The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

1. My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness: I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but changing grace; in every high and stormy gale, my

2. When darkness veils his love-ly face, I rest on his unchanging grace; in every high and stormy gale, my

3. His oath, his co-venant, his blood, support me in the whirling flood; when all around my soul gives way, he

4. When he shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in him be found: dressed in his righteousness alone, faultless lean on Jesus' name. Anchors hold with in the veil. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand: all

wholly lean on Jesus' name. Anchors hold with in the veil. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand: all

less to stand before the throne.

other-ground is sinking sand; all other-ground is sinking sand.