

Rock Of Ages, Cleft For Me

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,
cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
can fulfil thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.

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.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyelids close in death,
when I soar through tracts unknown
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.