

# Hiding in Thee

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,  
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,  
3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe,

My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;  
In times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r;  
I have fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe;

So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be;  
In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea;  
How of - ten, when tri - als like sea bil - lows roll,

*Chorus*

Thou blest "Rock of Ag - es," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
Thou blest "Rock of Ag - es," I'm hid - ing in Thee. Hid - ing in Thee,  
Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ag - es," I'm hid - ing in Thee.