

# Nailprints

Bud Morris

Bud & Don Morris

When Thom- as doubt- ed that Christ was ris- en; When ques- tions  
If my faith fal- ters when I am tempt- ed; If I have  
If you've been wound- ed, and you are hurt- ing; If you are  
When we have en- tered the gates of hea- ven, And stand in  
raged in his troub- led mind; The Sav- ior found him in his con- fusion; And made this  
yield- ed and gone a- stray; If I've for- got- ten the God Who made me; If I've for-  
griev- ing deep in your soul; If sor- rows haunt you, and tears are flow- ing; Come to the  
awe of the ho- ly place; When we be- hold Him in all His glo- ry, And try to  
off- er to all man- kind: Just put your fing- er Up- on these nail- prints; And put your  
sak- en the nar- row way; Please put my fing- er Up- on the nail- prints, And put my  
Sav- ior And be made whole. O put your fing- er Up- on the nail- prints, And put your  
fath- om His match- less grace; Then we whose fing- ers Have felt the nail- prints, Will take our  
hand in My wound- ed side; And don't be fath- less Or un- be- liev- ing." The res- ur-  
hand in His wound- ed side. Tend- er- ly show me How much He loves me; Gent- ly re-  
hand in His wound- ed side; And feel the an- guish He suf- fered for you, When He so  
place at His wound- ed side; His pas- sion for us Will be re- quit- ed; Our faith in  
rec- mind me Can't be de- nied.  
cruel- ly will For whom He died.  
Him will Was cru- cified.  
Be just- i- fied.

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