The Sheltering Rock

1. There is a Rock in a weary land, It's shadow falls on the burning sand; Inviting pilgrims as they pass, To seek a shade in the wilderness. Then why will ye die? O! why will ye die?

2. There is a Well in a desert plain, It's waters call with enticing strain, "Ho, ev'ry thirsting, sick soul, Come, freely drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O! why will ye die?

3. A great fold stands with its portals wide, The sheep a-stray on the mountain side; The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's reaching now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O! why will ye die?

4. There is a cross where the Savior died; His blood flowed out in a crimson tide, A sacrifice for sins of men, And free to all who will enter in. Then why will ye die? O! why will ye die?

Chorus

When the sheltering Rock is so near by, O! why will ye die? When the living Well is so near by, O! why will ye die? When the Shep- herd's fold is so near by, O! why will ye die? When the crimson cross is so near by, O! why will ye die?

Words and Music: W. E. Penn