

O How Blest to Be a Pilgrim  
Robert Lowry, 1864.

O how blest to be a pilgrim,  
Guided by the Father's hand;  
Free at last from ev'ry burden  
We shall enter Canaan's land.

Refrain

Songs of vict'ry there shall greet us,  
Like the thund'ring of a mighty flood,  
Endless praises be to Jesus,  
Who redeemed us by his blood!

On this side of Jordan's river,  
Sighs too deep for words are known,  
But we look for bright tomorrows  
In Jerusalem our home.

Refrain

There no clouds of darkness gather,  
Neither sorrow, tears, nor woe,  
Nothing harmful e'er shall enter,  
Sin and pain we will not know.

Refrain

Here from loved ones we are parted,  
Earthly sorrows never cease,  
But within that glorious city  
We shall meet again in peace.

Refrain

O may none give up the journey,  
Left in darkness on the shore,  
May we all at last be gathered  
When our pilgrimage is o'er.

Refrain