I Am Clinging to the Rock

John Michael Bowman, 1899

1. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed saving Rock, While the angry storms may o'er me roll; I am sheltered 'neath the cleft from the tempest's shock, Blessed refuge to my weary soul.

2. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed rock of faith, There I see my Savior's loving side; I am anchored to the Rock that was cleft for me, Near the fountain of the crimson tide.

3. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed rock of hope, Keeping near the Savior's bleeding form; I am looking unto Him while my fleeting breath Waits His praises through the piercing storm. I am clinging, ever clinging, I am ransomed there forever blest.

4. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed rock of love, Let me, Lord upon Thy bosom rest; I am waiting for the time to be called above, With the clinging to the Rock; Blessed refuge, thou art dear to me; I am clinging, ever clinging, I am clinging to the Rock, Blessed Savior, I will cling to Thee.

John Michael Bowman

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