

Rock of ages, cleft for me  
let me hide myself in Thee;  
let the water and the blood,  
from Thy riven side which flowed,  
be of sin the double cure:  
cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
could my zeal no respite know,  
could my tears for ever flow,  
all for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
naked, come to Thee for grace;  
foul, I to the fountain fly;  
wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
when my eyelids close in death,  
when I soar through tracts unknown,  
see Thee on Thy judgement throne;  
rock of ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in Thee.