mourn; Yet one heart's-e-nough for a bo-dy, So pray give me yours in re-
elf, I can't help still sigh -ing for some-thing, And, dar-ling, that some-thing's your-
own; This week you may be Kit-ty Tyr-rell, Next week you'll be Mis-tress Ma-

a placere

turn. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, 0! pray give me yours in re-turn.
self. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, That some-thing, you know is your-self.
alone. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, You'll be my own Mis-tress Ma-lone.

Rock of Ages

A. M. Toplady

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee:
D.C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
D.C. In my han-a no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

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