

# ***The Beautiful Hands of a Priest***

*We need them in life's early morning,  
we need them again at its close;  
We feel their warm clasp of friendship,  
we seek them when tasting life's woes.  
At the altar each day we behold them,  
And the hands of a king on his throne  
Are not equal to them in their greatness;  
their dignity stands all alone;  
And when we are tempted and wander  
to pathways of shame and sin,  
It's the hand of a priest that will absolve  
us – not once, but again and again;  
And when we are taking life's partner,  
other hands may prepare us a feast,  
But the hand that will bless and unite  
us is the beautiful hand of a priest.  
God bless them and keep them all holy  
For the Host which their fingers caress;  
When can a poor sinner do better than  
to ask Him to guide thee and bless?  
When the hour of death comes upon us  
may our courage and strength be increased.  
By seeing raised over us in anointing the  
beautiful hands of a priest! – Author unknown*

