

A Pilgrim Through This Lonely World

Edward Denny, 1839.

Thomas Hastings, 1837.

A pilgrim through this lonely world

The blessed Savior passed;

A mourner all His life was He,

A dying Lamb at last,

A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,

For all its life blood gave;

It found on earth no resting place

Save only in the grave,

Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord; and shall we fear

The cross with all its scorn?

Or love a faithless, evil world,

That wreathed His brow with thorn,

That wreathed His brow with thorn?

No! facing all its frowns or smiles,

Like Him, obedient, still,

We homeward press through storm or calm

To Zion's blessed hill,

To Zion's blessed hill.

By faith His boundless glories there

Our wondering eyes behold;

Those glories which eternal years

Shall never all unfold;

Shall never all unfold.