

# The Solid Rock

41

EDWARD MOTE  
G.A.B.F.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

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. The pow - er of his grace and blood Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;  
4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, in Him then I will be found;

'Midst all the hell I feel with - in, On His com - ple - ted work I lean.  
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.

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

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