

Not What My Hands Have Done



1 Not what my hands have done can save my guilty soul; not
2 Your voice alone, O Lord, can speak to me of grace; your
3 I praise the Christ of God; I rest on love divine; and



what my toiling flesh has borne can make my spirit whole. Not
power alone, O Son of God, can all my sin erase. No
with unfaltering lip and heart I call this Savior mine. My



what I feel or do can give me peace with God; not
other work but yours, no other blood will do; no
Lord has saved my life and freely pardon gives; I



all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my awful load.
strength but that which is divine can bear me safely through.
love because he first loved me, I live because he lives.

