

Pilgrim's Song

Anonymous

Levi Sisemore (2017)

1. Dark and thorn-y is the de-sert, Through which pil-grims make their way;
2. He whose thun-der shakes cre-a-tion, He who bids the plan-ets roll;
3. Mil-lions there of flam-ing ser-aphs Fly a-cross the heav'-nly plain;

But be-yond this vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end-less day.
He who rides up-on the tem-pest, And whose scep-ter sways the whole.
There they sing im-mor-tal prais-es "Glo-ry! Glo-ry!" is their strain:

Fiends, loud howl-ing through the de-sert, Make them trem-ble as they go;
Round Him are ten thou-sand an-gels, Read-y to o-bey com-mand;
But me-thinks a sweet-er con-cert Makes the heav'-nly arch-es ring,

And the fier-y darts of Sa-tan Of-ten bring their cour-age low.
They are al-ways hov'-ring round you, Till you reach the heav'-nly land.
And a song is heard in Zi-on Which the an-gels can-not sing.

2

O, young sol - diers, are you wea - ry Of the trou - bles of the way?
 There, on flow' - ry hills of pleas - ure, In the fields of end - less rest,
 See the heav' - nly host, in rap - ture, Gaze up - on this shin - ing band;

Does your strength be - gin to fail you, And your vig - or to de - cay?
 Love, and joy, and peace shall ev - er Reign and tri - umph in your breast.
 Won - d'ring at their cost - ly gar - ments, And the crowns with - in their hand!

Je - sus, Je - sus will de - fend you; Trust in Him and Him a - lone;
 Who can paint those scenes of glo - ry, Where the ran - somed dwell on high?
 There, up - on the gold - en pave - ment, See the ran - somed march a - long,

He has shed His blood to save you, And will bring you to His throne.
 Where the gold - en harps for ev - er Sound re - demp - tion through the sky?
 While the splen - did courts of glo - ry Sweet - ly ech - o with their song.

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