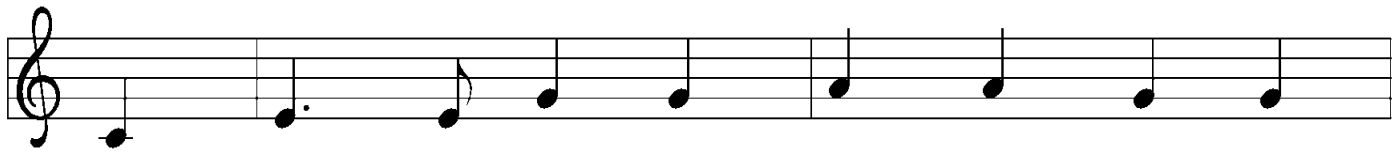
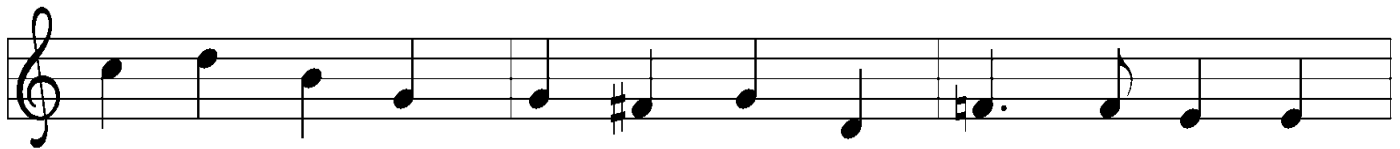


## My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less



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

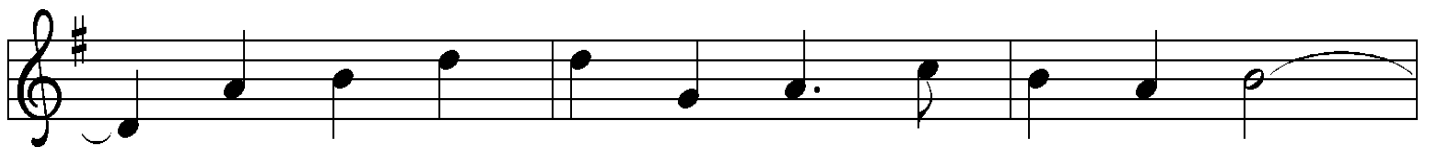
## We Know That Christ Is Raised



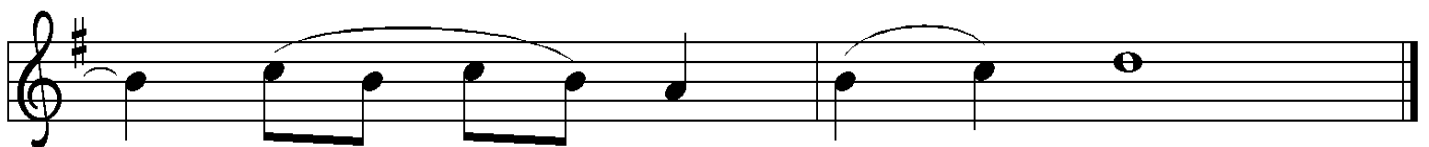
1 We know that Christ is raised and dies no more.  
 2 We share by wa - ter in his sav - ing death.  
 3 The Fa - ther's splen - dor clothes the Son with life.  
 4 A new cre - a - tion comes to life and grows



Em - braced by death, he broke its fear - ful hold,  
 Re - born, we share with him an Eas - ter life,  
 The Spir - it's fis - sion shakes the church of God.  
 as Christ's new bod - y takes on flesh and blood.



and our de - spair he turned to blaz - ing joy.  
 as liv - ing mem - bers of our Sav - ior Christ.  
 Bap - tized, we live with God the Three in One.  
 The u - ni - verse re - stored and whole will sing:



Hal - le - lu - jah!

Text: John B. Geyer, b. 1932

Music: ENGELBERG, Charles V. Stanford, 1852-1924

Text © John B. Geyer.

## Great Is Thy Faithfulness



1 Great is thy faith - ful - ness, O God my Fa - ther; there is no  
 2 Sum - mer and win - ter and spring - time and har - vest, sun, moon, and  
 3 Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth, thine own dear



shad - ow of turn - ing with thee; thou chang - est not, thy com -  
 stars in their cours - es a - bove join with all na - ture in  
 pres - ence to cheer and to guide; strength for to - day and bright



pas - sions they fail not; as thou hast been, thou for - ev - er wilt be.  
 man - i - fold wit - ness to thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.  
 hope for to - mor - row, bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

*Refrain*

Great is thy faith - ful - ness! Great is thy faith - ful - ness! Morn - ing by



morn - ing new mer - cies I see; all I have need - ed thy



hand hath pro - vid - ed; great is thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me.

Text: Thomas O. Chisholm, 1866–1960

Music: FAITHFULNESS, William M. Runyan, 1870–1957

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## Lord Jesus, Think on Me

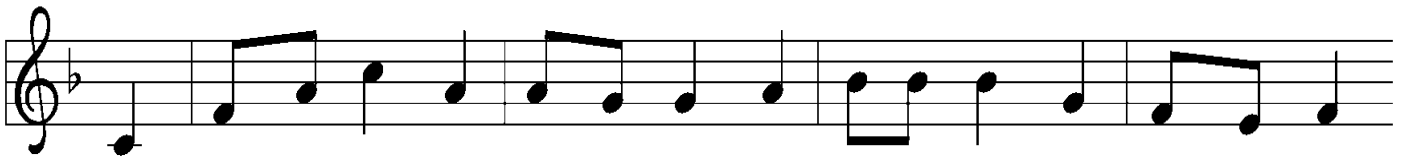


- 1 Lord Je - sus, think on me, and purge a - way my sin;
- 2 Lord Je - sus, think on me, by anx - ious thoughts op - pressed;
- 3 Lord Je - sus, think on me, nor let me go a - stray;
- 4 Lord Je - sus, think on me, that, when the flood is past,



from self - ish pas - sions set me free and make me pure with - in.  
 let me your lov - ing ser - vant be and taste your prom - ised rest.  
 through dark - ness and per - plex - i - ty point out your cho - sen way.  
 I may the e - ter - nal bright - ness see and share your joy at last.

## My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

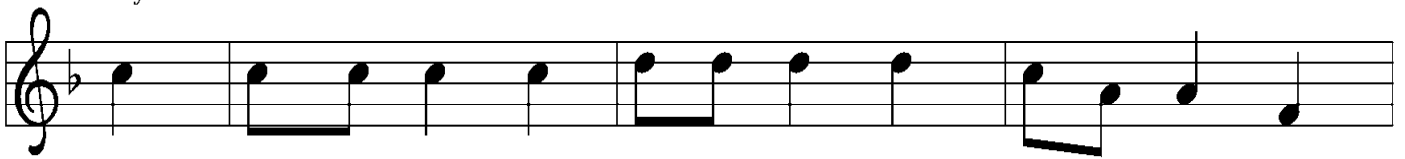


- 1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and righ-teous-ness;
- 2 Whendark-ness veils his love-ly face, I rest on his un - chang-ing grace;
- 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sus - tain me in the rag - ing flood;
- 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, oh, may I then in him be found,

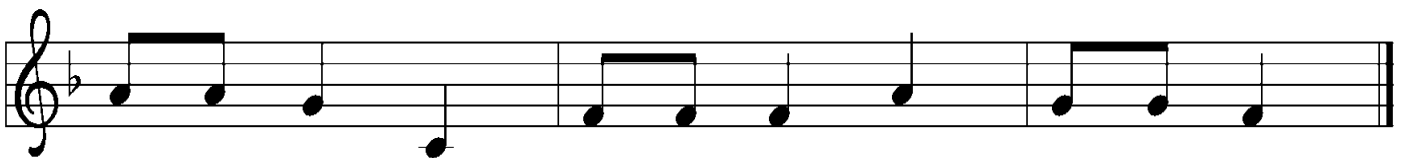


no mer-it of my own I claim, but whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
 in ev-'ry high and storm - y gale my an - chor holds with-in the veil.  
 when all sup-ports are washed a-way, he then is all my hope and stay.  
 clothed in his righ-teous-ness a-lone, re - deemed to stand be - fore the throne!

### *Refrain*



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



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

Text: Edward Mote, 1797–1874, alt.

Music: THE SOLID ROCK, William B. Bradbury, 1816–1868

## Now All the Vault of Heaven Resounds



1 Now all the vault of heav'n re - sounds  
 2 E - ter - nal is the gift he brings,  
 3 Oh, fill us, Lord, with daunt - less love;  
 4 A - dor - ing prais - es now we bring



in praise of love that still a - bounds: "Christ has  
 there - fore our heart with rap - ture sings: "Christ has  
 set heart and will on things a - bove that we  
 and with the heav'n - ly bless - ed sing: "Christ has



tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!" Sing, choirs of  
 tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!" Now still he  
 con - quer through your tri - umph; grant grace suf -  
 tri - umphed! Al - le - lu - ia!" Be to the



an - gels, loud and clear! Re - peat their song of glo - ry  
 comes to give us life and by his pres - ence stills all  
 fi - cient for life's day that by our lives we tru - ly  
 Fa - ther, and our Lord, to Spir - it blest, most ho - ly



here: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"  
 strife. "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"  
 say: "Christ has tri - umphed! He is liv - ing!"  
 God, all the glo - ry, nev - er end - ing!



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!