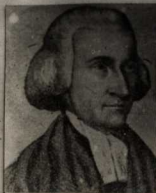




ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side which
 flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power



Not the labour 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 dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace
 Black, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath
 When my eye-lids close in death
 When I soar to worlds unknown
 See Thee on Thy judgment Thron
 Rock of ages! shelter me!
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

Augustus Toplady, Author of the Hymn "Rock of Ages", born at Farnham, Surry, 1730, died in London, 1768. While curate in charge at Blagdon, He had to take a service at Burrington Church, and while proceeding down the Coombe, he was overtaken by a violent Thunderstorm. And whilst taking shelter in the Cleft of the Rock, He had the inspiration to write the hymn which for 160 years has been the comfort of Millions of the human race in times of stress and storm.

