The Rock That Is Higher Than I

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.

2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet; But toiling in life’s dusty way, The Rock’s blessings, how sweet!

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.

Chorus

Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I; Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.

Words: E. Johnson  
Music: William G. Fischer