

## 623

## Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee;  
 2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands;  
 3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply to thy cross I cling.  
 4 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when mine eye - lids close in death,

let the wa - ter and the blood, from thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to thee for dress; help - less, look to thee for grace;  
 when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne,

be of sin the dou - ble cure; cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.  
 all for sin could not a - tone; thou must save, and thou a - lone.  
 foul, I to the foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

*Alternate text, stanzas 2-4*

- 2 How blest was that gracious midnight hour,  
when God in our flesh was given;  
then brightened the dawn with light and pow'r  
that spread o'er the darkened heaven;  
then rose o'er the world that Sun divine,  
which gloom from our hearts has driven.
- 3 Yea, were ev'ry tree endowed with speech,  
and were ev'ry leaflet singing,  
they never with praise God's worth could reach,  
though earth with their praise were ringing.  
Who fully could praise the Light of life  
who light to our souls is bringing?
- 4 As birds in the morning sing their praise,  
God's fatherly love we cherish,  
for giving to us this day of grace,  
for life that shall never perish.  
The church God has kept two thousand years,  
and hungering souls did nourish.

Text: Scandinavian folk hymn; Nikolai F. S. Grundtvig, 1783-1872; tr. composite

## Jerusalem, My Happy Home

628

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, when shall I come to thee?  
2 O hap - py har - bor of the saints, O sweet and pleas - ant soil!  
3 Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks con - tin - ual - ly are green;  
4 There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit and ev - er - more do spring;  
5 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God grant that I may see

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
In thee no sor - row may be found, no grief, no care, no toil.  
there grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs as no - where else are seen.  
there ev - er - more the an - gels sit and ev - er - more do sing.  
thine end - less joy, and of the same par - tak - er ev - er be!