The Rock That Is Higher Than I

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

1. O times the shades are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O times how long seems the day, And times how weary my soul;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows some-times how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul!
But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

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.