

# In the Desert of Sorrow and Sin

Henry R. Trickett, 1887

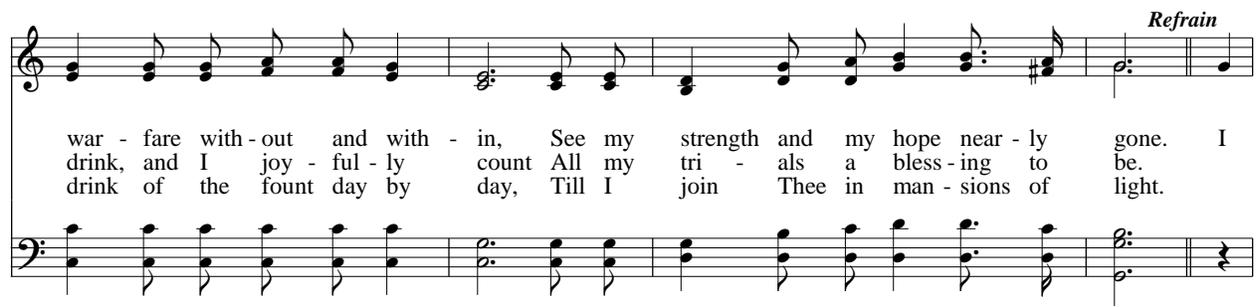
Frederick Augustus Fillmore

$\text{♩} = 107$

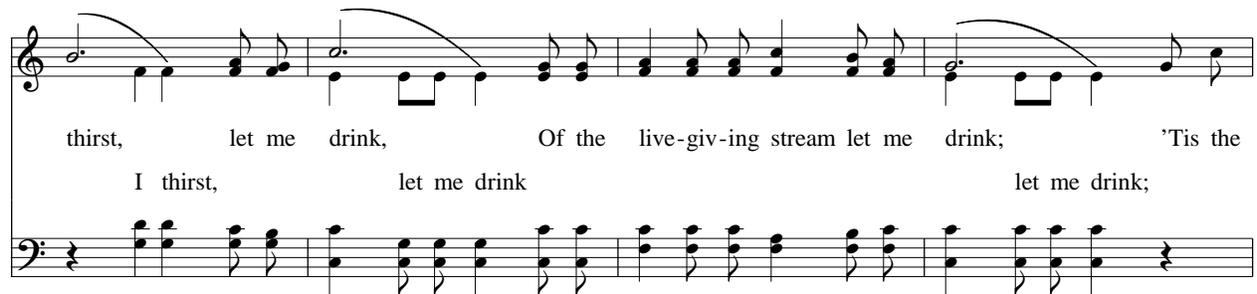


1. In the de - sert of sor - row and sin, Lo! I faint as I jour - ney a - long; With the  
2. In my weak - ness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was smit - ten for me; And I  
3. O Thou God of com - pas - sion, I pray, Let me ev - er a - bide in Thy sight; Let me

*Refrain*



war - fare with - out and with - in, See my strength and my hope near - ly gone. I  
drink, and I joy - ful - ly count All my tri - als a bless - ing to be.  
drink of the fount day by day, Till I join Thee in man - sions of light.



thirst, let me drink, Of the live-giv-ing stream let me drink; 'Tis the  
I thirst, let me drink let me drink;



Rock, cleft for me, 'Tis the wa - ter, the wa-ter of life.  
'Tis the rock, cleft for me