

LET ME HIDE MYSELF IN THEE

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; save from wrath and make me pure.

Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to the cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress; helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly; wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, when my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown, wee Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.

O FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE

O for the wings, for the wings of a dove!
Far away, far away would I rove!
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there forever at rest;