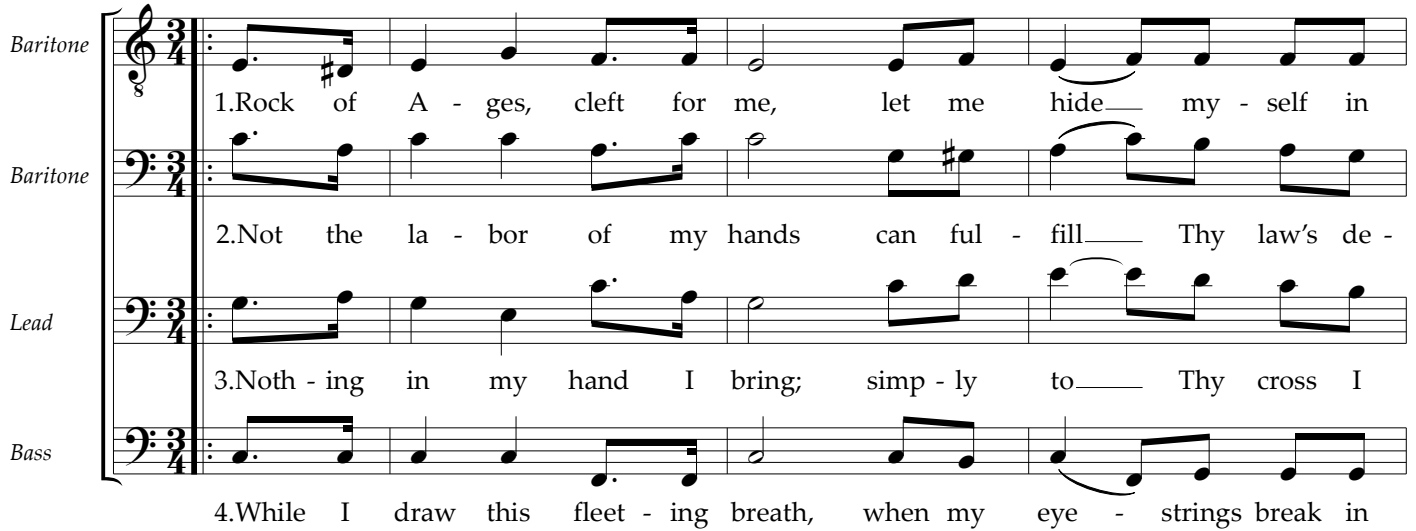


Rock of Ages

Trad.

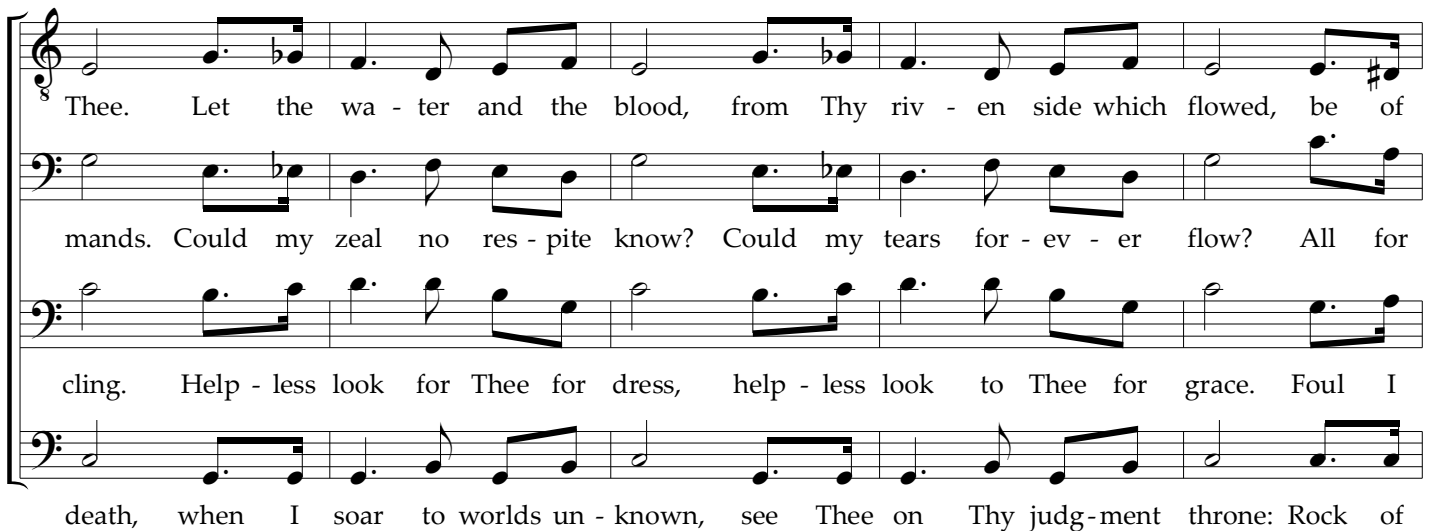
Dennis Báthory-Kitsz, arr.

1



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in
2. Not the la - bor of my hands can ful - fill Thy law's de -
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; simp - ly to Thy cross I
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when my eye - strings break in

5



Thee. Let the wa - ter and the blood, from Thy riv - en side which flowed, be of
mand. Could my zeal no res - pite know? Could my tears for - ev - er flow? All for
cling. Help - less look for Thee for dress, help - less look to Thee for grace. Foul I
death, when I soar to worlds un - known, see Thee on Thy judg - ment throne: Rock of

10

To Coda at v.4



sin the doub - le cure. Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Thee!
sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. Thee!
to the foun - tain fly. Wash me Sa - vior or I die. Thee!
A - ges cleft for me, let me hide my - self in Thee. Thee!