

Nothing But The Blood

Robert Lowry

What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain:

Oh! precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon, this I see, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. (Refrain)

Nothing can for sin atone, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
(Refrain)

This is all my hope and peace, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness, Nothing but the blood of Jesus. (Refrain)

Glory! Glory! This I sing—Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Arise My Soul Arise

Charles Wesley; altered by Brian Cheney

Arise, my soul, arise, shake off your guilty fears;
The bleeding sa - crifice, on my behalf appears;
Before the throne He stands, Before the throne He stands,
My name is written o - n His hands.

He ever lives above, for me to intercede;
His all redeeming love, His precious blood, to plead;
Before the throne of Grace, Before the throne of Grace
He gladly bends and ta - kes my place

Five bleeding wounds He bears; received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers; they strongly plead for me:
"Forgive, forgive, " they cry, "Forgive, forgive, " they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"

The Father hears Him pray, His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away the presence of His Son;
He answers to the blood, He answers to the blood
And tells me I am bo - rn of God.

My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child; I can no longer fear
With boldness I draw nigh, With boldness I draw nigh
And "Father, Abba, Fa - ther, " I cry.

The Solid Rock

William B. Bradbury

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus Christ, my righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Chorus

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

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.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
In Him, my righteousness, alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.