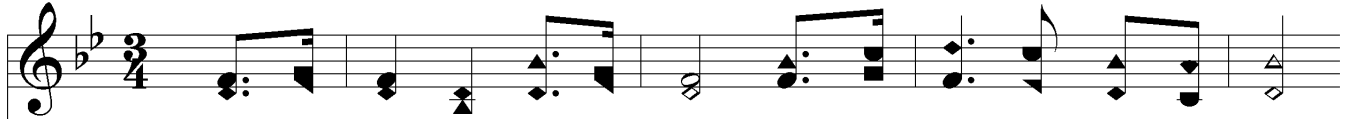
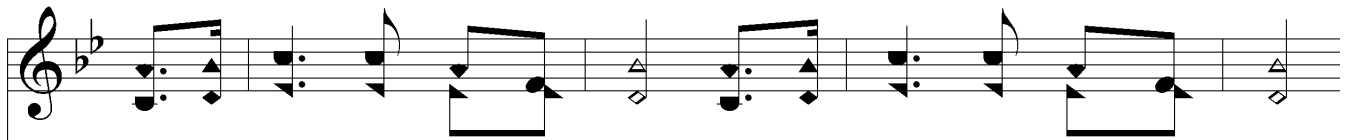
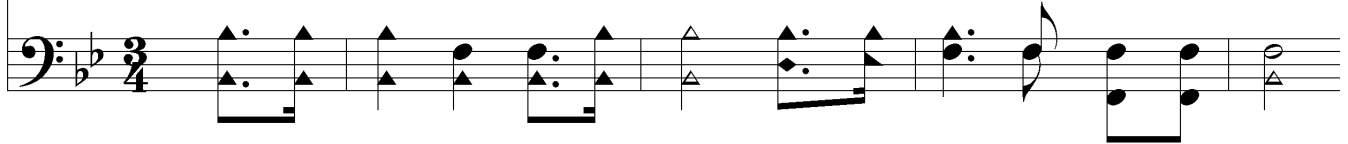


ROCK OF AGES



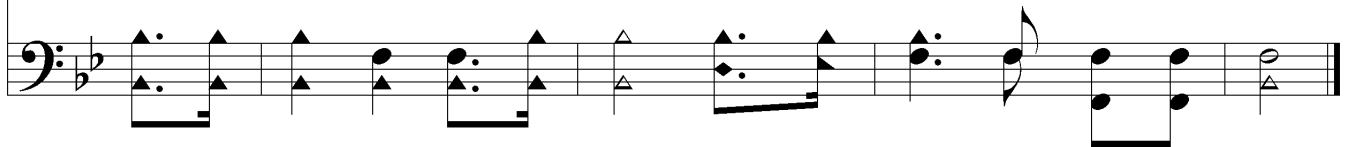
1. Rock of Ag - es, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no *lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I soar to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of Ag - es, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



**languor = lack of activity*