The Solid Rock

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and
   His righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But
   whole my hope and stay.

2. When dark-ness seems to hide his face, I rest on His un-
   changing grace; In ev'ry high and stormy gale, My
   less to stand before the throne.

3. His oath, His co-venant, His blood Sup-port me in the
   whelming flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He
   an-chor holds within the veil.

4. When He shall come with trump-sound, Oh, may I then in
   Him be found; Dressed in His right eous-ness a-lone, Fault-
   Rock, I stand; All other ground is

   sin-king sand, All other ground is sin-king sand.

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