Rock of Ages
A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World
Words by Augustus M. Toplady
Music by Thomas Hastings
Arr. Craig Shuff

A E/A D F#m7 E A E/A D

A D A F#m7 E A E/G#

A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee! Let the wa ter and the
la - bors of my hands; Can ful - fill the Law's de - mands; Could my zeal no re - spite
in my hand I bring; Simp - ly to the cross I cling; Na - ked, come to Thee for

F#m7 E D A D A

blood know, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me
dress; Help - less, look grace; Foul, I to the foun - tain fly: Wash me,
to Thee for

F#m7 E A A/E D F#m7 E A E/A D

from its guilt and power._
save, and Thou a lone._

A E/G# F#m7 E D A E/A

die!

die!

D F#m7 E A E/A D

4. Whilst I draw this flee - ting breath- When my

F#m7 E A E/G# F#m7 E

eye - lids close in death- When I soar through tracts un - known- See Thee on Thy judg - ment

D A D A F#m7 E A

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee.

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