

# The Wilderness Song

## *As I walk this arid land*

Words and Music by  
Cara R Thompson

Cmaj7 Am7 Am/D Em F6(add2) Cmaj7/E D(sus4) D

Bm7 A/B Em7 Bm

1. As I walk this a - rid land a - fraid of each to - mor - row  
 2. In the wat - ches of the night I can but cling to Je - sus  
 3. Au - thor of the peace that lies be - yond all un - der - stan - ding

Em7 G(add2) Cmaj7 D/C

Num - bing si - lence grows wi - thin my soul  
 Will I learn to thirst for him a - lone?  
 Foun - der and per - fec - ter of my faith

Bm7 A/C# D Em Bm7

Must I watch each new o - a - sis crum - ble in - to dust Wond'ring  
 In the sha - dow of his wing is joy I used to know Have I  
 Li - ving wa - ter bread of life you know my hum - ble frame Help my

G D/F# D A/C# G(add2)/B A

why I se - cond guess the God I trust?  
 set - tled for the trea - sures here be - low?  
 heart be - lieve the truths that I pro - claim

Bm7 F#m/A G D(add2)/F#

Dare I not move on be - fore I see a - round the cor - ner?  
 Me - di - tate on him, my soul, and cleave to him, my rea - son  
 Lon - ging for the day I'll gaze in awe up - on your glo - ry

1. Em7 D/F# G6 G/A

When did child-like faith begin to fade?  
 When did his provision ever (fail)?  
 Sanctified by love that knows no (end)

2. G6 G/A Chorus C C/D Em D/F#

fail?  
 end I will run to my God and Fa-ther Give him praise for all he's done

F C(add2)/E Am7 C/D G/B C G/B C C/D

Brave the tears and deafening thun-der in the steps of his Son I will sing of the grace and mer-cy

Em Am/D Am7/E F F/G C(add2)/E

That pur-sued my grum-bling heart Though his per-fect ways es-cape me

1. Cmaj7 Cmaj7/A C/D Em F6(add2) Cmaj7/E D(add4) D

With each trial I'll cry "How great thou art"

2. C(add2)/E C/D G/B Chorus C C/D

(me...) I will run to my God and Fa-ther

Em D/F# F C(add2)/E

Give him praise for all he's done Brave the tears and deaf-ning thun-der

Am<sup>7</sup> C/D G/B C G/B C C/D

in the steps of his Son I will sing of the grace and mer - cy

Em Am<sup>7</sup>/D Am<sup>7</sup>/E F F/G C(add<sup>2</sup>)/E

That pur - sued my grum - bling heart Though his per - fect ways es - cape me

Cmaj<sup>7</sup> Cmaj<sup>7</sup>/A C/D Em

With each trial I'll cry "How great thou art"

F6(add<sup>2</sup>) C/D G(add<sup>2</sup>)