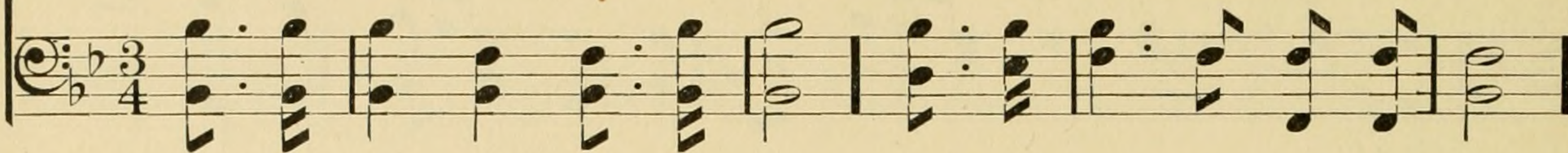


Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

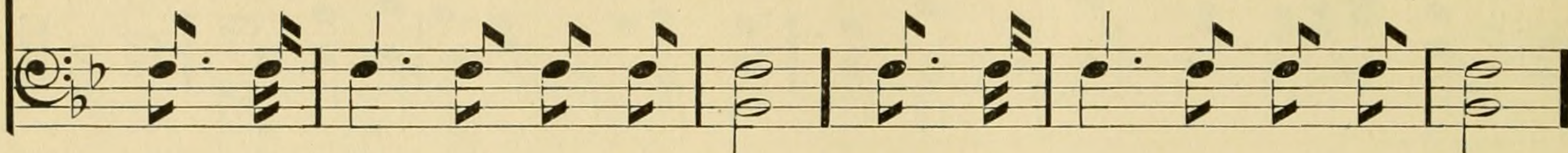
Thomas Hastings, 1830



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;  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no re - spite 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,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Foul, I to the fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.



## 65 (Second Tune)

Richard Redhead, 1853



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;  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



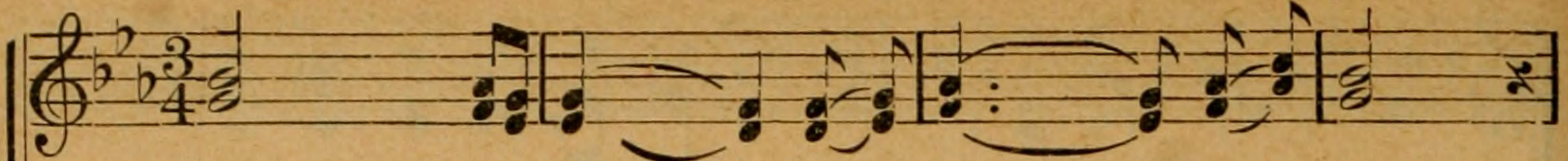


# No. 94.

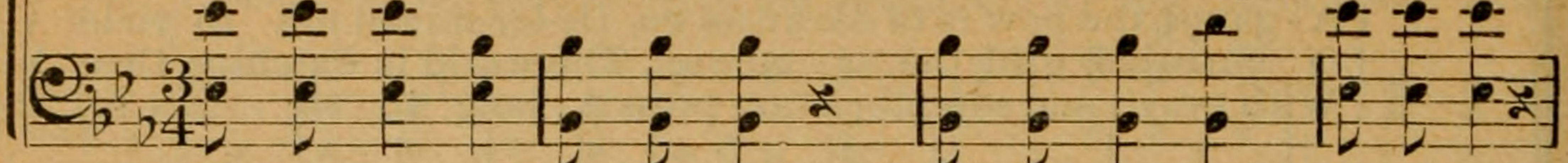
# ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Arr. by C. H. G.



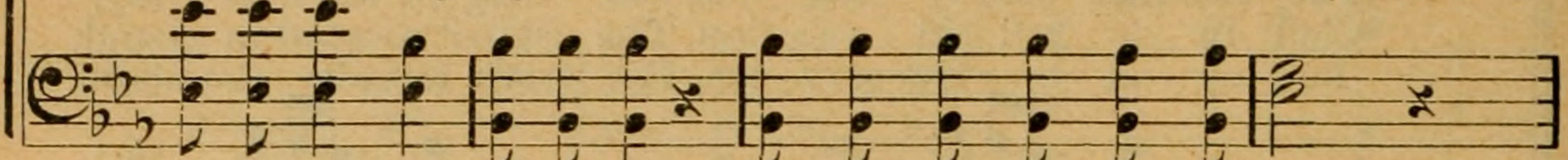
1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,  
 2. Could my tears, . . . . Could my tears for-ev-er flow,  
 3. While I draw . . . . this fleet - - ing breath,



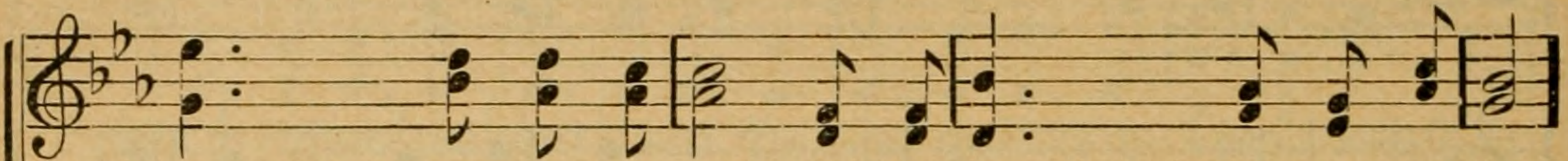
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,



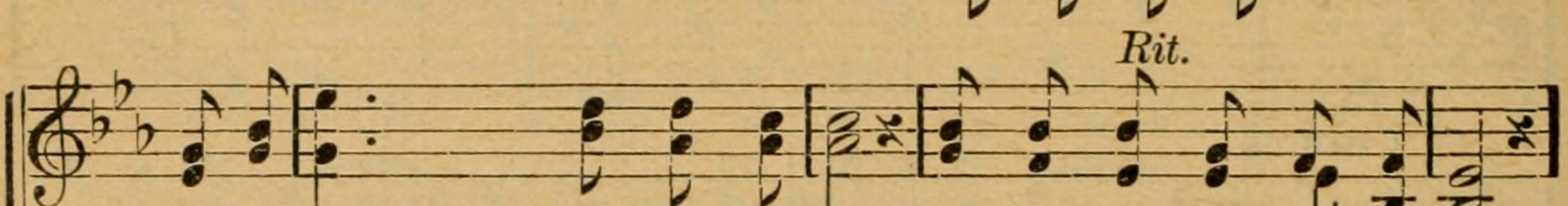
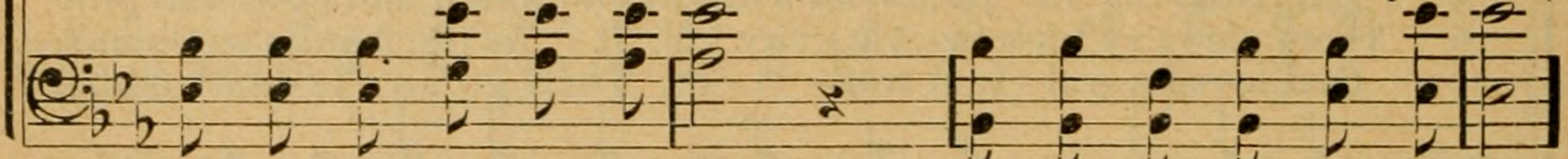
Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the  
 Could my zeal no lan - - - guor know, These for  
 When my eyes shall close in death, When I



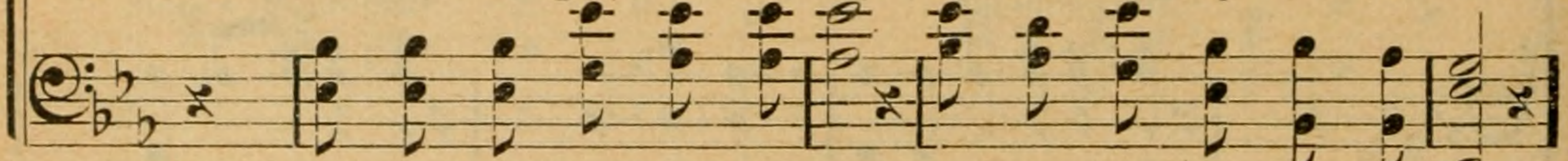
Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let me hide my-self in Thee;



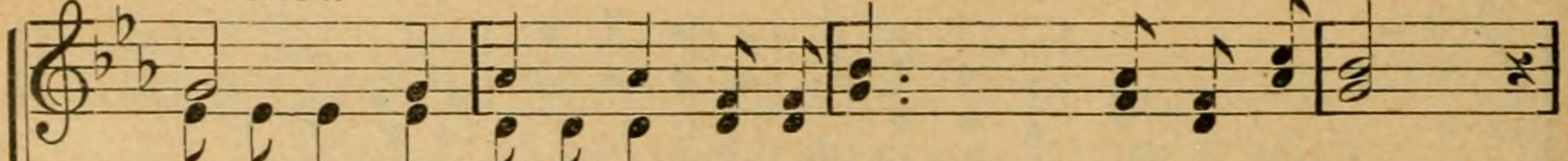
wa - - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,  
 sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,



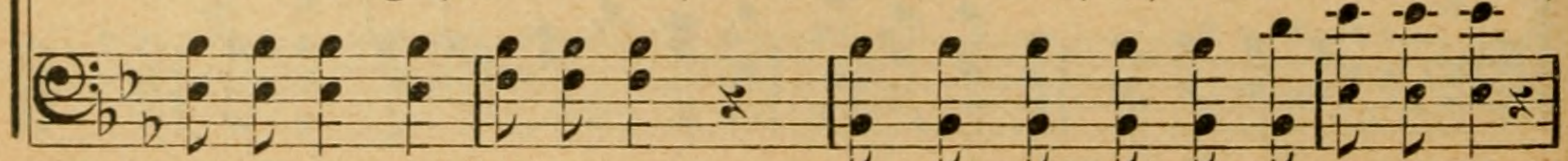
Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ly to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



## CHORUS.



Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my-self in Thee,  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide, oh, let me hide in Thee,



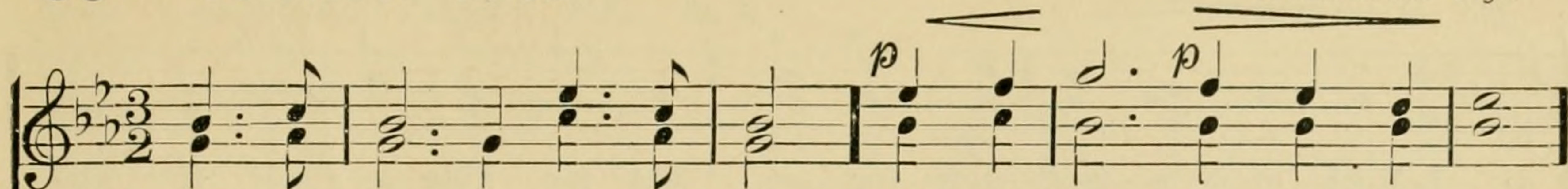


# General.

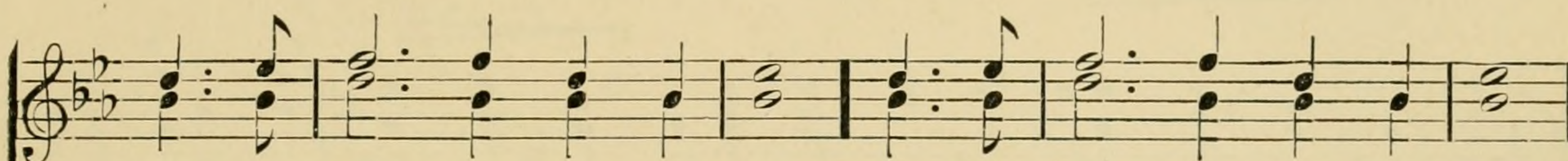
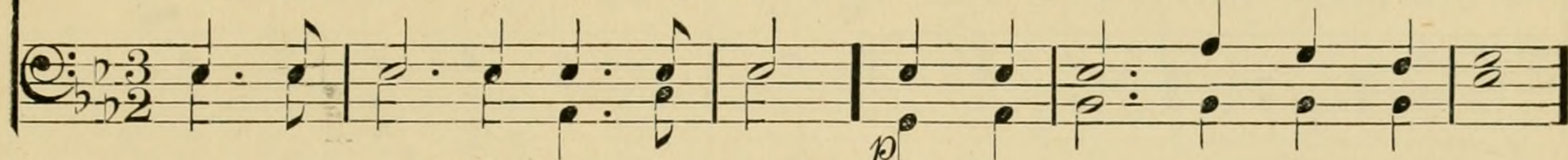
60

TOPLADY. 7s. 6L.

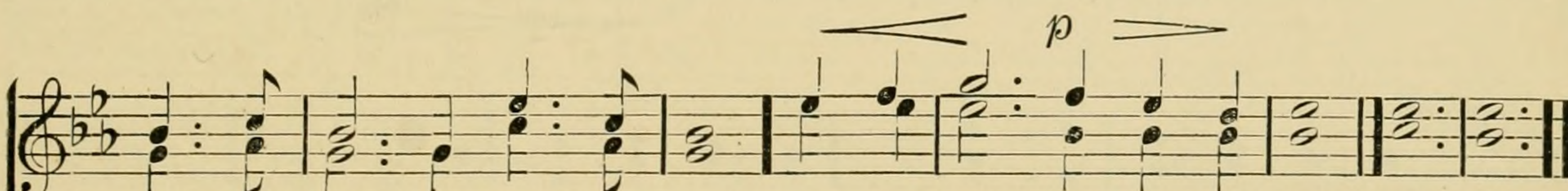
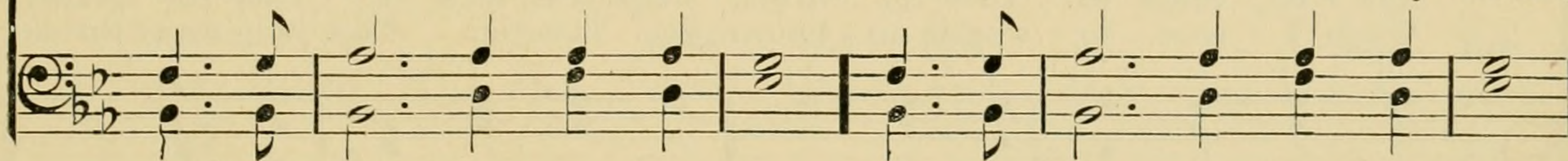
T. HASTINGS. 1830.



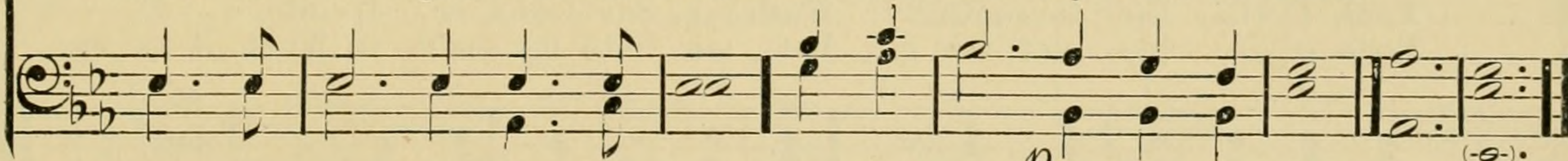
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,  
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure. A - men.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



A. M. Toplady. 1776. Alt. Cotterill. 1819.

(Latin Translation by W. E. Gladstone.)

1 Jesus, pro me perforatus  
 Condar intra Tuum latus  
 Tu, per lympham profluentem  
 Tu, per sanguinem tepentem  
 In peccata mi redunda  
 Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

2 Coram Te nec justus forem  
 Quamvis tota vi laborem  
 Nec si fide nunquam cesso  
 Fletu stillans indefesso  
 Tibi soli tantum munus  
 Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

3 Nil in manu mecum fero  
 Sed me versus Crucem gero  
 Vestimenta nudus oro  
 Opem debilis imploro  
 Fontem Christi quæro immundus  
 Nisi laves, moribundus.

4 Dum hos artus vita regit  
 Quando nox sepulchro tegit  
 Mortuos cum stare jubes  
 Sedens Index inter nubes  
 Jesus, pro me perforatus  
 Condar intra Tuum latus.



2. Frommer Herr, erhöre mich,  
Und erinn're gnädig dich,  
Wie du kamest in die Welt,  
Und zum Opfer dich gestellt,  
Daß ich dort an jenem Tag  
Aller Qual entgehen mag.

3. Eher hattest du nicht Rast,  
Bis du mich gefunden hast,  
Singst am Kreuz in Todespein,  
Daß mein Herz dein möchte sein:  
O laß solche Müh' und Pein  
Nicht an mir verloren sein.

Nach "Dies iræ, dies illa."

ROCK OF AGES.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

458.

Mel. 581.

1. Fels des Heils, geöffnet mir,  
Birg mich, ew'ger Hort, in dir!  
Laß das Wasser und das Blut,  
Deiner Seite heil'ge Flut,  
Sein mein Heil, das frei mich macht  
Von der Sünde Schuld und Macht.
2. Eignes Wirken hilft mir nicht,  
Herr, vor deinem heil'gen Licht;  
Mag ich ringen wie ich will,  
Fließen auch der Thränen viel,  
Alles das tilgt nicht die Schuld,  
Herr, es hilft nur deine Huld.
3. Da ich denn nichts bringen kann,  
Schmiege' ich an dein Kreuz mich an,  
Nackt und bloß — o kleide mich!  
Hilflos — ach erbarme dich!  
Unrein — Herr, flieh' ich zu dir!  
Wasch' mich rein, sonst sterb' ich hier!
4. Jetzt, da ich noch leb' im Licht,  
Wenn mein Aug' im Tode bricht,  
Wenn durchs finstre Thal ich geh',  
Wenn ich vor dem Richter fleh',  
Fels des Heils geöffnet mir,  
Birg mich, ew'ger Hort, in dir!

A. M. Topladny.

459.

Mel. 581.

1. Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr,  
Meine Seele, sei betrübt,  
Daß dir Gott Glück, Gut und Ehr'  
Nicht so viel als andern giebt.  
Sei vergnügt in deinem Gott,  
Hast du Gott, so hat's nicht Not.
2. Bist du doch darum nicht hier,  
Daß du habest Erdenglück;  
Schau' den Himmel über dir,  
Dahin richte deinen Blick;  
Da ist Ehre, da ist Freud'  
Ohne End' und ohne Neid.
3. Schau' doch die Güter an,  
Die dein Herz für Güter hält;  
Ob wohl eins dir folgen kann,  
Wenn du gehst aus der Welt.  
Alles bleibet hinter dir  
Trittst du in des Grabes Thür.
4. Aber was die Seele nährt,  
Gottes Wort und Christi Blut,  
Wird von keiner Zeit verzehrt,  
Ist und bleibt ein ew'ges Gut;  
Erdengut, das fällt und bricht,  
Himmelsgut, das schwindet nicht.

Paul Gerhards.



## 122. Den brustna klippan.

A. M. TOPLADY.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Klip-pa, du som brast för mig, Låt mig göm-ma mig i dig.  
 2. Med min svett och mö - da jag Ald - rig fyl - ler upp din lag.  
 3. In - tet kan jag gi - va dig, Till ditt kors jag slu - ter mig,  
 4. Vid vart flyk - tigt an - de-drag, Och när jag skall dö en dag,

Vattnet, blo - det, vil - ket går Från din stung - na si - das sår,  
 Om mitt nit blev ald - rig matt, Om jag grät båd dag och natt,  
 Na-ken, dig om klä - der ber, Hjälplos, upp till nå - den ser.  
 När till o - känt land jag går, När in - för din tron jag står,

Tva - ge i sin him-la - saft Mig från syndens skuld och kraft.  
 Syndens fläc - kar stå dock kvar, Blott i dig jag frälsning har.  
 I din livs - våg låt mig tvås, Her - re, an - nars jag för - gås.  
 Klip-pa, du som brast för mig, Låt mig göm - ma mig i dig.

## 123. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

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