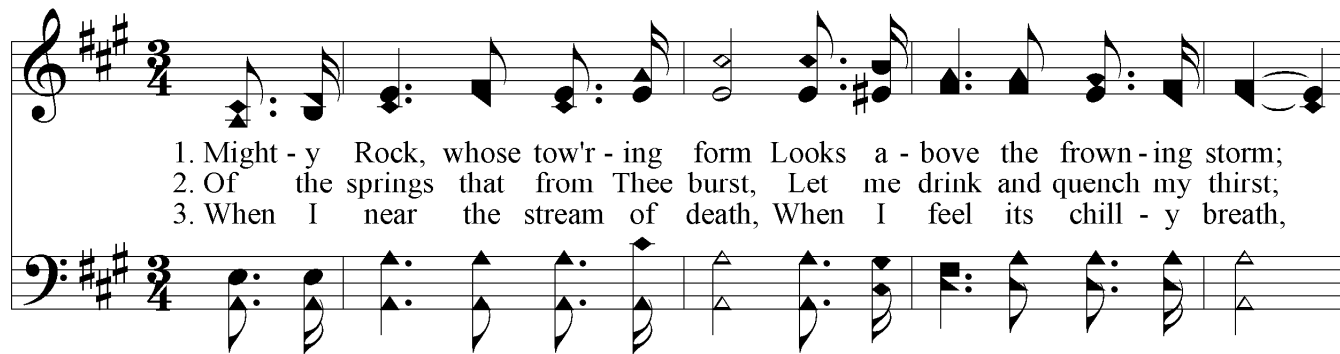
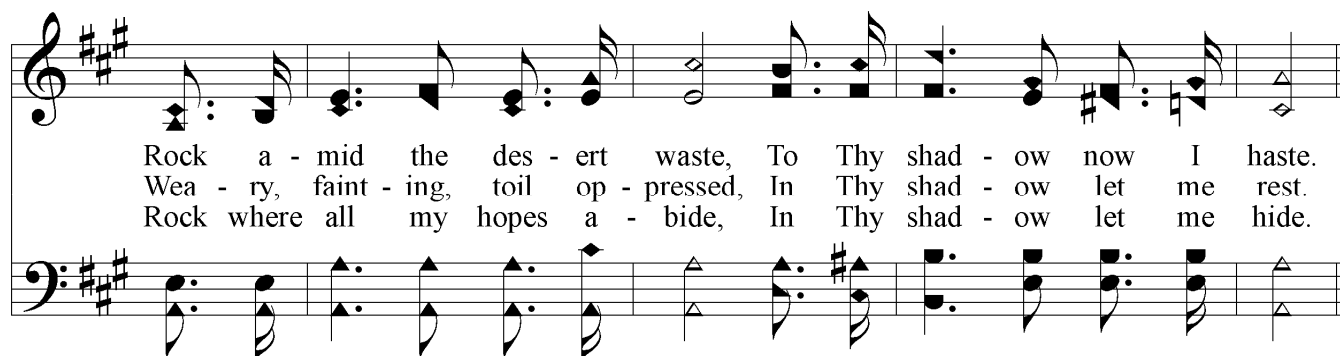


Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form

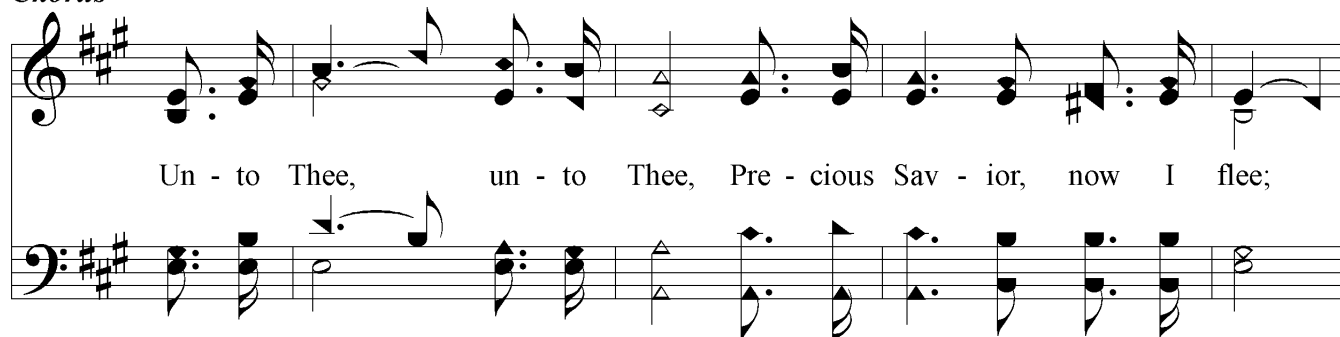


1. Might - y Rock, whose tow'r - ing form Looks a - bove the frown - ing storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill - y breath,



Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy shad - ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil op - pressed, In Thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy shad - ow let me hide.

Chorus



Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre - cious Sav - ior, now I flee;



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