

Rock of Ages #156

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 sure: save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands can fulfill the 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.

Nothing in my hands I bring; simply to Thy cross I cling. Barren 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, see Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee.

The Solid Rock #151

My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but wholly lean on Jesus' name. On Christ, the solid Rock I stand; all other ground is sinking sand; all other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to hide His face, I rest on His unchanging grace; in every high and stormy gale, my anchor holds within the veil. On Christ, the solid Rock I stand; all other ground is sinking sand; all other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, His blood support me in the whelming flood; when all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. On Christ, the solid Rock I stand; all other ground is sinking sand; all other ground is sinking sand.

When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found, dressed in His righteousness alone, faultless to stand before the throne. On Christ, the solid Rock I stand; all other ground is sinking sand; all other ground is sinking sand.

Jesus, Thank You #214

The myst'ry of the cross I cannot comprehend, the agonies of Calvary. You the perfect Holy One crushed Your Son, who drank the bitter cup reserved for me. Your blood has washed away my sin—Jesus, thank you; the Father's wrath completely satisfied—Jesus, thank You. Once Your enemy, now seated at Your table—Jesus, thank You.

By Your perfect sacrifice I've been brought near; Your enemy You've made Your friend. Pouring out the riches of Your glorious grace, Your mercy and Your kindness know no end. Your blood has washed away my sin—Jesus, thank you; the Father's wrath completely satisfied—Jesus, thank You. Once Your enemy, now seated at Your table—Jesus, thank You.