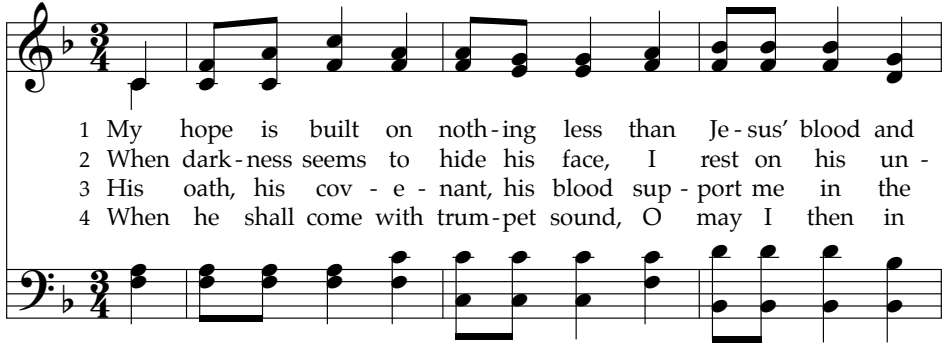
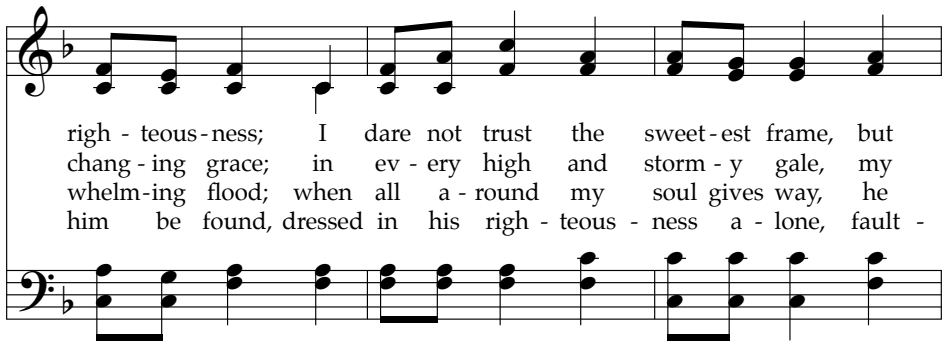


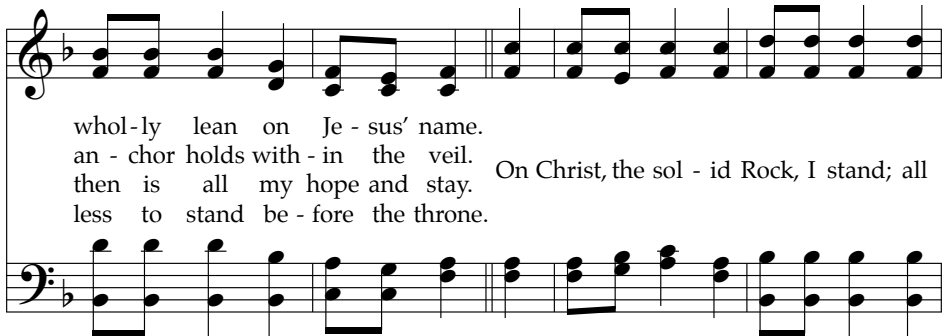
My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less 353



1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and
 2 When dark-ness seems to hide his 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



righ - teous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - ery high and storm - y gale, my
 whelm-ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone, fault -

Refrain


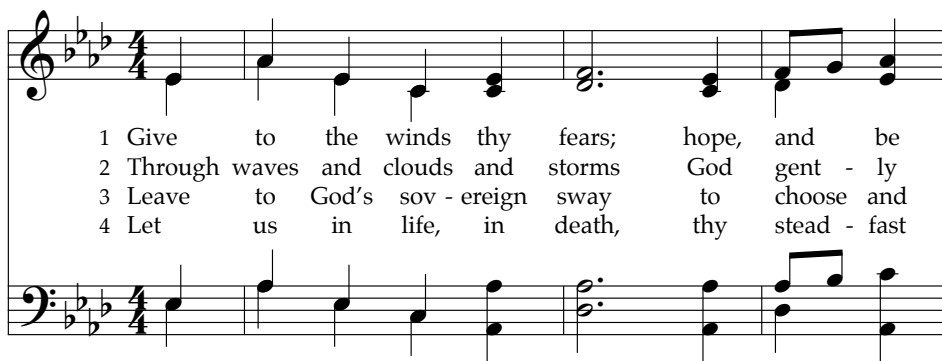
whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; all
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne.



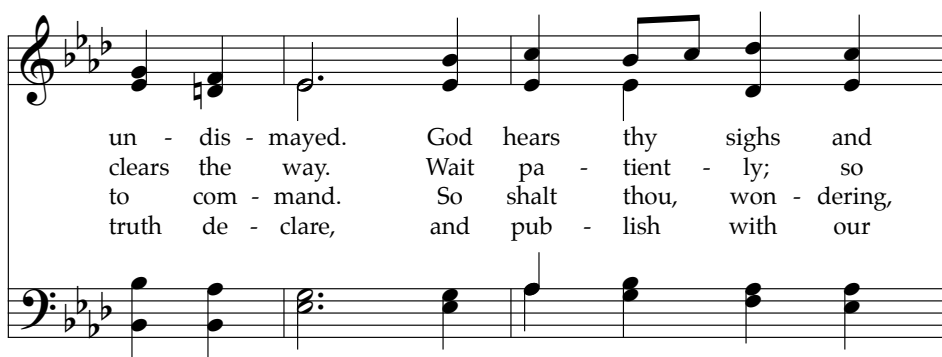
oth-er ground is sink-ing sand; all oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

This hymn develops the imagery of Jesus' remark (Matthew 7:24–27 / Luke 6:47–49) that those who believe in him and act on that belief are like someone who builds a house on a rock. The text is set to a tune created for it by a prolific 19th-century American composer and editor.

815 Give to the Winds Thy Fears



1 Give to the winds thy fears; hope, and be
 2 Through waves and clouds and storms God gent - ly
 3 Leave to God's sov - ereign sway to choose and
 4 Let us in life, in death, thy stead - fast



un - dis - mayed. God hears thy sighs and
 clears the way. Wait pa - tient - ly; so
 to com - mand. So shalt thou, won - dering,
 truth de - declare, and pub - lish with our



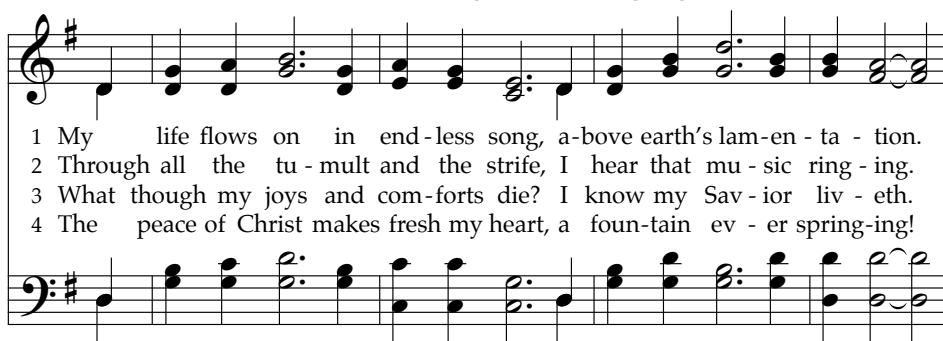
counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
 shall this night soon end in joy - ous day.
 own God's way, how wise, how strong God's hand!
 fi - nal breath thy love and guard - ian care.

This text uses selected stanzas from sixteen four-line English stanzas based on the original German text, which was twice as long. The German hymn was constructed as an acrostic on Martin Luther's translation of Psalm 37:5, and much of the spirit of that psalm is retained here.

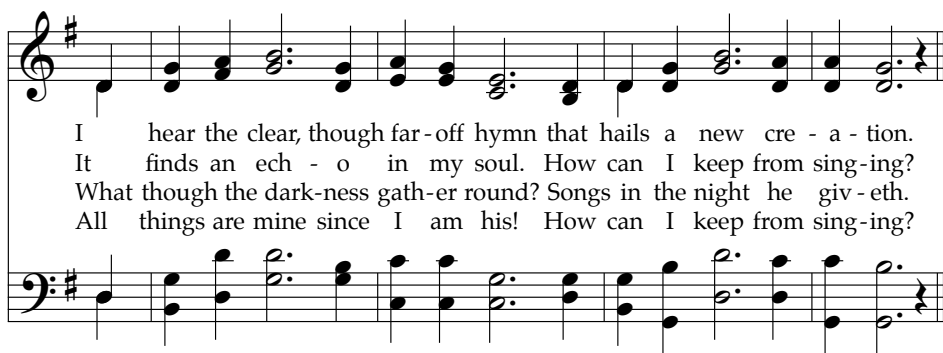
821

My Life Flows On

How Can I Keep from Singing?

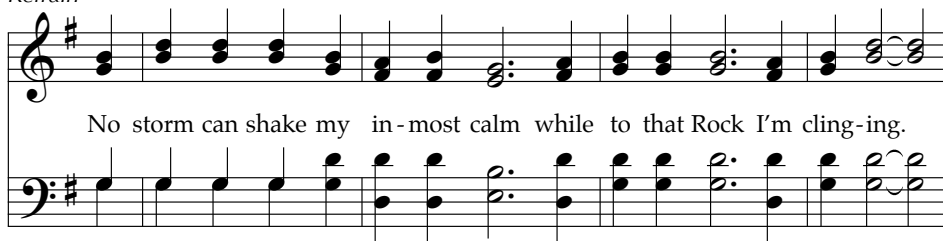


1 My life flows on in end-less song, a-bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion.
 2 Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear that mu - sic ring - ing.
 3 What though my joys and com-forts die? I know my Sav - ior liv - eth.
 4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun-tain ev - er spring-ing!



I hear the clear, though far-off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.
 It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?
 What though the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth.
 All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

Refrain



No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm cling-ing.



Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from sing-ing?

In the *New York Observer* of August 7, 1868, this text was titled "Always Rejoicing," and was attributed to "Pauline T." This may well be where the Baptist pastor and musician to whom it is usually credited encountered the words that he later published with his tune.