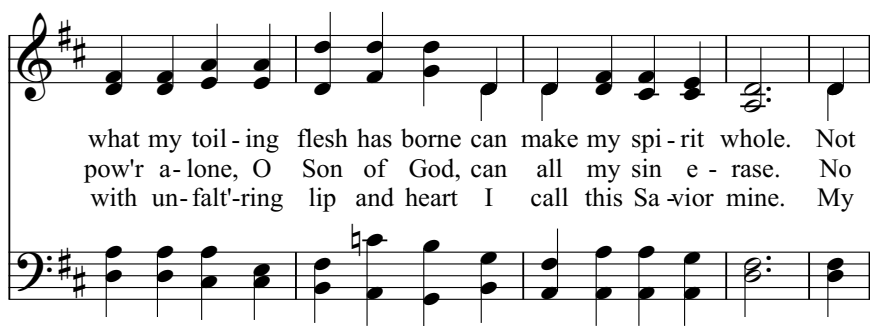


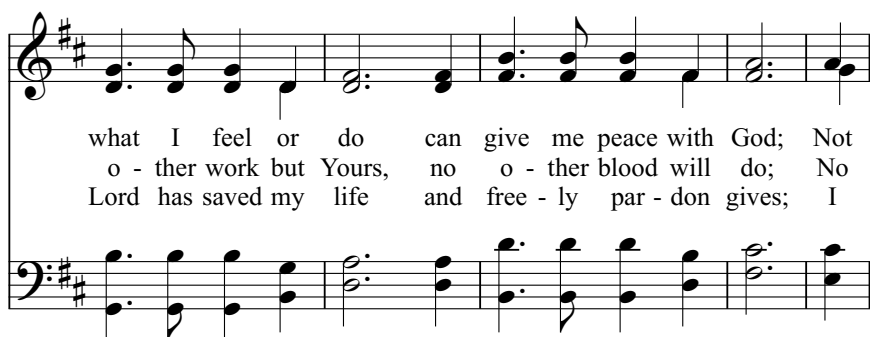
Not What My Hands Have Done



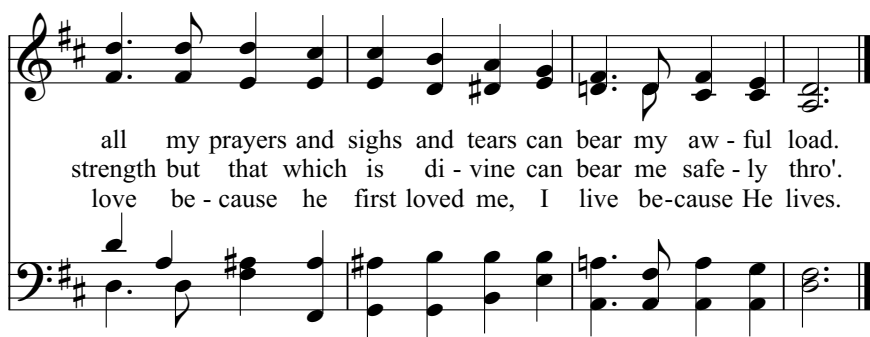
1. Not what my hands have done can save my guilt-y soul; Not
2. Your voice a-lone, O Lord, can speak to me of grace; Your
3. I praise the Christ of God; I rest on love di-vine; And



what my toil-ing flesh has borne can make my spi-rit whole. Not
pow'r a-lone, O Son of God, can all my sin e-rase. No
with un-falt'-ring lip and heart I call this Sa-vior mine. My



what I feel or do can give me peace with God; Not
o-ther work but Yours, no o-ther blood will do; No
Lord has saved my life and free-ly par-don gives; I



all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my aw-ful load.
strength but that which is di-vine can bear me safe-ly thro'.
love be-cause he first loved me, I live be-cause He lives.