The Rock That Is Higher Than I

Words: Erastus Johnson, 1873
Music: William G. Fischer, 1873

O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;

And sorrows sometimes how they sweep, Like tempests down over the soul.

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

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