Well done!" If our

fit ful fever, I think we shall say, in the home on high, If the

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hands that He touched but did His bidding—How little it matters what else went by!

self-sought tasks in the Master’s vineyard—Yield nothing but leaves at set of sun.

She rose and ministered unto Him.

Lord, touch our hands, let the fever leave us; And so shall we minister unto Thee.