

My Hope is Built on Nothing Less

Words: Edward Mote (1797-1874), 1834

Music: William B. Bradbury (1816-1868), 1863

G D

Verse 1: My hope is built on noth-ing less

C D G

Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;

D

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame,

C D G

But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.

(G) C

Chorus: On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;

G D

All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

G D G

All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

Verse 2: When darkness veils His lovely face,

I rest on His unchanging grace;

In every high and stormy gale

My anchor holds within the veil. (Chorus)

Verse 3: His oath, His covenant, his blood

Support me in the whelming flood;

When all around my soul gives way,

He then is all my hope and stay. (Chorus)

Verse 4: When he shall come with trumpet sound,

O may I then in Him be found!

Dressed in his righteousness alone,

Faultless to stand before the throne! (Chorus)