

The White Pilgrim - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb,
When, in a low whisper, I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll,
And the gathering storms may arise;
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes.

The cause of my Master compels me from home,
I bid my companions farewell;
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sank in my tomb,
My spirit to mansions on high,

Oh, tell my companions and children most dear
To weep not for Joseph, tho' gone:
The same hand that led me thro' scenes dark and drear
Has kindly assisted me home.

I called at the house of the mourner below;
I entered the mansion of grief,
And tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow,
I tried but could give no relief.

There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,-
By affliction and sorrow oppressed,
And here were her children in mourning arrayed,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

I spoke to the widow concerning her grief,
I asked her the cause of her woe,
And why there was nothing to give her relief,
Or soothe her deep sorrow below.

She looked at her children, then looked upon me-
That look I can never forget;
More eloquent, far than a seraph may be,
It spoke of the trials she met.

The hand of affliction falls heavily now;
I am left with my children to mourn;
The friend of my youth is silent and low
In yonder cold grave-yard alone.

But why should I mourn or feel to complain,
Or think the misfortune is hard?
Have I met with affliction, 'tis truly his gain;
He enters the joy of his Lord.

His word is completed and finished below,
His last fear has fallen, I trust;
He has preached his last sermon and met his last foe,
He has conquered and now is at rest.

Oh, Sing that Plaintive Air Again.

Oh, sing that plaintive air again,
It sweetly on my spirit fell;
My angel mother loved the strain,
And breathed it with her last farewell,
And breathed it with her last farewell.

That song she loved I'll fondly prize
Until her form again I see,
For since she left us for the skies,
All, all she loved is dear to me-
All, all she loved is dear to me.

Then sing that plaintive air again,
It sweetly on my spirit fell;
My angel mother loved the strain,
And breathed it with her last farewell,
And breathed it with her last farewell.