The Rock That Is Higher Than I

Words: E. Johnson
Music: William G. Fischer

1. O sometimes the shadows me deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
   And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
   Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I;

2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
   But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
   Rock that is higher than I;

3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows prevail,
   Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.
   Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.