

**R**OCK 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.

- 2 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.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*