

## TINY HANDS

(written by Kenneth Cope)

Another pair of tiny hands  
To lay beneath the clay  
Slumbering little baby eyes  
To wake another day  
O God of heaven, come guard this bed  
And let this angel sleep  
Till earth is pure for tiny hands  
And safe for tiny feet

A wondrous little baby smile  
The hope of things to be  
Born to face a troubled world  
For a moment, and then set free  
O God of heaven, take hate from man  
Till lambs and lions feed  
And make earth pure for tiny hands  
And safe for tiny feet

Tiny hands  
Angel hands  
Perfect hands  
Blameless hands  
Lifeless hands resting in the night  
Waiting for the light  
When life will follow  
O God of heaven, send Christ again  
Bring in His reign of peace  
Let earth turn pure  
For tiny hands  
And safe for tiny feet  
Then give back my child to me

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