

THE ROCK, WHATIPU

Words by DENYS TRUSSELL

Music by DOROTHY KER

freely ♩ = 80



Touch the rock, touch the rock, touch the rock,



touch the rock.

agitato



It wakes in your senses as



white fragments of crustaceans, the birds' guano



stains the iron niches where in blood-flecked pools



captiv fish lose their sheen to death.

expansive



The mutant stone is strong, and strong be -



- cause it changes, it changes. The heart