

The Sheltering Rock
William Penn, 1887.

There is a rock in a weary land,
Its shadow falls on the burning sand,
Inviting pilgrims as they pass,
To seek a shade in the wilderness.
Then why will ye die?
O why will ye die?
When the sheltering rock is so near by,
O why will ye die?

There is a well in a desert plain,
Its waters call with entreating strain,
"Ho, every thirsting, sin sick soul,
Come, freely drink, and thou shalt be whole."
Then why will ye die?
O why will ye die?
When the living well is so near by,
O why will ye die?

A great fold stands with its portals wide,
The sheep astray on the mountain side;
The shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep;
He's searching now for His wandering sheep.
Then why will ye die?
O why will ye die?
When the shepherd's fold is so near by,
O why will ye die?

There is a cross where the Savior died;
His blood flowed out in a crimson tide,
A sacrifice for sins of men,
And free to all who will enter in.
Then why will ye die?
O why will ye die?
When the crimson cross is so near by,
O why will ye die?