

THE RIFTED ROCK.

"He smote the rock."—Ps. lxxiii. 20.

1. In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a-

- larm ; Storms and billows have u - ni - ted All in vain to do me harm ;

In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Surf is dash - ing at my

Cho—In the Rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Sure and safe from all a-

D. S. for Chorus.

feet, Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering, Yet my rest is all complete.

- larm ; Storm and bil-lows have u - ni - led All in vain to do me harm.

2. Many a stormy sea I've traversed,
 Many a tempest-shock have known,
 Have been driven, without anchor,
 On the barren shores, and lone:
 Yet I now have found a haven
 Never moved by tempest-shock,
 Where my soul is safe for ever
 In the blessed Rifted Rock.