

The Solid Rock

John B. Dykes



Edward Mote

My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and
When dark - ness veils His lov - ly face, I rest on His un -
His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the
When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in

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right - eous - 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 - eous - ness a - lone, Fault -

7
whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id
then is all my hope and stay.
less to stand be - fore the throne.

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Rock, I Stand: All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.