

Those Infant Hands

word by Charles Wesley

music by Carl Thomas Gladstone

 C
Those infant hands,
 F G C
of the heavenly stranger,
 am G C
So poor and mean, so poor and mean
 G
His court an inn,
 dm F
His cradle is a manger:
 am G C
Those hands, those infant hands.

Those infant hands
now for us descended,
Who built the skies, who built the skies
On earth he lies, With only beasts attended.
Those infant hands, those infant hands.

 G F C
Lie hid in human nature;
 am G C
Incarnate see, incarnate see
am em F C
The deity, The infinite Creator!
 F G C
Godly hands, those infant hands.

Those infant hands,
Of endless adoration!
Those infant hands, those infant hands
Shall burst our bands,
And work out our salvation;
Those infant hands, those infant hands

Those infant hands,
Strangle the serpent ever,
Till open set, till open set
The glorious gate
And take us up to heaven.
Those infant hands, those infant hands

