"Hands" by Jewel

If I could tell the world just one thing
It would be that we're all OK
And not to worry 'cause worry is wasteful
And useless in times like these
I won't be made useless
I won't be idle with despair
I will gather myself around my faith
For light does the darkness most fear
  My hands are small, I know
  But they're not yours, they are my own
  But they're not yours, they are my own
  And I am never broken
Poverty stole your golden shoes
It didn't steal your laughter
And heartache came to visit me
But I knew it wasn't ever after
We'll fight, not out of spite
For someone must stand up for what's right
'Cause where there's a man who has no voice
There ours shall go singing
  My hands are small I know
  But they're not yours, they are my own
  But they're not yours, they are my own
  I am never broken
In the end only kindness matters
In the end only kindness matters
I will get down on my knees, and I will pray
I will get down on my knees, and I will pray
I will get down on my knees, and I will pray

My hands are small I know
  But they're not yours, they are my own
  But they're not yours, they are my own
  And I am never broken
We are never broken
We are God's eyes
God's hands
God's mind
We are God's eyes
God's hands
God's heart
We are God's eyes
God's hands
God's eyes
We are God's hands
We are God's hands
“The Servant Song”

Won’t you let me serve you.  
Let me be as Christ to you.  
Pray that I might have the grace  
To let you be my servant, too.  

We are pilgrims on a journey.  
We are brothers on the road.  
We are here to help each other  
Walk the mile and bear the load.  

I will hold the Christ-light for you  
In the night time of your fear.  
I will hold my hand out to you;  
Speak the peace you long to hear.  

I will weep when you are weeping.  
When you laugh, I'll laugh with you.  
I will share your joy and sorrow  
Till we’ve seen this journey through.  

When we sing to God in heaven,  
We shall find such harmony  
Born of all we’ve known together  
Of Christ’s love and agony.  

Brother, sister let me serve you.  
Let me be as Christ to you.  
Pray that I might have the grace  
To let you be my servant, too.  

Richard Gillard of New Zealand  
1976-77