

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

W. G. FISCHER.

1 Oh, some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like

Chorus.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly to the Rock that is high - er than I

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high - er than I.

2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But tolling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale:
Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.