

438 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me



1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.
2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands.
3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply 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 flowed
Could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
na - ked, 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,



Though scholars discredit the story that this hymn was written when the author found shelter under a large rock during a thunderstorm, the popular appeal of that conjecture perhaps lies in the energy of this plea and the vividness of its imagery drawn from many biblical sources.

FORGIVENESS



be of sin the dou - ble cure, cleanse from guilt and make me pure.
 all for sin could not a - tone. Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
 foul, I to the foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

