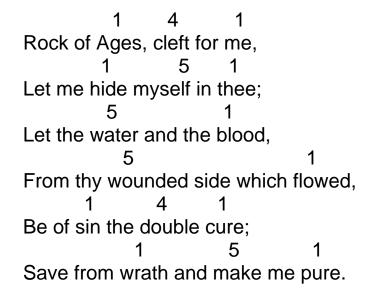
Rock of Ages



Not the labors of my hands Can fulfill thy law's commands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to the cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress; Helpless, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.