

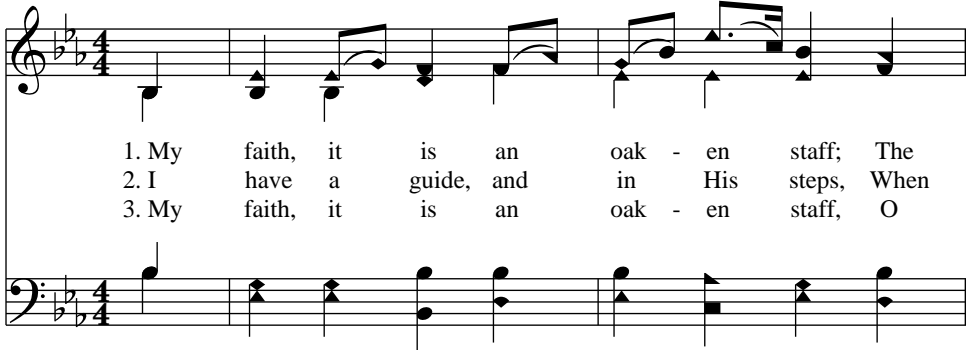
# My Faith, It Is An Oaken Staff

Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. - Eph. 6:13

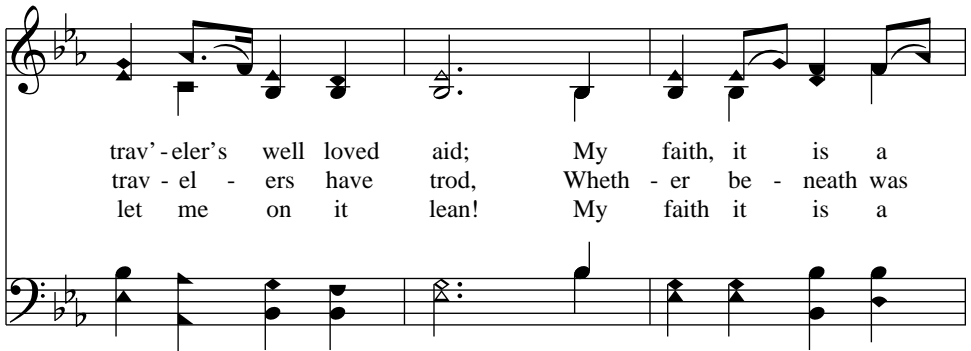
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Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

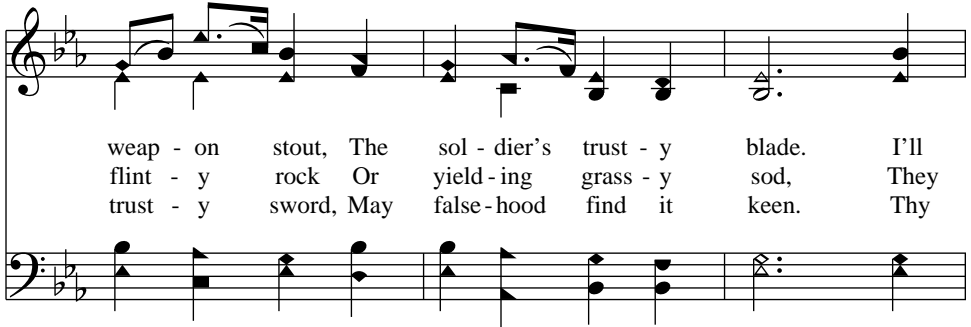
Traditional Swiss Melody



1. My faith, it is an oak - en staff; The  
2. I have a guide, and in His steps, When  
3. My faith, it is an oak - en staff, O



trav' - eler's well loved aid; My faith, it is a  
trav - el - ers have trod, Wheth - er be - neath was  
let me on it lean! My faith it is a



weap - on stout, The sol - dier's trust - y blade. I'll  
flint - y rock Or yield - ing grass - y sod, They  
trust - y sword, May false - hood find it keen. Thy



trav - el on and still be sitrred By  
cared not, but with force un - spent, Un -  
Spir - it, Lord, to me im - part, O

si - lent thought or so - cial word; By all my per - ils  
 moved by pain, they on - ward went, Un - stayed by plea - sure,  
 make me what Thou ev - er art, Of pa - tient and cou -

un - de - terred, A sol - dier pil - grim staid.  
 still they bent Their zeal - ous course to God.  
 ra - geous heart, As all true saints have been.