NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE







- 2. Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God; not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears, can bear my awful load.
- 3. Thy work alone, O Christ, can ease this weight of sin; thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, can give me peace within.
- 4. Thy love to me, O God, not mine, O Lord, to thee, can rid me of this dark unrest, and set my spirit free.
- 5. Thy grace alone, O God, to me can pardon speak; thy power alone, O Son of God, can this sore bondage break.
- 6. No other work save thine, no meaner blood will do; no strength save that which is divine can bear me safely through.
- 7. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love divine; and with unfaltering lip and heart I call this Saviour mine.

- 8. His cross dispels each doubt; I bury in his tomb each thought of unbelief and fear, each lingering shade of gloom.
- 9. I praise the God of grace; I trust his truth and might: he calls me his, I call him mine, my God, my joy, my light.
- 10. In him is only good; in me is only ill: my ill but draws his goodness forth, and me he loveth still.
- 11. 'Tis he who saveth me, and freely pardon gives; I love because he loveth me, I live because he lives.
- 12. My life with him is hid, my death has passed away; my clouds have melted into light, my midnight into day.

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