

Not What My Hands Have Done

Verse 1

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

Verse 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.

Chorus

On Christ the solid rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand
All other ground is sinking sand

Verse 3

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Verse 4

Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest
And set my spirit free.

Chorus

On Christ the solid rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand
All other ground is sinking sand

Verse 5

Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy pow'r alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

Verse 6

No other work, save thine,
No other blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

Chorus

On Christ the solid rock I stand

All other ground is sinking sand
All other ground is sinking sand

Verse 7

I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Savior mine.

Verse 8

His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each ling'ring shade of gloom.

Chorus

On Christ the solid rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand
All other ground is sinking sand

Verse 9

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.

Verse 10

'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

Chorus

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