Rock of Ages

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1775

[1] [3] Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Nothing in my hand I bring, Let me hide myself in Thee; Simply to thy cross I cling; Let the water and the blood Naked, come to Thee for dress; From Thy wounded side which flowed, Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Be of sin the double cure; Foul, I to the fountain fly; **D7** Wash me, Savior, or I die. Save from wrath and make me pure. [2] [4] While I draw this fleeting breath, Not the labors of my hands When mine eyes shall close in death, Can fulfill Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Could my tears forever flow, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone. Let me hide myself in Thee. Let the water and the blood From Thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure; Save from wrath and make me pure. **D7** Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;