

Those Nail-Scarred Hands

Joni Green

He ne-ver con-demned me but I was to blame. Such love I can - not un -
The an-gels in hea - ven looked down at His shame. Such love they could not un -

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der stand. The wound in His side should have been mine, like the blood from those nail -
der-stand. The death that He died should have been mine, like the blood from those nail -

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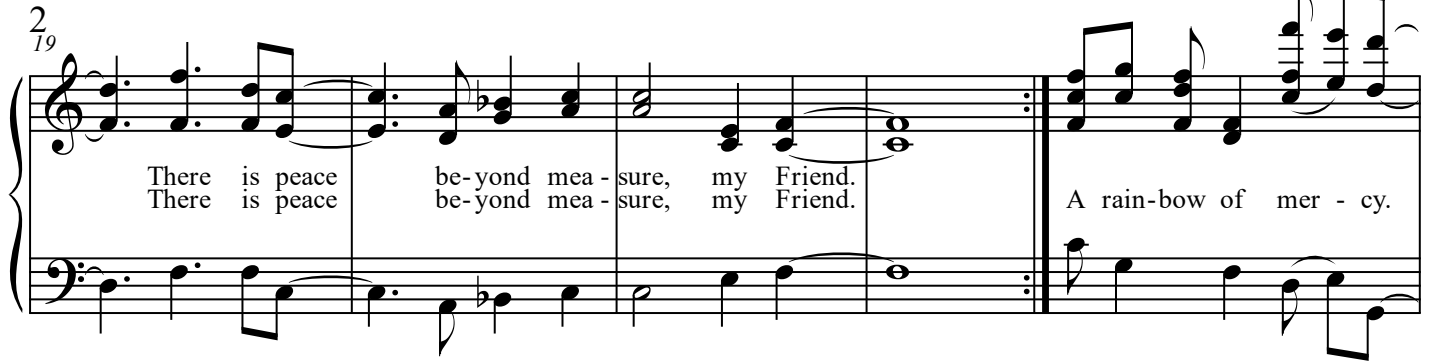
- scarred hands. There is life in the blood shed at Cal - va - ry. There is
- scarred hands. There is life in the blood shed at Cal - va - ry. There is

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love that He gives with - out end. There is grace to be found at the foot of the cross.
love that He gives with - out end. There is grace to be found at the foot of the cross.

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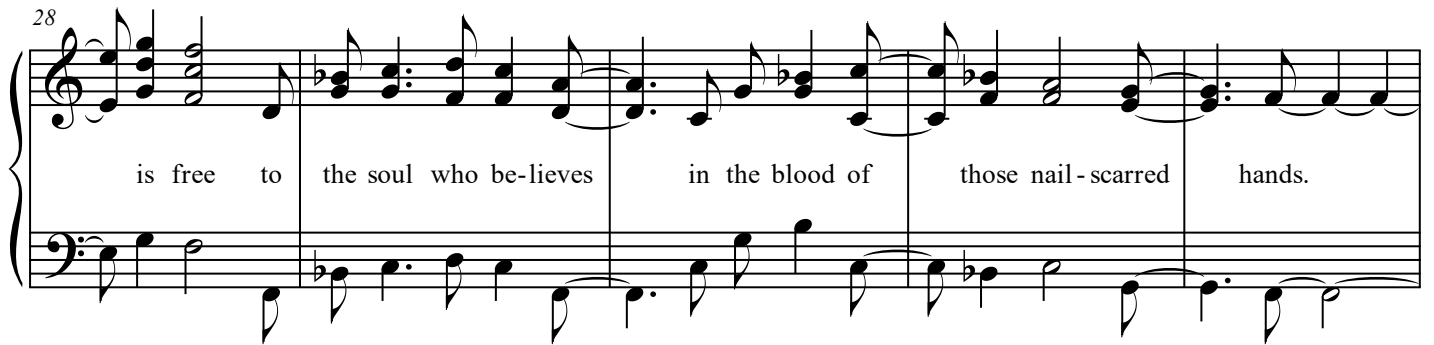
There is peace beyond measure, my Friend.
There is peace beyond measure, my Friend.
A rain-bow of mer - cy.

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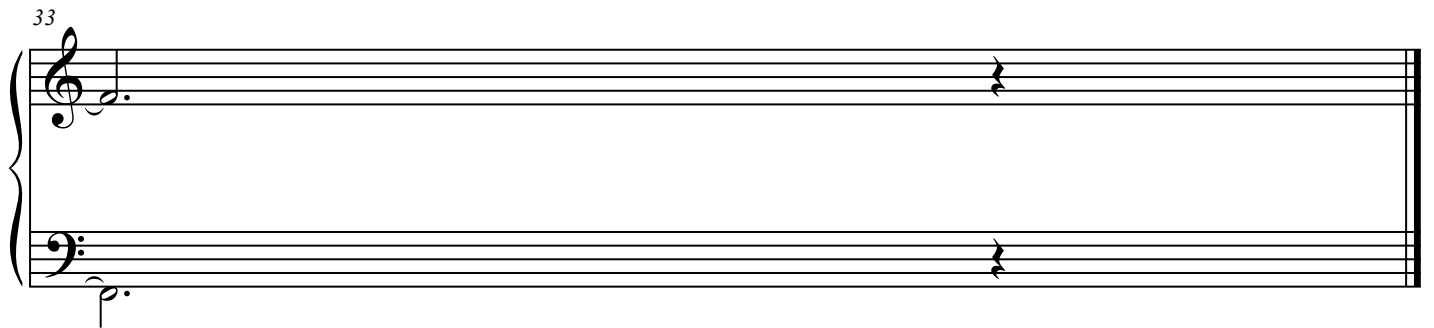
A ri-ver of joy and the road that leads on to Glo-ry - land!
All this

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is free to the soul who be-lieves in the blood of those nail - scarred hands.

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