

## WIDE OPEN ARE THY HANDS

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 12<sup>th</sup> Century; tr. Charles P. Krauth, 1870

Music: Jeff Koonce, 2014

Bm Dmaj7/A G A  
Wide open are Thy hands, Paying with more than gold  
Bm Dmaj7/A G A  
The awful debt of guilty men, forever and of old.  
Bm Dmaj7/A G A7  
Ah, let me grasp those hands, that we may never part,  
D A/C# G A Bm  
And let the power of their blood sustain my fainting heart.

Wide open are Thine arms, a fallen world to embrace;  
To take to love and endless rest our whole forsaken race.  
Lord, I am sad and poor, but boundless is Thy grace;  
Give me the soul transforming joy for which I seek Thy face.

Draw all my mind and heart up to Thy throne on high,  
And let Thy sacred cross exalt my spirit to the sky.  
To these, Thy mighty hands, my spirit I resign;  
Living, I live alone to Thee, dying, alone am Thine.