

# Not What My Hands Have Done

D G Em E A

1. Not what my hands have done can save my guilt - y soul;  
2. Thy work a - lone, O Christ, can ease this weight of sin;  
3. Thy grace a - lone, O God, to me can par - don speak;  
4. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;  
5. I praise the God of grace; I trust his truth and might;

D A Bm D G E D A D

not what my toil - ing flesh has borne can make my spir - it whole.  
thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, can give me peace with - in.  
thy pow'r a - lone, O Son of God, can this sore bond - age break.  
and with un - fal - t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - ior mine.  
he calls me his, I call him mine, my God, my joy, my light.

G G D Bm F#m

Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God;  
Thy love to me, O God, not mine, O Lord, to thee,  
No oth - er work, save thine, no oth - er blood will do;  
His cross dis - pels each doubt; I bur - y in his tomb  
'Tis he who sav - eth me, and free - ly par - don gives;

A D F# G B Em D A D

not all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my aw - ful load.  
can rid me of this dark un - rest, and set my spir - it free.  
no strength, save that which is di - vine, can bear me safe - ly through.  
each thought of un - be - lief and fear, each lin - g'ring shade of gloom.  
I love be - cause he lov - eth me, I live be - cause he lives.