

Onward, Ye Pilgrims

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1881. Music: John Sweney.

Onward, ye pilgrims that journey to Zion,
Sing and be joyful, whatever betide;
Trust in Jehovah, your Lord and your shepherd,
All that is needed His love will provide.

Refrain

Think of the promise, the soul cheering promise,
Left to encourage the young and the old,
They shall draw water from wells of salvation,
Beautiful promise, more precious than gold.

Onward, ye workers, that toil in the vineyard,
Bearing the burden and heat of the day;
Never grow weary, but labor with patience,
Heed not the thorns that are strewn in your way.

Refrain

Ye that are thirsty and faint in the desert,
Come to the wells of salvation so free;
Drink of their waters, their life giving waters;
Come, there's a welcome for you and for me.

Refrain

You who are nearing the valley and shadow,
Looking by faith to the bright golden shore,
Precious to you are the wells of salvation,
Sweeter their waters than ever before.

Refrain