On Christ The Solid Rock

Edward Mote & William Batchelder Bradbury

My hope is built on nothing less

A

B

than Jesus' blood and righteousness
I dare not trust the sweetest frame
but wholly lean on Jesus' name

On Christ, the solid Rock I stand

E

All other ground is sinking sand

C#m

A

B

E

All other ground is sinking sand

When darkness veils His lovely face I rest on His unchanging grace In every high and stormy gale My anchor holds within the veil

His oath, His covenant, His blood Supports me in the whelming flood When all around my soul gives way He then is all my hope and stay

When He (You) shall come with trumpet sound O may I then in Him (You) be found Dressed in His (Your) righteousness alone Faultless to stand before the throne