

# The Hand That Was Nailed to the Cross

Harriet H. Pierson, 1905

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♩=160

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In  
2. E'en now I can see, through a mist of tears, That  
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds

love reach-es out to the world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the  
hand still out-stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal-ing and hope for my  
treasure more pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of re-demp-tion from

*Refrain*  
souls that roam, And point-ing the way to the heav-'nly home. The hand of my Sav-ior I  
sin sick soul, One touch of its fin-ger will make me whole! my  
sin and shame, The gift of sal-va-tion through Je-sus' name.

see, The hand that was wound-ed for me; 'Twill lead me in love to the  
Sav-ior I see, was wound-ed for me;

*rall.*  
man-sions a-bove, The hand that was wound-ed for me!  
was wounded for me!