

# The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

William B. Bradbury



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and  
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly 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



right - eous - ness: I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But  
chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My  
whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He  
him be found: Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault -



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



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

