

MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

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.

Refrain:

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
all other ground is sinking sand,
all other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
in ev'ry high and stormy gale,
my anchor holds within the veil. [Refrain]

UNTO THE HILLS WE LIFT OUR LONGING EYES

1 Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes;
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From God the Lord, doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord who heav'n and earth hath
made.

2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold our God the Lord,
He slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

I WOULD BE TRUE

1 I would be true, for there are those who trust
me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

2 I would be friend of all the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh and love and lift,
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

3 I would be prayerful through each busy moment;
I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.
I would be tuned to hear the slightest whisper;
I would be constantly in touch with God,
I would be constantly in touch with God.