

My Feet Were In The Miry Clay

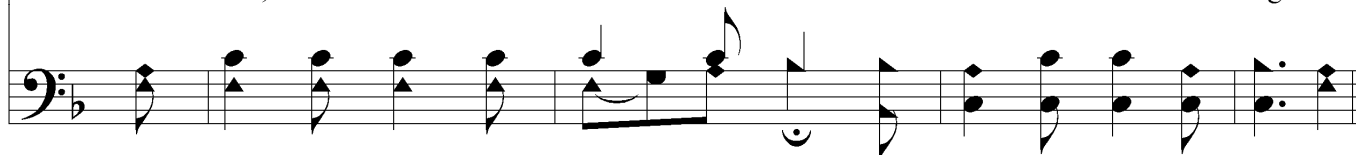
THE BLESSED ROCK OF AGES



1. My feet were in the mir - y clay Un - til my Sav - ior came this way;
2. No more up - on the sink - ing sand, The storms may rage on ev - 'ry hand,
3. Oh, sure foun - da - tion for my feet, While dread - ful storms a - round me beat;
4. Oh, shel - ter for the tem - pest - tried, Oh, bless - ed cleft where - in to hide,



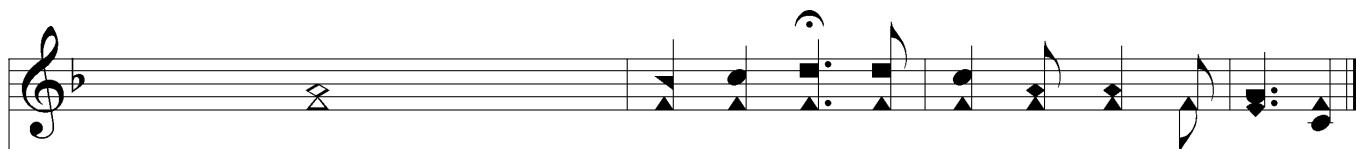
They're safe up - on the Rock to - day, The bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.
I'm not a - fraid, where now I stand Up - on the Rock of Ag - es.
I'll cling to Thee, Thou ref - uge sweet - Thou bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.
In Thee, in Thee will I a - bide - Thou bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.



Chorus



O rest - ful Rock of Ag - es, O peace - ful Rock of Ag - es,



Out of the mir - y clay, Up - on the Rock to - day; The bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.

