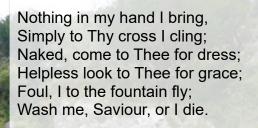
Rock of Ages

by Augustus M. Toplady 1740 - 1778

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labours of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's commands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.



While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

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Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

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When I soar to worlds unknown,
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