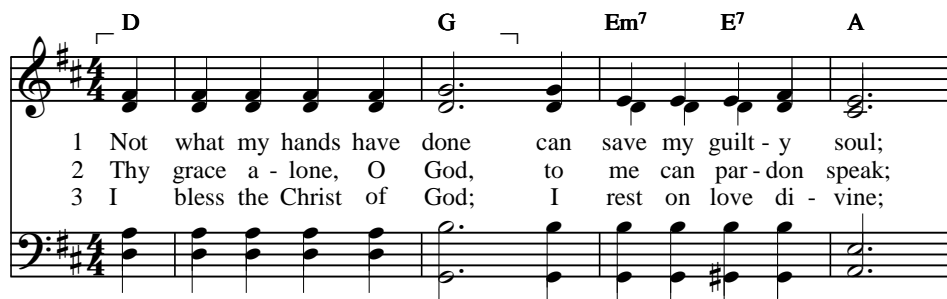


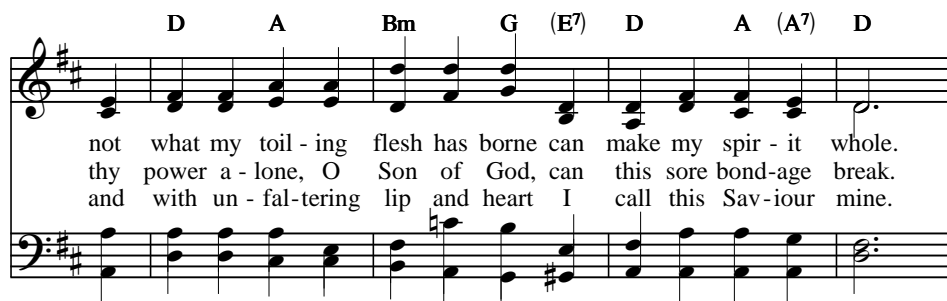
## 441 Not what my hands have done

D G Em<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> A



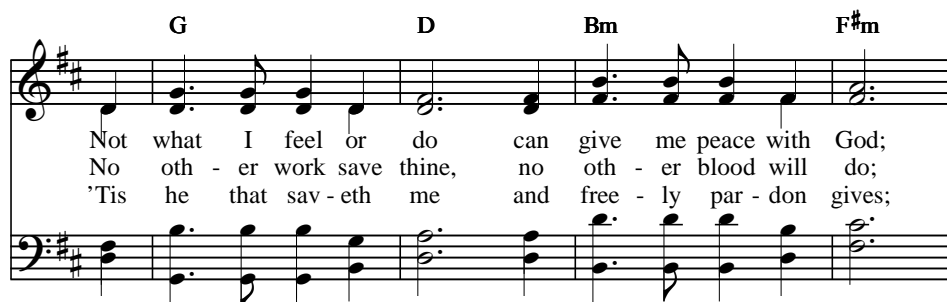
1 Not what my hands have done can save my guilt-y soul;  
 2 Thy grace a-lone, O God, to me can par-don speak;  
 3 I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di-vine;

D A Bm G (E<sup>7</sup>) D A (A<sup>7</sup>) D



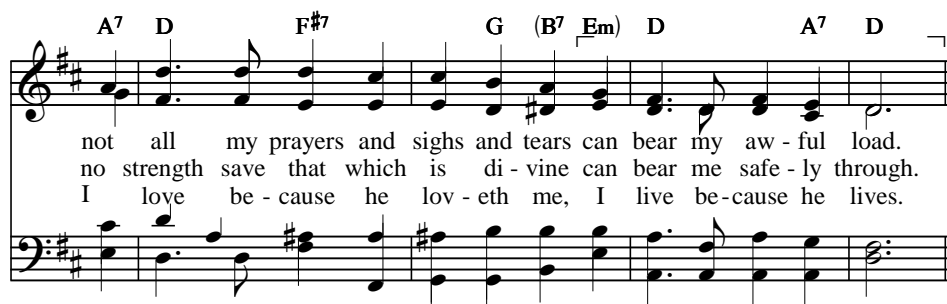
not what my toil-ing flesh has borne can make my spir-it whole.  
 thy power a-lone, O Son of God, can this sore bond-age break.  
 and with un-fal-tering lip and heart I call this Sav-iour mine.

G D Bm F<sup>#</sup>m



Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God;  
 No oth-er work save thine, no oth-er blood will do;  
 'Tis he that sav-eth me and free-ly par-don gives;

A<sup>7</sup> D F<sup>#</sup> G (B<sup>7</sup> Em) D A<sup>7</sup> D



not all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my aw-ful load.  
 no strength save that which is di-vine can bear me safe-ly through.  
 I love be-cause he lov-eth me, I live be-cause he lives.