# The Aged Sufferer Waited Long

**Doh is Bb · 4/4** Tune: ALL SAINTS, NEW

| s - | m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
The aged sufferer waited long Up-

| r' - m' - f' - m' - | r' - - - - - r' - |
on Bethesda's brink; Till

| m' - - r' d' - t - | t - - l l - l - |
hopes, once rising warm and strong, Be-

| s - d' - t - - d' | d' - - - - - d' - |
gan in fears to sink; And

| d' - d' - t - t - | l - - l l - l - |
heavy were the sighs he drew, And

| s - s - s - s - | s - - - - - f - |
fervent was his prayer, For

| m - - f s - d' - | d' - - t t - d' - |
he, with safety full in view, Still

| m' - r' - d' - t - | d' - - - - - |
languished helpless there.

## The other verses

2 His hope grew dim; but one was nigh
Who saw the sufferer's grief;
That gentle voice, that pitying eye,
Gave promise of relief.
Each pang that human weakness knows
Obeyed that powerful word;
He spake, and lo! the sick arose,
Rejoicing in his Lord.

3 Father of Jesus, when oppressed
With grief and pain we lie,
And, longing for Thy heavenly rest,
Despair to look on high,
O, may the Saviour's words of peace
Within the wounded heart
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,
And strength and joy impart!

Tune ALL SAINTS, NEW by Henry Stephen Cutler (1825–1902); words by Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch (1809–1870). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.