

Riches of Grace—Concluded.

my safe-ty as - sure; Riches of grace!
my safe-ty as-sure,

rit.

104. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name. }
 2. { When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his un-chang-ing grace; }
 { In ev-'ry high and stormy gale My anchor holds within the veil. }
 3. { His oath, his covenant, his blood, Support me in the whelming flood; }
 { When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }
 4. { When he shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in him be found, }
 { Drest in his righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne. }

CHORUS.

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

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

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