

The Solid Rock

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Edward Mote

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1. My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus's blood and right-eous-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 blod, Sup - port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in Him be found;

5

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, 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 a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.

10

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