

JESUS IS A ROCK IN A WEARY LAND

Chorus: ^{Bb} Jesus is a rock in a ^{Dm} weary land,
^{Cm} a weary land, a ^{Gm} weary land;
my ^{Bb} Jesus is a rock in a ^{Dm} weary land,
^{Cm} a shelter in the time of ^{Gm} storm.

Verse 1: ^{Cm} No one can do like ^F Jesus,
^{Cm} not a mumbling word he ^D said;
He went ^{Cm} walking down to ^{Eb} Laz'rus ^{Gm} grave,
and He ^{Dm} raised him from the ^{Gm} dead.

Chorus:

Verse 2: ^{Cm} When Jesus was on ^F earth,
^{Cm} the flesh was very ^D weak;
He ^{Cm} girded himself with a ^{Eb} towel ^{Gm}
and He ^{Dm} washed the ^{Gm} disciples feet.

Chorus:

Verse 3: ^{Cm} Yonder comes my ^F Savior,
^{Cm} Him whom I love so ^D well;
He ^{Cm} has the palm of ^{Eb} victory ^{Gm}
and the ^{Dm} keys of death and ^{Gm} hell.

Chorus x2:

Text and music, African American spiritual.