

ROCK OF AGES

Augustus Toplady (1740-1778)

Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!
 2. Not the La - bor of my Hands Can ful - fil thy Law's De - mands;
 3. No - thing in my Hand I bring, Simp - ly to thy Cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing Breath, When my Eye - lids close in Death,

Let the Wa - ter, and the Blood, From thy wound - ed Side which flow'd,
 Could my Zeal no Res - pite know, Could my Tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed come to thee for Dress, Help - less look to thee for Grace;
 When I soar to Worlds un - known, See thee on thy Judg - ment Throne,

Be of Sin the dou - ble Cure, Cleanse me from its Guilt and Pow'r.
 All for Sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the Foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.