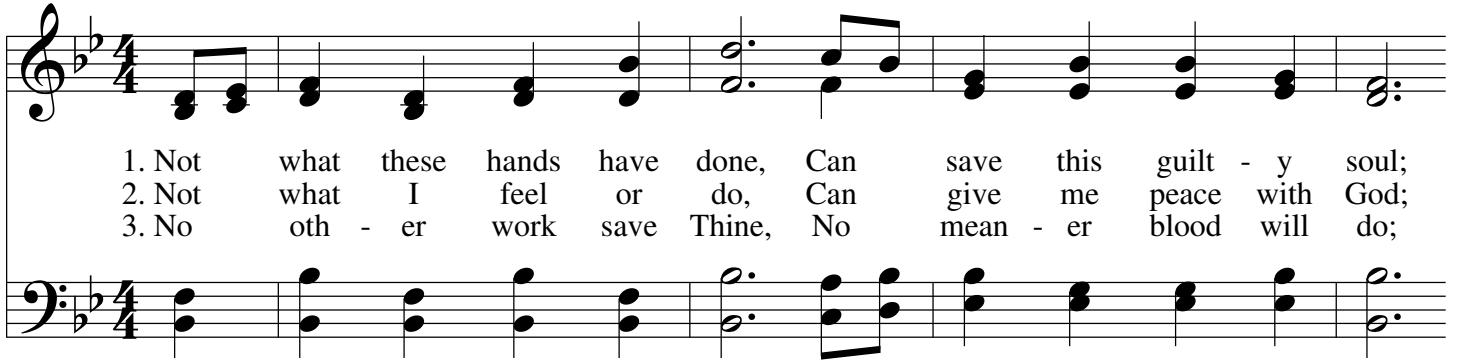
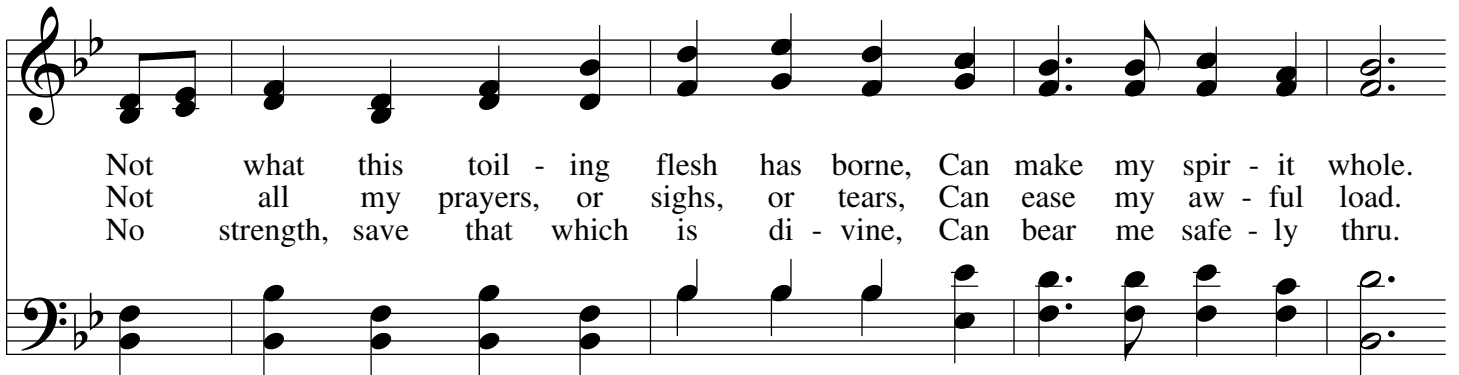


# Thy Work Alone

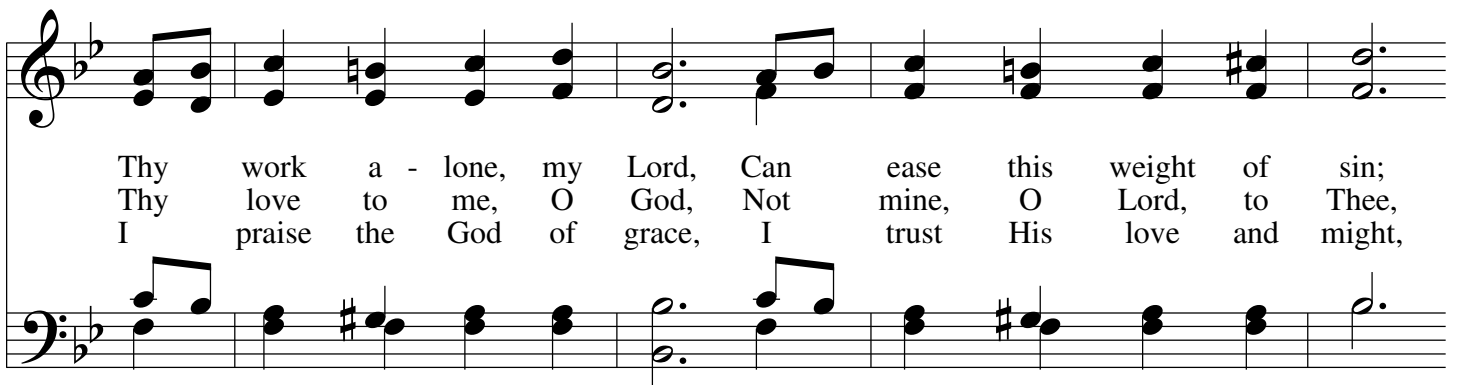
B $\flat$



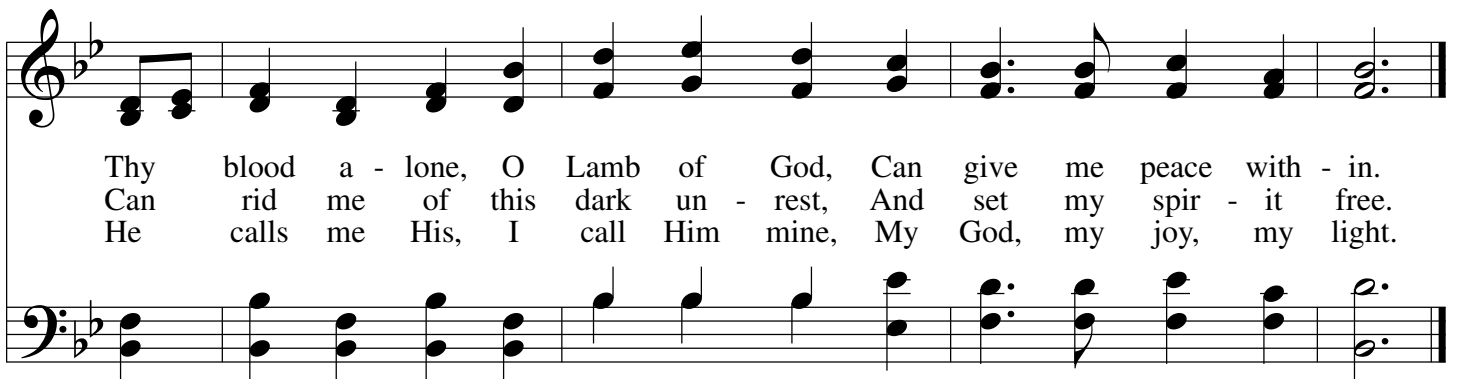
1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilt - y soul;  
2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;  
3. No oth - er work save Thine, No mean - er blood will do;



Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir - it whole.  
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.  
No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly thru.



Thy work a - lone, my Lord, Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might,



Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in.  
Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.  
He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my joy, my light.