






Anonymous, before 1805  
76. 76. 76. 76.

# The Thorny Desert

Transcribed from *Southern Harmony*, 1835, and from *Christian Harmony*, 1867.

William Walker, 1835

E minor\* Alto by William Walker, 1867






Tr.    
1. { Dark and thorn-y is the de-sert Through which pilgrims make their way; }  
    { Yet be-yond this vale of sor-rows Lies the fields of end-less day. }  
A.   
2. { Oh! young soldiers, are you wea-ry At the troubles of the way? }  
    { Does your strength be-gin to fail you, And your vi-gor to de-cay? }  
T.   
3. { He whose thunder shakes cre-a-tion, He that bids the pla-nets roll: }  
    { He who rides up-on the tem-pest, And whose scepter sways the whole: }  
B. 

4. There, on flowery fields of pleasure,  
In the fields of endless rest,  
Love and joy and peace shall ever  
Reign and triumph in your breast,  
Who can paint these scenes of glory,  
Where the ransomed dwell on high?  
Where the golden harps forever  
Sound redemption through the sky.

6. See the heavenly host in rapture,  
Gaze upon this shining band  
Wondering at their costly garments,  
And the laurels in their hand.  
There upon the golden pavement,  
See the ransomed march along;  
While the splendid courts of glory  
Sweetly echo to their song.

5. Millions there of flaming Seraphs,  
Fly across the heavenly plain;  
There they sing immortal praises,  
Glory! Glory! is their strain.  
But methinks a sweeter concert  
Makes the heavenly arches ring,  
And a song is heard in Zion,  
Which the angels cannot sing!

7. O! their crowns how bright they sparkle,  
Such as monarchs never wore;  
They are gone to heavenly pastures,  
Jesus is their shepherd there.  
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits!  
Welcome to the blissful plain!  
Glory, honor, and salvation!  
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign!

Tr.    
1. Fiends loud howling in the tempest, Make them tremble as they go; And the fie-ry darts of Sa-tan, Of-ten bring their courage low.  
A.   
2. Je-sus, Je-sus, will go with you; He shall lead you to his throne, He that dyed his garments for you, And the wine press trod a-lone.  
T.   
3. Round him are ten thousand angels, Rea-dy to o-bey command; They are always hovering round you, Till you reach the heavenly land.  
B. 

\*Most of the tune is in E minor, though the two staves end in G Major.  
A folk hymn, a "camp meeting spiritual song" (Jackson 1952, No. 250).