

379 My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

SOLID ROCK LM with refrain

Edward Mote, c. 1834

William Batchelder Bradbury, 1863

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
 2. When dark-ness veils His love - ly 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, O may I then in

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

Refrain

lean on Je - sus' name.
 holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All
 all my hope and stay.
 stand be - fore the throne.

oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

Alternate tune: MELITA, 562

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

RATHBUN 8.7.8.7

John Bowring, 1825

Ithamar Conkey, 1849



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and plea-sure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



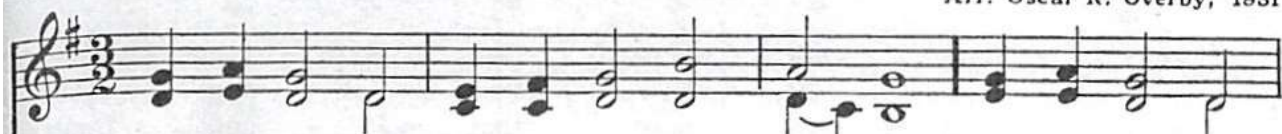
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance stream-ing Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no mea - sure, Joys that through all time a - bide.



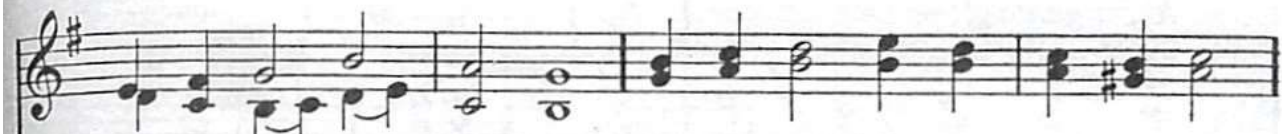
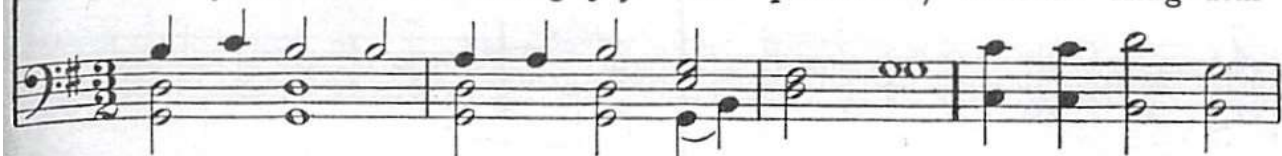
205 There's A Kingdom Fair

IN HIS KINGDOM 10 10, 8 10 4

Oscar R. Overby, 1931

Norwegian Folk-Tune
Arr. Oscar R. Overby, 1931

1. There's a King-dom fair and gen - tly loom - ing, Where the spring-time
 2. Peace-ful-ly all mor-tal life a - dorn-ing, Spread-ing ra - diance
 3. Faith and hope and char-i - ty are dwell-ing, E - ven here ce -
 4. If you seek a - bid-ing joy and pleas-ure, Seek the King-dom



of the soul is bloom-ing. In this King-dom the king is love,
 like the rays of morn - ing, From the high-est where life be-gan,
 les-tial bliss fore - tell - ing, Where the tal - ents of fair-est youth
 and pre-serve your treas-ure: A - lien-a - ted you strive in vain;



And his sov-'reign-ty is of God a - bove, In His King - dom.
 Comes this gift di - vine to the heart of man, In His King - dom.
 Shall find grace to grow and to ren - der fruit, In His King - dom.
 But pos - sess-ing Christ is e - ter - nal gain, In His King - dom.



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5. Penitently and so gently looming,
 Let the springtime of the soul be blooming,
 Where the ruler of life is love,
 And the king at last shall be Christ above,
 In His Kingdom.