

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

pp

Rock of Ages

A. M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS

FINE

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 hand 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.

D.C.

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,