

# My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less

(The Solid Rock)

Edward Mote, 1834

William B. Bradbury, 1863

My hope is built on noth - ing less than Je - sus' blood and  
When dark - ness veils his love - 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

righ - teous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, but  
chang - ing grace; in ev - ery high and storm - y gale, my  
whelm - ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he  
him be found; dressed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone, fault -

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand, all  
an - chor holds with - in the veil. On hope and stay. fore the throne.

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