

- N**OT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 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.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of sin's dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can sin's sore bondage break.
- 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89