

# The Solid Rock

My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
Midst all the hell I feel within,  
On His completed work I lean.  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to hide His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

The power of his grace and blood  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,

Oh, in Him then I will be found;

Dressed in His righteousness alone,

Faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;

All other ground is sinking sand,

All other ground is sinking sand.