

Stay With Me

Bob Dylan

Should my heart not be humble
Should my eyes fail to see
Should my feet sometimes stumble
On the way, stay with me Like the lamb that in springtime
Wanders far from the fold
Comes the darkness and the frost
I get lost
I grow cold I grow cold, I grow weary
And I know I have sinned
And I go seeking shelter
And I cry in the wind
Though I grope and I blunder
And I'm weak and I'm wrong Though the road buckles under
Where I walk, walk along
Till I find to my wonder
Every path leads to Thee
All that I can do is pray
Stay with me
Stay with me

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