

HIS HANDS

(written by Kenneth Cope)

From the days on His mother's knee
Like no other before
He was all that a boy should be
Then the Boy became the Man
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna
To God and the Lamb

His hands
Tools of creation
Stronger than nations
Power without end
And yet through them
We find our truest Friend

His hands
Sermons of kindness
Healing men's blindness
Halting years of pain
Children waiting
To be held again

CHORUS:

*His hands would serve His whole life
through
Showing man what hands might do
Giving, ever giving endlessly
Each day was filled with selflessness
And I'll not rest
Till I make of my hand what they
could be
Till these hands become like those
from Galilee*

His hands
Warming a beggar
Lifting a leper
Calling back the dead
Breaking bread
Five thousand fed

His hands
Hushing contention
Pointing to Heaven
Ever free of sin
Then bidding man
To follow Him

REPEAT CHORUS

His hands
Clasp in agony
As he lay pleading
Bleeding in the garden
While just moments away
Other hands betray Him out of greed
Shameful greed

And then His hands
Are trembling
Straining to carry
The beam that they'd be nailed to
As He stumbles through the streets
Heading for the hill
On which He'd die
He would die

They take His hands
His mighty hands
Those gentle hands
And then they pierce them
They pierce them
He lets them
Because of love

FINAL CHORUS:

*From birth to death was selflessness
And clearly now I see Him with His
hands calling to me
And though I'm not yet as I would be
He has shown me how I could be
I will make my hands like those
from Galilee*

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