

Nathan Clark George

"Not What My Hands Have Done"

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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

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 my dark unrest
And set my spirit free

And I bless the Christ of God
I rest on love divine
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Savior mine
His cross dispels each doubt
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear
Each lingering shade of gloom

And I praise the God of grace
I trust His truth and light
He calls me His, I call Him mine
My God, my joy, my life
Tis He Who saveth me
And freely pardon gives
I love because He loveth me
I live because He lives

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