

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 seems to hide his face,  
I rest on his unchanging grace;  
in every 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]

4 When he shall come with trumpet  
sound,  
O may I then in him be found,  
dressed in his righteousness alone,  
faultless to stand before the throne.  
[Refrain]

1 Here, O our Lord, we see you face to  
face.  
Here would we touch and handle things  
unseen,  
here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,  
and all our weariness upon you lean.

2 Here would we feed upon the bread of  
God,  
here drink with you the royal cup of  
heaven;  
here would we lay aside each earthly load,  
and taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
this is the heavenly table for us spread.  
Here let us feast and, feasting, still  
prolong  
the fellowship of living wine and bread.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols  
disappear.  
The feast, though not the love, is past and  
gone;  
the bread and wine remove, but you are  
here,  
nearer than ever, still our shield and sun.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes  
by,  
yet, passing, points to that glad feast  
above,  
giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
the Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and  
love.