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 trials to be.

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 trials as a blessing to be.

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.

Chorus

strength and my hope nearly gone, I thirst, let me drink, Of the 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.

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