

Hands

Paul Brandt

It is the greatest story ever told
The Prince leaves his palace and his noble throne
To fight a battle for his subject's souls
The fate of the world in his royal hands

And it was an unlikely battleground
With the cows and the sheep
and the shepherds gathered round
As Mary held him her heart began to pound
The weight of the world in a baby's hands

Betrayed by the very hearts he came to save
Father forgive them someone heard him say
Then like a gift he gave his life away
Held out to the world with His nail-pierced hands

The Hands that put the stars in place, bound by hands He made

When people ask what Christmas means to me
I think of the Prince up on that Christmas tree
I tell them about how His love set me free
When He changed my life with a touch of His hands
With His hands