

Frank Sinatra "Stay With Me"

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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 wandered far from 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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