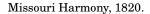
## 201b. Pilgrim. C.M.

John Adam Granade, ca. 1801.





- Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's only Son, Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear, But let us follow on.
- 2. We have a howling wilderness, To Canaan's happy shore, A land of dearth, and pits, and snares, Where chilling winds do roar. But Jesus will be with us, And guard us by the way; Though enemies examine us, He'll teach us what to say.

- The pleasant fields of paradise, So glorious to behold, The valleys clad in living green, The mountains paved with gold: The trees of life with heavenly fruit, Behold how rich they stand Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul To Canaan's happy land.
- Sweet rivers of salvation all Through Canaan's land do roll, The beams of day bring glittering scenes Illuminate my soul; There's ponderous clouds of glory, All set in diamonds bright; And there's my smiling Jesus, Who is my heart's delight.

- 5. Already to my raptured sight, The blissful fields arise, And plenty spreads her smiling stores, Inviting to my eyes.
  O sweet abode of endless rest, I soon shall travel there, Nor earth nor all her empty joys Shall long detain me here.
- 6. Come, all you pilgrim travelers, Fresh courage take by me; Meantime I'll tell you how I came, This happy land to see; Through faith the glorious telescope I viewed the worlds above, And God the Father reconciled, Which fills my heart with love.