

# Songs Rung by my father + mother

Father:

I saw a way worn traveler, in tattered garments  
struggling up the mountain, it seems that he was sad  
His back was laden heavy, his strength was almost gone  
He shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come"  
Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, passions of  
victory,  
I shall wear.

Mother:

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 thy double  
cure, save from wrath and make me pure.  
Could my tears forever flow, could my zeal  
no languor know. These for sin could not  
atone, Thou must save, + thou alone.