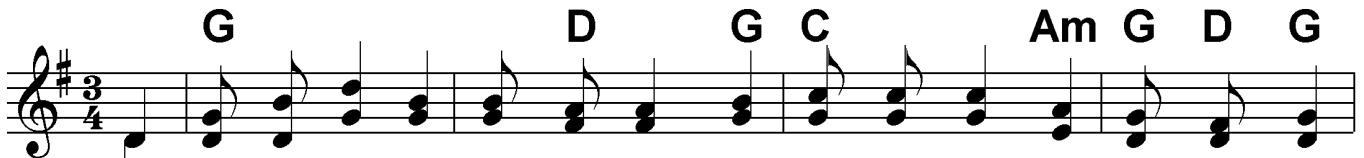


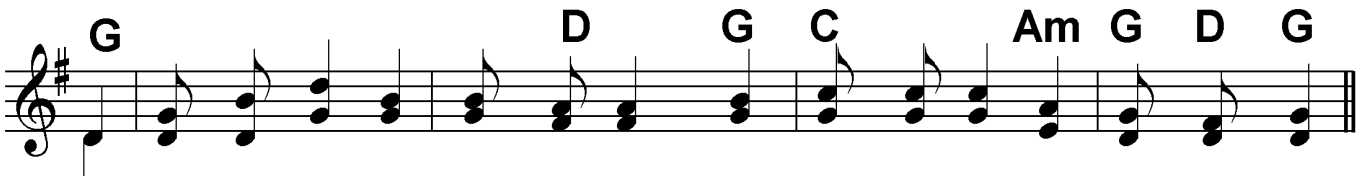
# The Solid Rock

Words: Edward Mote, 1834

Music: William B. Bradbury, 1863



1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When dark-ness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.  
In ev - ery high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vale.  
When all a - round my soul give 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.



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



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