

Perry Como, Rock Of Ages

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
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.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know.
These for sin can not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,

Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Composed by Thomas Hastings, 1830
Author: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776