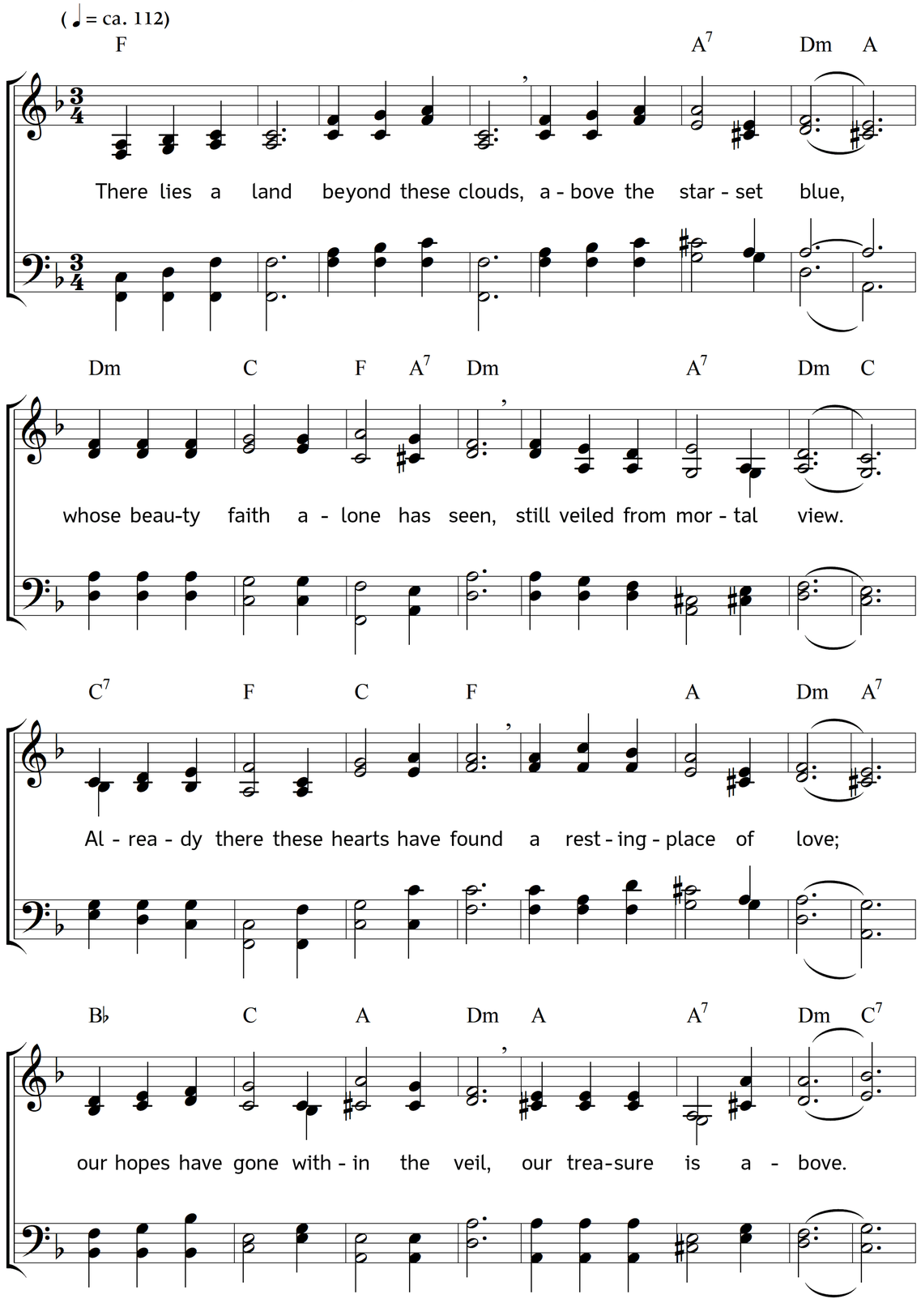
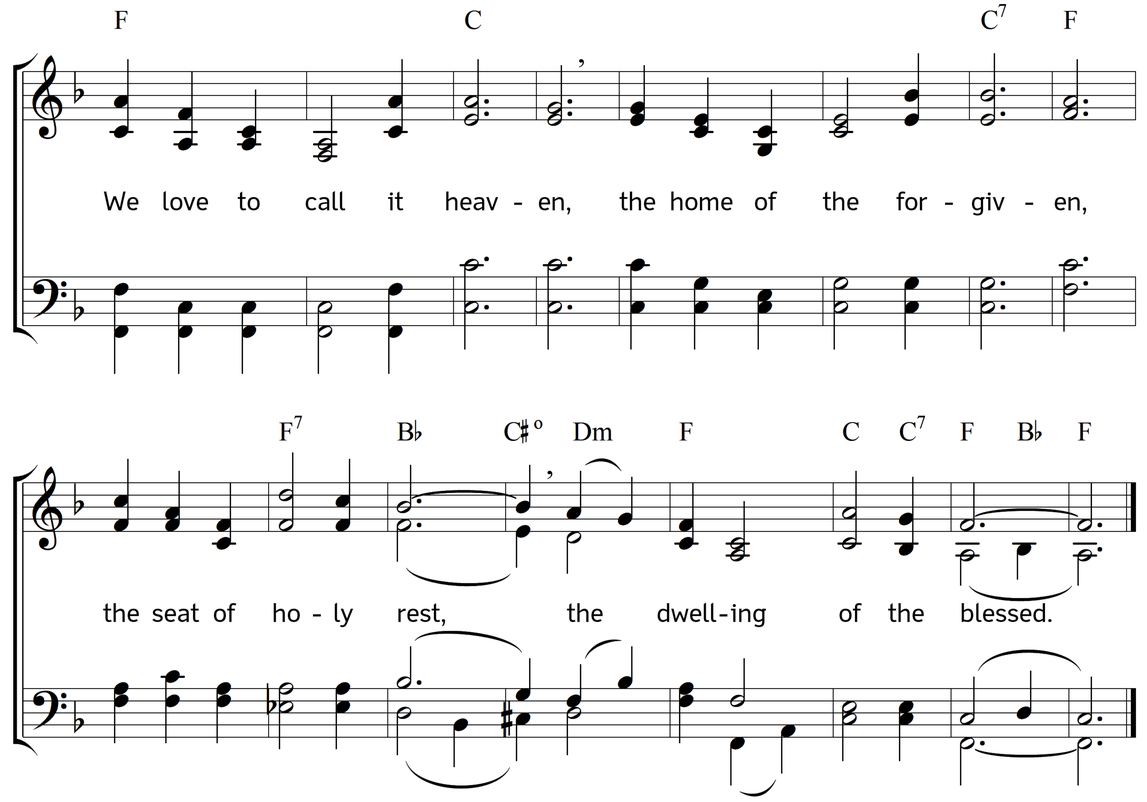
STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS

(♩ = ca. 112)



2. Thither we turn our pilgrim feet,
and upward daily rise;
upon its glory, yet unveiled,
faith feasts its pilgrim eyes.
The Lord himself its glowing fields
with golden gladness fills;
bright with his brightest splendour shine
the everlasting hills:
We love to call it heaven,
the home of the forgiven,
the seat of holy rest,
the dwelling of the blessed.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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