In The Desert Of Sorrow And Sin

1. In the desert of sorrow and sin, Lo! I faint as I journey along; With the warfare without and within, See my strength and my hope nearly gone.

2. In my weakness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was smitten for me; And I drink, and I joyfully count All my life-giving stream let me drink; let me drink; 'Tis the Rock, 'Tis the Rock, cleft for me, cleft for me, 'Tis the water, the water of life.

3. O Thou God of compassion, I pray, Let me ever abide in Thy sight; Let me drink of the fount day by day, Till I join Thee in mansions of light.

Words by Henry R. Trickett
Music by Fred A. Fillmore

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