

# My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

Edward Mote (1834)

Piano

Wm. B. Bradbury (1863)

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and  
2. When dark-ness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un -  
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the  
4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in

right - teous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But  
chang - ing grace; In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My  
whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He  
Him be found; Clad in His right - teous - ness a - lone, Fault -

*Refrain*  
whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All  
an - chor holds with - in the veil.  
then is all my hope and stay.  
less to stand be - fore the throne.

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.