

NOTHING THAT MY HANDS CAN DO

Orig. words by Horatius Bonar, alt. words by Matt Richley

Matt Richley

♩ = 88 Am F C G Am

1. There's noth - ing that my hands can do to save my guilt - y soul. I can - not cleanse my
 2. I'll praise the God of ho - li - ness, of jus - tice, truth, and might who guides me by His
 3. My life is but a fleet - ing sigh, a tear with - in the sea, but You are ev - er -

F C G Am F

filth - y stains or make my spir - it whole. For noth - ing but the blood of Christ can
 might - y hand to walk with - in His light. While Sa - tan weaves his shal - low lies God
 last - ing, Lord, and You've pre - des - tined me to leave this fad - ing world be - hind, not

C G Dm C/E F Dm

all my sins e - rase. I dare not claim my right - eous - ness, but hide with - in His
 speaks to me in love, re - mind - ing me His on - ly Son has bought me with His
 fear - ing death will come, for then I'll look on Je - sus Christ and to His arms I'll

C F C/E G

grace. 'Tis Christ who saved me from the depths, God's par - don I've re - ceived; I'm
 blood. And Christ dis - pels my ev - ery doubt, through Him I am re - deemed; I
 run. And when I see Him face to face, what glo - ry that will be to

Am F Dm C

washed with - in His pre - cious blood, my heart is sprin - kled clean.
 love be - cause He loved me first, I live be - cause He lives.
 look up - on my Sa - vior's scars and know they were for me.