

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

blood know, dress; From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me  
Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must  
Help - less, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the foun - tain fly: Wash me,

from its guilt and power. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Not the  
save, and Thou a - lone. \_\_\_\_\_ 3. No - thing  
Sav - ior, or I die! \_\_\_\_\_

die!

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

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

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

