

The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

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1. My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je - sus's 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

4

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 -

7

CHORUS

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

11

oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.