

HYMN

# My hope is built on nothing less

F C F B $\flat$  C $^7$  F

1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;  
 2 When dark-ness seems to veil his face, I rest on his un-chang-ing grace;  
 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;  
 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in him be found:

C F B $\flat$  C $^7$  F

no mer-it of my own I claim, but whol-ly trust in Je-sus' name.  
 in ev-ery high and storm-y gale my an-chor holds with-in the veil.  
 when all a-round my soul gives way, he then is all my hope and stay.  
 dressed in his right-eous-ness a-lone, fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.

*Refrain* B $\flat$  F

On Christ, the sol-id rock, I stand; all oth-er ground is

C F B $\flat$  F C $^7$  F

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

Text: Edward Mote, 1834, alt.,

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Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1863

LM with refrain

SOLID ROCK