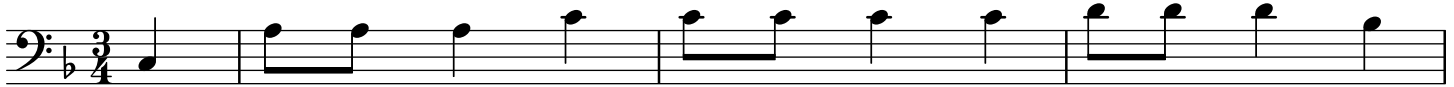


My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

Edward Mote (1834)

Tenor

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 -



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.