



- 2. Within thy clefts I love to hide, when darkness o'er me closes; there peace and light serene abide, and my stilled heart reposes; my soul exults to dwell secure, thy strong munitions round her; she dares to count her triumph sure, nor fears lest hell confound her; though tumults startle earth and sea, thou changeless Rock, they shake not thee!
- 3. From thee, O Rock once smitten, flow life-giving streams for ever; and whoso doth their sweetness know, he thenceforth thirsteth never; my lips have touched the crystal tide, and feel no more returning the fever, that so long I tried to cool, yet felt still burning; ah, wondrous Well-Spring, brimming o'er with living waters evermore!
- 4. On that dread day, when they that sleep shall hear the trumpet sounding, and wake to praise, or wake to weep, the judgment-throne surrounding; when wrapped in all-devouring flame, the solid globe is wasting, and what at first from nothing came is back to nothing hasting; e'en then my soul shall calmly rest, O Rock of Ages, on thy breast.

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