

# The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

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1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than  
2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I  
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup -  
4. When he shall come with trum - pet sound, O

Je - sus' blood and right eous - ness: I dare not trust the  
rest on His un - chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and  
port me in the whelming flood; When all a - round my  
may I then in him be found: Dressed in His right - eous -

sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil.  
soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.  
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.