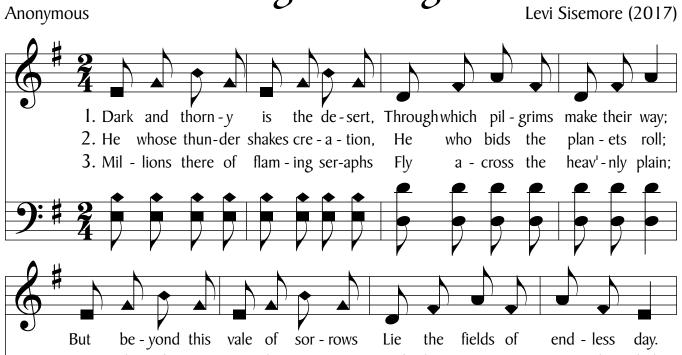
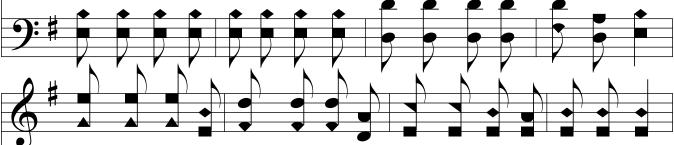
Pilgrim's Song



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





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