

## 381 The Solid Rock

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 trum-pet 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-'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.

*f* *Optional last stanza setting*  
*Unison*  
 4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, Oh, may I then in

Words: Edward Mote

Music: William B. Bradbury; Last stanza setting and choral ending by Robert Sterling

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Him be found; Dressed in His right - eous - ness a-lone, Fault - less to stand be -

*Refrain*

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

*mf grad. rit.*

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

*Optional choral ending  
a cappella*

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

*rit.*

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