

# My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

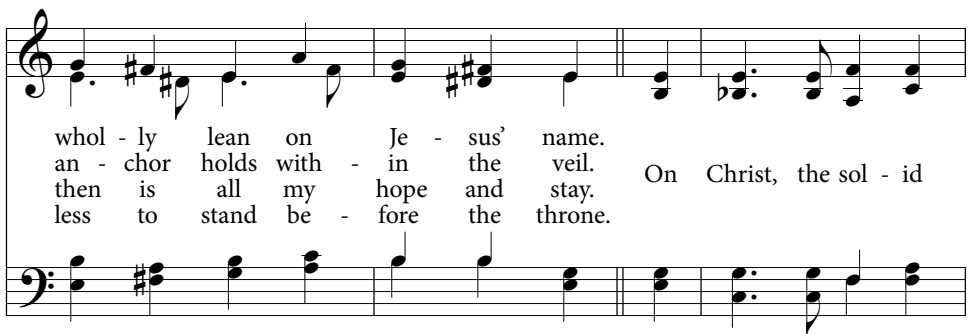
MELITA




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



right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, but  
chang - ing grace; in ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale my  
'whel - ming flood; when all a - round my soul gives way He  
Him be found, dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, fault -



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



Rock, I stand; all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

WORDS: Edward Mote, 1834

8.8.8.8.8.8

MUSIC: John B. Dykes, 1861