My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but every high and stormy gale my overwhelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He may I then in righteous