Threat’ning Storms and Tempests May Sweep

1. Threat-’ning storms and tem-pests May sweep o’er my soul But I dread not the
fear-ful shock; I am trust-ing in the ev-er-last-ing God, I am
standing on the Sol-id Rock. I am stand-ing, stand-ing,
I’m stand-ing on the Rock of Ag-es, I am stand-ing on the Rock,

2. Doubts and fears may rise to shake my fee-ble faith, And tem-pa-tion my
soul as-sail; But I stand se-cure-ly on the Sol-id Rock, And they
never, never can pre-vail. I am stand-ing on the Rock, stand-ing on the Rock,

3. What have I to fear though wild the bil-lows roll? God is rul-er of
wind and wave; While my feet are plant-ed on the Sol-id Rock, Ev’ry
might-y arm; An-chored to the Rock of Ag-es I’m se- cure, God will
shield me from all ill and harm. I am stand-ing on the Rock of Ag-es, I am stand-ing on the Rock,

4. I am safe while hid-ing in my Sav-ior’s side, Shel-tered in His al-

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standing on the Rock,

I’m standing on the Solid Rock. Amen.