1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

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- When darkness veils His lovely face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale
 - In every high and stormy gale,
 - My anchor holds within the veil.

3. His oath, His covenant, His blood Support me in the whelming flood; When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;

Dressed in His righteousness alone,

Faultless to stand before the throne.

