

Stay With Me

Frank Sinatra

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 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,
And though I grope and I blunder and I kneel and I'm
wrong,
Though the rose buckles under where I walk, walk along
Till I find to my wonder every task least to see,
Or that I can do it, pray, stay with me.
Stay with me.