

Rock of Ages

Trad.

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz, arr.

1

Baritone

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide — my - self in

Baritone

2. Not the la - bor of my hands can ful - fill — Thy law's de -

Lead

3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; simp - ly to Thy cross I

Bass

4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when my eye - strings break in

5

Baritone

Thee. Let the wa - ter and the blood, from Thy riv - en side which flowed, be of

Baritone

mands. Could my zeal no res - pite know? Could my tears for - ev - er flow? All for

Lead

cling. Help - less look for Thee for dress, help - less look to Thee for grace. Foul I

Bass

death, when I soar to worlds un - known, see Thee on Thy judg - ment throne: Rock of

10

Baritone

sin the doub - le cure. Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Thee! —

Baritone

sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. Thee! —

Lead

to the foun - tain fly. Wash me Sa - vior or I die. Thee! —

Bass

A - ges cleft for me, let me hide my - self in Thee. Thee! —

To Coda at v.4