

The Hand That Was Wounded For Me

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mel. 1.) The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In
 2.) E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That
 3.) The Hand that wrought won - ders in days of old, Holds
 4.) Tri - um - phant thro' grace I shall some - day stand, With

love reach - es down to the world be - low; 'Tis beck - on - ing now to the
 Hand still out - stretched o'er a gulf of years, With heal - ing and hope for my
 treas - ure more pre - cious than gems of gold: The price of re - demp - tion from
 Je - sus at Home on that gold - en strand, His face in its beau - ty at

souls that roam, And point - ing the way to the heav'n - ly home. The
 sin - sick soul; One touch of Its fin - ger will make me whole. The
 sin and shame, The Gift of sal - va - tion in Je - sus' Name. The
 last to see, My hand in the Hand that was pierced for me. The

Hand of my Sav-iour I see, The Hand that was wound-ed for me: 'Twill
 my Sa-viour I see, was wound-ed for me:
 see, I see, me, for me,

lead me in love to the mansions a-bove, The Hand that was wound-ed for me!
 was wound-ed for me!