O Safe to the Rock

"...my God the rock in whom I take refuge." (Ps. 94:22)

William O. Cueringh

IRA D. SANBERRY

1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
   My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
   So sinful, so weary, Thine own would I be, Thou
   blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour,
   In times when temptation casts o'er me its pow'r,
   In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea, Thou
   blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee. Hiding in Thee,

3. How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,
   I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe;
   How often, when trials like sea billows roll, Have I
   hid-den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.