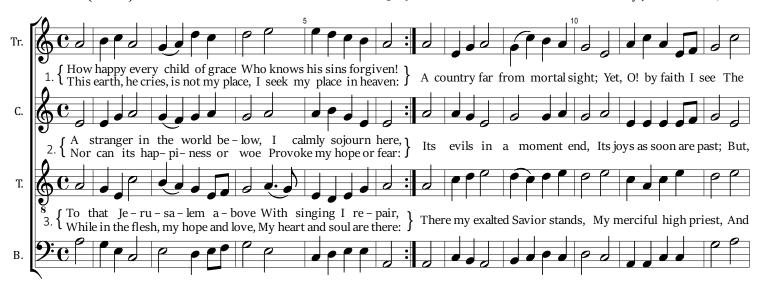
## Pilgrim Transcribed from Songs of Zion, 1821

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





- 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 whene'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.