PILGRIM SONG

2. Lo! through the pathless midnight
the fiery pillar leads,
and onward goes the Shepherd
before the flock he feeds;
unquestioning, unfearing,
the lambs may follow on,
in quietness and confidence,
their eyes on him alone.

3. Come, children, on and forward!
we journey hand in hand,
and each shall cheer his brother
all through the stranger land;
and hosts of God's high angels
beside us walk in white;
what wonder if our singing
make music through the night?

4. Come, children, on and forward!
each hour nearer home!
The pilgrim days speed onward,
and soon the last will come.
All hail! O golden city!
how near the shining towers!
Fair gleams our Father's palace:
that radiant home is ours.

5. On! dare and suffer all things!
yet but a stretch of road,
then wondrous words of welcome,
and then the Face of God.
The world, how small and empty!
our eyes have looked on him;
the mighty Sun has risen,
the taper burneth dim.

6. Far through the depths of Heaven
our Jesus leads his own,
the Mightiest, the Fairest,
Christ ever, Christ alone.
Led captive by his sweetness,
and dowered with his bliss,
for ever he is ours,
for ever we are his.

Words: Frances Bevan (after Gerhard Tersteegen). Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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