## Rock of Ages -

Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow
All for sin could not atone
Thou must save and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to the cross I cling; Naked come to thee for dress Helpless look to thee for grace Foul I to the fountain fly, Wash me Savior or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath When my eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown See Thee on thy Judgment throne, Rock of Ages, Cleft for me Let me hide myself in thee.

## O Mary Don't You Weep

Well if I could, I surely would, Stand on the rock where Moses stood Pharaoh's army got drownded, Oh Mary don't you weep.

(Chorus)

Oh, Mary don't you weep, don't you mourn, Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn, Pharaoh's army got drownded, Oh, Mary don't you weep.

Well Mary wore three links of chain, On every link was Jesus name Pharaoh's army got drownded Oh Mary don't you weep. Well one of these nights about 12 o'clock,

This old world is gonna rock,

Pharaoh's army got drownded

Oh Mary don't you weep

(Chorus)

Well Moses stood on the Red Sea shore,

Smote the water with a two by four,

Pharaoh's army got drownded

Oh Mary don't you weep.

(Chorus)

Brothers and sisters don't you cry,

There'll be good times by and by,

Pharaoh's army got drownded,

Oh Mary don't you weep.

(Chorus)

Well Old mister Satan he got mad, Missed that soul that he thought he had, Pharaoh's army got drownded Oh Mary don't you weep.

(Chorus)

## On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land Where my possessions lie.

All o'er those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day There God the Son forever reigns

And scatters night away.

(chorus)

No chilling wind nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death Are felt and feared no more (chorus)

When shall I see that happy place And be forever blessed When shall I see my Father's face And in his bosom rest.