

## **N.B.P. #240**

**1. 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:  
cleansing 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 forever 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 through tracts  
unknown,  
see thee on thy judgement  
throne,  
rock of ages, cleft for me,  
let me hide myself in thee. \***