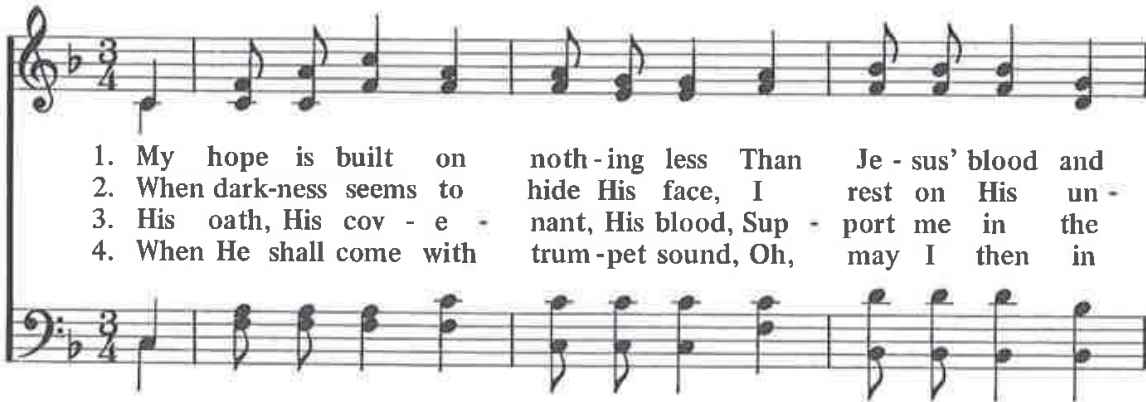


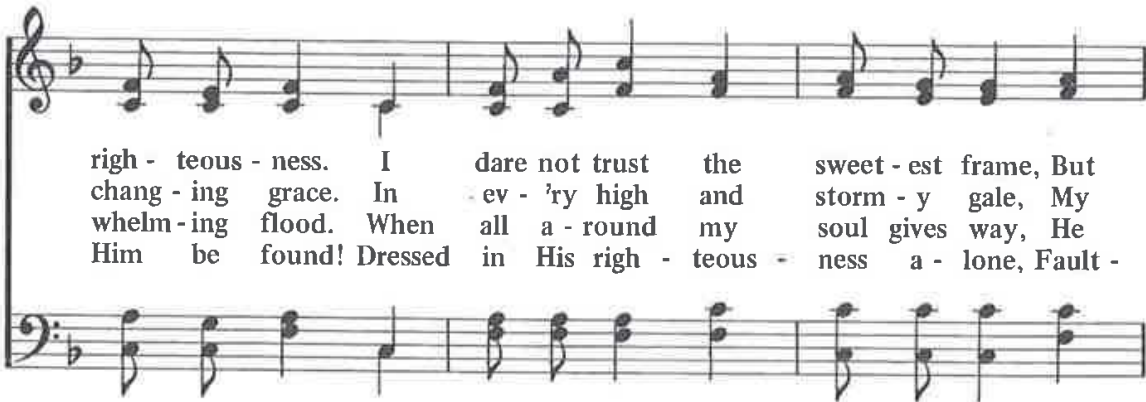
The Solid Rock

Edward Mote, 1797 - 1874

William B. Bradbury, 1816 - 1868

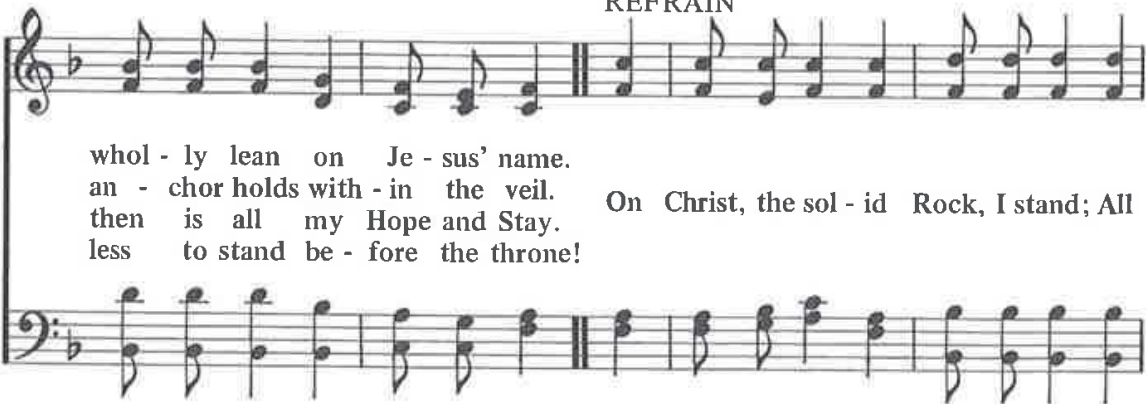


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
 2. When dark-ness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un -
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the
 4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, Oh, may I then in



right - teous - ness. I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But
 chang - ing grace. In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My
 whelm - ing flood. When all a - round my soul gives way, He
 Him be found! Dressed in His right - teous - ness a - lone, Fault -

REFRAIN



whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All
 then is all my Hope and Stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne!



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