

THE ROCK 11,12,12,11.

attrib. William Houser

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-whelm-ed in sor-row and care; From the ends of the earth un-to thee will I cry—

2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood To di-vert my poor soul from the fountain of good, I will pray to my Sa-vior who kind-ly did die—

3. And when I have end-ed my pil-grimage here, In my Sa-vior's pure righteousness let me appear:—From the swellings of Jor-dan to thee will I cry,

4. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the dust of the earth shall a-rise, With the millions I'll join, far a-bove yonder sky,

“Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!”

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“Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!”

To praise the great Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I! High-er than I! To praise the great Rock that is high-er than I!