Though Faint and Sick, and Worn Away

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Though faint and sick, and worn a- way

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
With pover- ty and woe, My widowed

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
feet are doomed to stray 'Mid thorny

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
paths be- low.

The other verses

2 Be thou, O Lord, my Father still,
My confidence and guide:
I know that perfect is thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in thee
Thou never wilt forsake;
And though a bruiséd reed I be,
That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go,
Support me on my way,
Though, worn with poverty and woe,
My widowed footsteps stray.

5 To give my weakness strength, O God,
Thy staff shall yet avail;
And though thou chasten with thy rod,
That staff shall never fail.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. AGNES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.