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"The Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge."—PSALM xciv. 22

REV. E. MOTE.

(Six 8s.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on no-thing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; I  
 2. When dark-ness hides His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In

CHORUS.

dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ, the so-lid  
 ev-'ry high and stor-my gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail.

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

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,  
 Cloth-ed in His righteousness alone,  
 Faultless to stand before the throne!