

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

Edward Mote

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My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus blood and
When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His un-
His oath, His covenant, His blood support me in the
When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in

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

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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.

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