

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 done
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

Chorus

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

Verse 2

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

Verse 3

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

Chorus

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

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

Text by Horatius Bonar, 1861; Edward Mote, 1834.
Music by Steve Smallman
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