

# The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

Joseph Kincaid

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;  
2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly 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 trum - pet sound, O may I then in Him be found,

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

11 Chorus

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

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