

♪♪ Hymn lyrics: ♪♪ for August 23, 2020  
Hymns supporting Matthew 16:13-20,

*Hymns Rock*

♪ Hymn 1

ROCK OF AGES

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee;  
let the water and the blood,  
from thy wounded side which flowed,  
be of sin the double cure;  
save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Not the labors of my hands  
can fulfill thy law's demands;  
could my zeal no respite know,  
could my tears forever flow,  
all for sin could not atone;  
thou must save, and thou alone.

Words: Augustus Toplady, 1776  
Music: Thomas Hastings, 1830

**George Wiese, organist**  
**1899 Mason and Hamlin "Liszt" Organ, Style 523**  
**Recorded at Waterford Congregational Church,**  
**Waterford, Maine**

♪ Hymn 2

MY HOPE IS BUILT

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]

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.

[Refrain]

Words: Edward Mote, 1834  
Music: William Bradbury, 1863

♪ Hymn 3

BUILT ON THE ROCK

(full verse introduction)

1 Built on the Rock, the church shall stand  
even when steeples are falling;  
Christ builds His church in ev'ry land;  
bells still are chiming and calling,  
calling the young and old to rest,  
calling the souls of those distressed,  
longing for life everlasting.

2 Not in a temple made with hands  
God the Almighty is dwelling;  
high in the heav'ns His temple stands,  
all earthly temples excelling.  
Yet He who dwells in heav'n above  
chooses to live with us in love,  
making our body His temple.

3 We are God's house of living stones,  
built for His own habitation;  
He fills our hearts, His humble thrones,  
granting us life and salvation.  
Yet to the place, an earthly frame,  
we come with thanks to praise His name;  
God grants His people true blessing.

4 Thro' all the passing years, O Lord,  
grant that, when church bells are ringing,  
many may come to hear God's Word  
where He this promise is bringing:  
"I know My own, My own know Me,  
you, not the world, My face shall see;  
My peace I leave with you. Amen."

Words: N.F.S. Grundvig, 1854  
Translator: Carl Doving, 1909  
Music: Ludvig Lindeman, 1840