The Solid Rock

Words: Edward Mote, 1834
Music: William B. Bradbury, 1863

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness seems to hide His face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the whirling flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vale.
When all around my soul give way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is
sinkling sand, All other ground is sinking sand.