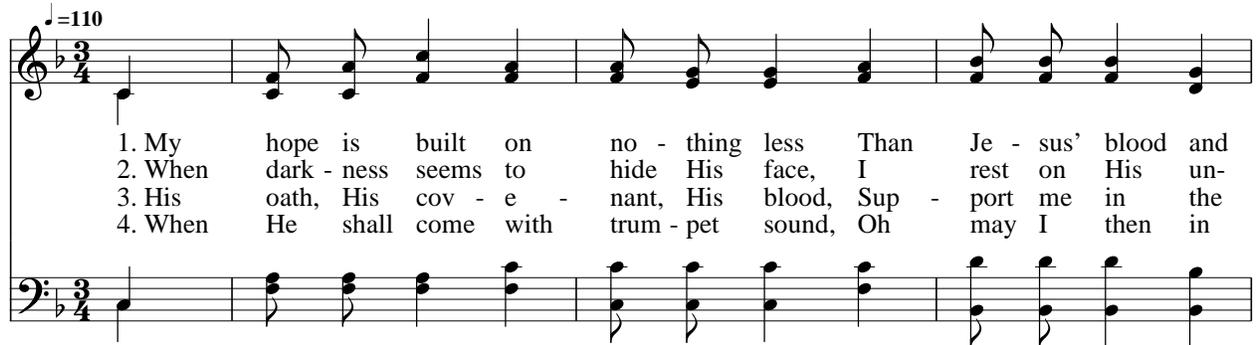


# My Hope Is Built

Edward Mote, 1834

William Batchelder Bradbury, 1863

$\text{♩} = 110$

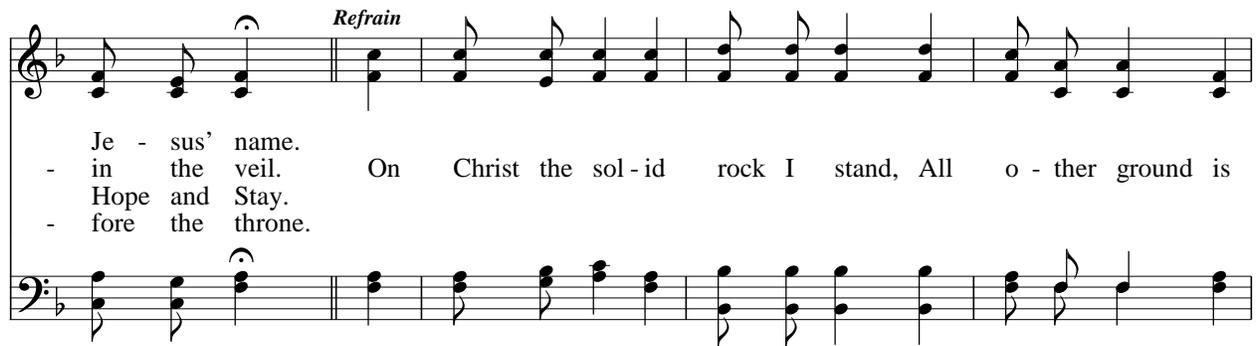


1. My hope is built on no - thing less Than Je - sus' blood and  
2. When dark - ness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un -  
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the  
4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh may I then in

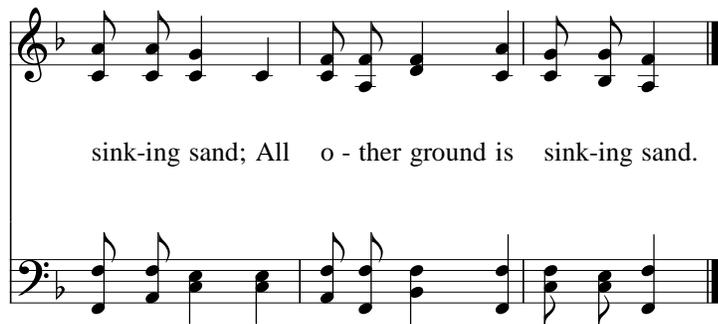


right - teous - ness. I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But who - lly trust in  
- chang - ing grace. In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with -  
whelm - ing flood. When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my  
Him be found. Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be -

*Refrain*



Je - sus' name.  
- in the veil. On Christ the sol - id rock I stand, All o - ther ground is  
Hope and Stay.  
- fore the throne.



sink - ing sand; All o - ther ground is sink - ing sand.