**Hands of God** *Christopher Fry*

They are human hands, these hands of God

Bearing the weight of a world’s blood.

Breaking their fall the ground is bitter hard

With stones the sharpness of spear and sword.

They are human hands, these hands of God.

Out of a cloud of pain, like an alighting bird

They bless, “Grieving ones, grieve not for me

But for yourself and what will be.”

The driving in of nails and after the darkest cry

They come, a child’s hands, “into Thy hands” to die.

And where the stillness, where the darkness ends,

The doors being shut, he said, “Behold my hands.”