

THE SOLID ROCK.

Edward Mote

William B. Bradbury

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righ-teous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 2. When dark-ness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the vale.

3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found; Dressed in His righ-teous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.

On Christ, the sol - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

On Christ, the sol - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.