

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,



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.



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How Firm a Foundation

¹ How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
² "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed,
³ "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
⁴ "When through fi - ery tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
⁵ "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,

is laid for your faith in God's ex - cel - lent Word!
 for I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 the riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow;
 my grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;
 I will not, I will not de - sert to its foes;

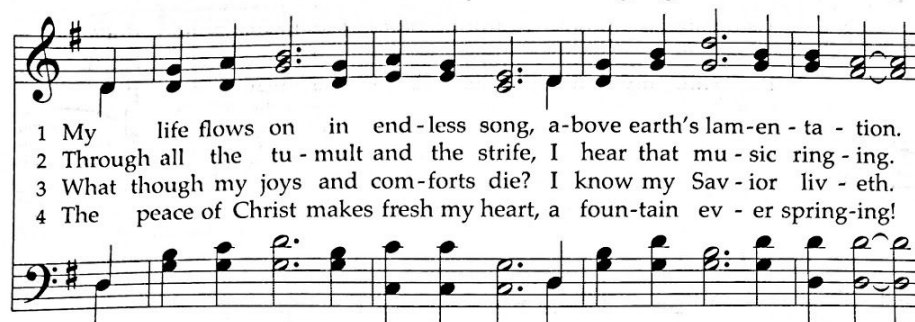
What more can be said than to you God hath said,
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 for I will be near thee, thy trou - bles to bless,
 the flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign
 that soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

to you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 up - held by my righ - teous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 and sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
 I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake."

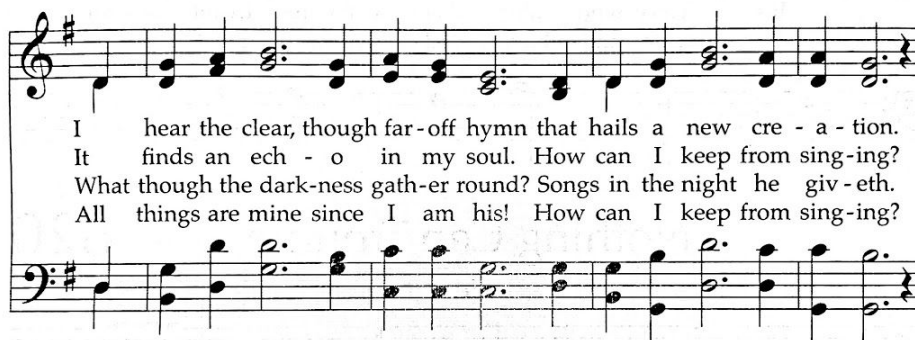
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My Life Flows On

How Can I Keep from Singing?

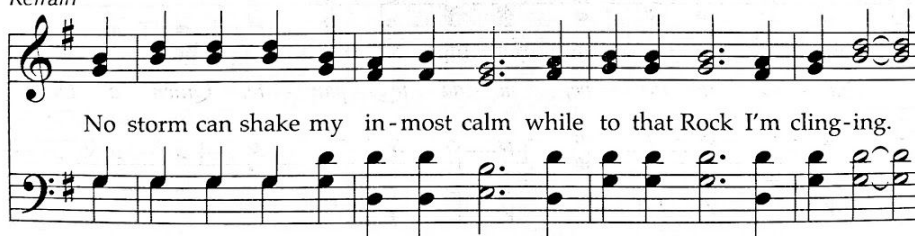


1 My life flows on in end-less song, a-bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion.
 2 Through all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear that mu-sic ring-ing.
 3 What though my joys and com-forts die? I know my Sav-ior liv-eth.
 4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun-tain ev-er spring-ing!

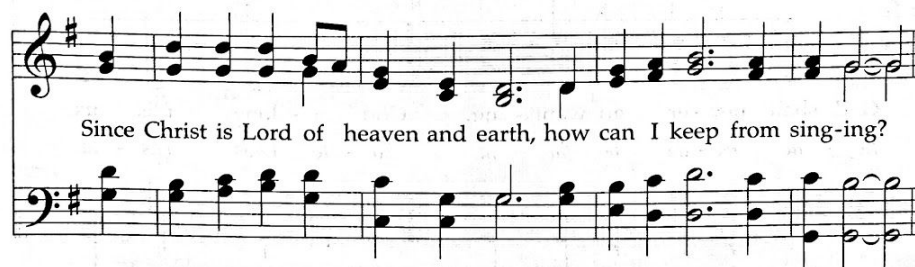


I hear the clear, though far-off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.
 It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?
 What though the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he giv-eth.
 All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

Refrain



No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm cling-ing.



Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from sing-ing?