

201b. Pilgrim. C.M.

John Adam Granade, ca. 1801.

Missouri Harmony, 1820.



1. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.