

Hymns

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less than
2 When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I
3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sus -
4 When he shall come with trum - pet sound, oh,



Je - sus' blood and righ - teous - ness; no mer - it of my
rest on his un - chang - ing grace; in ev - 'ry high and
tain me in the rag - ing flood; when all sup - ports are
may I then in him be found, clothed in his righ - teous -



own I claim, but whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
storm - y gale my an - chor holds with - in the veil.
washed a - way, he then is all my hope and stay.
ness a - lone, re - deemed to stand be - fore the throne!

Refrain



On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

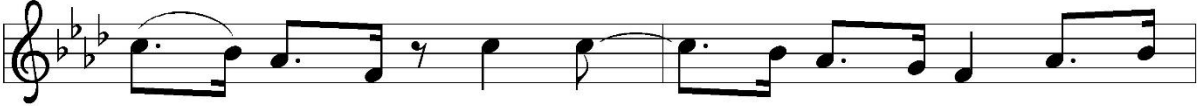
Text: Edward Mote, 1797–1874, alt.
Music: MELITA, John B. Dykes, 1823–1876

Jesus Is a Rock in a Weary Land

Refrain – All



Je - sus is a rock in a wea - ry land, a wea - ry land, a



wea - ry land; my Je - sus is a rock in a

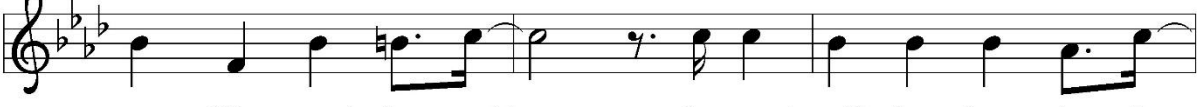


wea - ry land, a shel - ter in the time of storm.

Leader or All



1 No one can do like Je - sus, not a
2 When Je - sus was on earth, the . .
3 Yon - der comes my Sav - ior, him . .



mum-bling word he said; he went walk - ing down to Laz -
flesh was ver - y weak; . . he took a towel and gird -
whom I love so well; . . he has the palm of vic -

Refrain



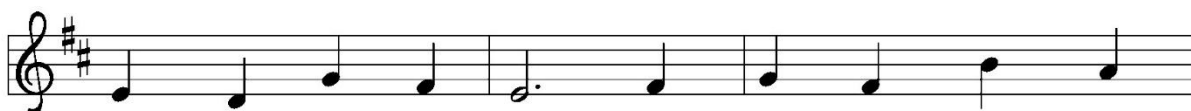
- a - rus' grave, and he raised him from the dead.
ed him - self and he washed his dis - ci - ples' feet.
- to - ry and the keys of death and hell.

Text: African American spiritual
Music: WEARY LAND, African American spiritual

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds



1 How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in
 2 It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole and
 3 Dear name! The rock on which I build, my
 4 By thee my prayers ac - cep - tance gain al -



a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes our sor - rows,
 calms the heart's un - rest; 'tis man - na to the
 shield and hid - ing place; my nev - er - fail - ing
 though with sin de - filed. The dev - il charg - es



heals our wounds, and drives a - way all fear.
 hun - gry soul and to the wea - ry, rest.
 trea - sury, filled with bound - less stores of grace.
 me in vain, and I am owned a child.

5 O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,
 my prophet, priest, and king,
 my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 accept the praise I bring.

6 How weak the effort of my heart,
 how cold my warmest thought;
 but when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 with every fleeting breath;
 and may the music of thy name
 refresh my soul in death!

Text: John Newton, 1725–1807, alt.

Music: ST. PETER, Alexander R. Reinagle, 1799–1877

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Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me



1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee;
2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands;
3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
4 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when mine eye - lids close in death,



let the wa - ter and the blood, from thy riv - en side which flowed,
could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to thee for dress; help - less, look to thee for grace;
when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne,



be of sin the dou - ble cure; cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
all for sin could not a - tone; thou must save, and thou a - lone.
foul, I to the foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

Text: Augustus M. Toplady, 1740–1778

Music: TOPLADY, Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872

Come, We That Love the Lord

We're Marching to Zion



1 Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;
2 Let those re - fuse to sing who nev - er knew our God;
3 The hill of Zi - on yields a thou-sand sa - cred sweets
4 Then let our songs a-bound, and ev - 'ry tear be dry;



join in a song with sweet ac - cord, join in a song with
but chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, but chil - dren of the
be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, be - fore we reach the
we're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, we're march - ing through Im -



sweet ac - cord and thus sur - round the throne, and thus sur-round the throne.
heav'n-ly King may tell their joys a-broad, may tell their joys a - broad.
heav'n-ly fields, or walk the gold - en streets, or walk the gold - en streets.
man-uel's ground, to fair - er worlds on high, to fair - er worlds on high.

Refrain



We're march - ing to Zi - on, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on:



we're march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, the beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.