



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 - fil Thy law's de-mands;
3 Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Could my zeal no lan-guor know, Could my tears for-ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;



Be of sin the dou-ble cure: Save 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.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776