

Look at His Hands

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Verse 1

Look at His hands, tiny and soft and warm,
reaching for me to hold Him to my breast.
Look at His face, innocent of all wrong.
Little One, close Your eyes, rest!

Chorus 1

How could I say how much You mean to me?
You're always in my thoughts and always will be.
Mem'ries like these can't ever fade away.
Thank You for coming here to me!

Verse 2

Look at His hands, pierced through by rusty nails,
raised on a rugged cross for all to see.
Look at His face, blood stained and deathly pale.
All this so He could save me!

Chorus 2

How could I say how much You mean to me?
You're always in my thoughts and always will be.
Seeing You there catches my breath away.
It's like they're doing this to me.

Verse 3

Look at His hands, stretched forth in mighty power,
holding the trump of God on the last day.
Look at His face, more brilliant than the sun,
changing the dark of night to day.

Chorus 3

How could I say how much You mean to me?
You're always in my thoughts and always will be.
Earth's little trials can't take my faith away.
I know You're coming back for me.

Coda

You mean so very much to me!