

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.

TEXT: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776, alt.
 MUSIC: Thomas Hastings, 1830, alt.

TOPLADY
 7.7.7.7.7

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.

