

## **My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less**

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
no merit of my own I claim,  
but wholly lean on Jesus' name.

### *Refrain*

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
all other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face,  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
in ev'ry high and stormy gale  
my anchor holds within the veil. *Refrain*
- 3 His oath, his covenant, his blood  
sustain me in the raging flood;  
when all supports are washed away,  
he then is all my hope and stay. *Refrain*
- 4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,  
oh, may I then in him be found,  
clothed in his righteousness alone,  
redeemed to stand before the throne! *Refrain*

Text: Edward Mote, 1797-1874, alt.