

Pilgrim

Charles Wesley, 1759 86. 86. 86. 86. (C. M. D.)

Transcribed from *Songs of Zion*, 1821

E minor
Amos Pilsbury, 1799
Revised by James P. Carrell, 1821

Tr. 1. { How happy every child of grace Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven: } A country far from mortal sight; Yet, O! by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepar'd for me.

C. 2. { A stranger in the world be-low, I calmly sojourn here,
Nor can its hap-pi-ness or woe Pro-voke my hope or fear: } Its evils in a moment end, Its joys as soon are past; But, O! The bliss to which I tend E-ter-nal-ly shall last.

T. 3. { To that Je-ru-sa-lem above With singing I re-pair,
While in the flesh, my hope and love, My heart and soul are there: } There my exalted Savior stands, My merciful high-priest, And still extends his wounded hands To take me to his breast.

B.

4. What is there here to court my stay,
To hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends
Still in the vale confin'd?
Nay, but when'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

5. The race we all are running now
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain:
Now on the brink of death we stand,
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

6. Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

7. O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

8. O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on him to gaze
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Thro' all eternity.

A further revised version of this appears as *Child of Grace* in *The Sacred Harp*, p. 77 from 1844 to present.