My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less
Edward Mote
John B. Dykes

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

righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but
changing grace; in every high and stor y gale my
o'whelming flood, when all around my soul gives way He
Him be found, dressed in his righteousness alone, fault

wholey lean on Jesus name.
anchor holds within the veil. On Christ, the solid
then is all my hope and stay.
less to stand before the throne.

Rock, I stand; all other ground is sinking sand.

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