

GATHERING SONG (ELW 596)

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less (THE SOLID ROCK)

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 When dark-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

HYMN OF THE DAY (ELW 325)

# I Want Jesus to Walk with Me

## I Want Jesus to Walk with Me

1 I want Je - sus to walk with me;  
2 In my tri - als, Lord, walk with me; walk with  
3 When I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me;

me; I want Je - sus to walk with me;  
when I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me; walk with  
Lord, walk with me;

me; all a - long my pil - grim jour - ney,  
when my heart is al - most break - ing,  
when my head is bowed in sor - row,

Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.  
Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me. walk with me.  
Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.

Text: African American spiritual  
Music: SOJOURNER, African American spiritual; arr. hymnal version  
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SENDING HYMN (ELW 335)

# Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

## Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

1 Je - sus, keep me near the cross, there's a pre - cious foun - tain;  
2 Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, love and mer - cy found me;  
3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God, bring its scenes be - fore me;  
4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait, hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

free to all, a heal - ing stream flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.  
there the bright and morn - ing star sheds its beams a - round me.  
help me walk from day to day with its shad - ow o'er me.  
till I reach the gold - en strand just be - yond the riv - er.

*Refrain*

In the cross, in the cross be my glo - ry ev - er;

till my ran - somed soul shall find rest be - yond the riv - er.

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915  
Music: NEAR THE CROSS, William H. Doane, 1832-1915