

Whither, Pilgrims, Are You Going?**Words: Fanny Crosby, 1859. Music: William Bradbury, 1861.**

Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
We are going on a journey,
Going at our king's command.
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.

Fear ye not the way so lonely
You, a little, feeble band?
No, for friends unseen are near us;
Holy angels round us stand.
Christ, our leader, walks beside us;
He will guard, and He will guide us;
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land.

Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far off, better land.
Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Savior's loving hand.
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In that bright and better land.

Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright, that better land?
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.