

# I Will Wait

With grateful awe  $\text{♩} = 52$

1. I lose my way, in dark-ness grope. I fear I  
 2. One time I chose the Ho - ly One And so re-  
 3. Once some-how I for-got my vow; I turned, al-  
 4. Whose hand is this, that takes my hand? Who draws me

will ar - rive too late. Then in my heart the voice of  
 ceived a rich es - tate. Now wear - y, jour - ney near - ly  
 though the road was straight. Where is the path? Where am I  
 through the nar - row gate? Who speaks my name, and makes me

hope: "If you are com - ing, I will wait."  
 done, I trust that pro - mise: "I will wait."  
 now? "Come back," he whis - pers: "I will wait."  
 new? The one who pro - mised: "I will wait."

Text: Orson Scott Card  
 Music: Mark Mitchell

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