THE CLOVEN ROCK



- 2. Then came a day in my journey drear when I sank on the weary road, and there fell a shadow across the waste – the shade of the wings of God. The shadow solemn, and dark, and still, lay cool on the purple sand; the shadow deep of a mighty Rock in a weary, thirsty land.
- 3. Of old from Heaven the thunder fell, and that mighty Rock was riven, and a river of water flowed down to me – a stream of the rain of Heaven. And the Hand that reft with thunder dread the Rock of Ages hoar, down to my lips the waters led, and I thirsted nevermore.
- 4. For out of the great eternal deep those glorious waters flowed; they flowed from the fathomless depths of joy, they flowed from the Heart of God. From the depths of the tenderness all unknown, that passeth knowledge, they flow; I know it as ages of bliss roll on, yet I never shall say, "I know."
- 5. And there, before the Rock that was riven, at the feet of the Lord who died, I drink of the depths of the love of Heaven, the mighty, exhaustless tide. "Drink, drink abundantly, O beloved! I was smitten, accursed for thee." O lips as lilies, O mouth most sweet, that tell thy heart to me!

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