

## NOT WHAT MY HANDS HAVE DONE

### V1

Not what my hands have done can save my guilty soul  
Not what my toiling flesh has borne can make my spirit whole  
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

### CH

These guilty hands are raised, filthy rags are all I bring  
And I have come to hide beneath Your wings  
These holy hands are raised,  
washed in the fountain of Your grace  
And now I wear Your righteousness

### V2

Thy work alone, oh Christ, can ease this weight of sin  
Thy blood alone, oh Lamb of God, can give me peace within  
Thy love to me, oh God, not mine, oh Lord, to Thee  
Can rid me of this dark unrest and set my Spirit free

### BR

We are broken, we are Yours, we are broken, we are Yours

### V3

Thy grace alone oh God to me can pardon speak  
Thy power alone oh Lamb of God can this sore bondage break  
No other work save Thine, no other blood will do  
No strength but that which is divine can bear me safely  
through

### V4

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  
My Lord has saved my life and freely pardon gives  
I love because He first loved me, I live because He lives

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