

I RUN TO THE ROCK

By
Betty Ward

Let me run to the Rock
When the storm cloud appears;
Where the shelter is strong
Leaving no room for fears.

It's at the Rock satan's schemes
Are laid to waste;
And God's powerful Word
Becomes a delightful taste.

All question's and confusion seem
To quickly disappear;
As His still, small voice
My ears begin to listen and hear.

Yes, it's in the Rock I've
Learn to endure;
And defeat the enemy
With all his allures.

To walk with pure joy
In the midst of strife;
And still retain hope through
The disappointment's of life.

The Rock that is higher, much
Higher than I;
Whose glory and honor no
Mere human can deny.

I run to this Rock in my
Desperate times of need;
So my hungry heart
He can abundantly feed.

Who is this mighty Rock
Who shelters from the storms;
Bringing comfort and peace
Through all trial's and alarms?

His name is JESUS; Creator, Savior,
Counselor and Friend,

With a salvation so great, He
Willingly came to extend.

With mercies fresh and brand new
When our day first begins;
We know every foe will be vanquished,
All battles He victoriously wins.

“Run to the Rock” is the cry
of the Father’s heart;
“Do not allow pride to separate
and to keep you apart.”

JESUS is our place of refuge
From the winds that assail;
He is our Rock of protection,
The Rock that will never fail.