

William Walker

1. Dark and thorn-y is the des-ert, Thru which pil-grims make their way; But be-yond this vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end-less day.
 2. O, young sol-diers, are you wea-ry Of the trou-bles of the way? Does your strength be-gin to fail you, And your vig-or to de-cay?

3. He whose thun-der shakes cre-a-tion, He who bids the plan-ets roll; He who rides up-on the tem-pest, And whose scep-tre sways the whole.

4. There on flow-ry hills of plea-sure, In the fields of end-less rest, Love, and joy, and peace shall ev-er Reign and tri-umph in your breast.
 5. Mil-lions there of flam-ing ser-aphs Fly a-cross the heav'n-ly plain; There they sing im-mor-tal prai-ses Glo-ry, glo-ry is their strain.

Fiends, loud howl-ing thru the des-ert, Make them trem-ble as they go; And the fi-ery darts of Sa-tan Of-ten bring their cour-age low.
 Je-sus, Je-sus will go with you, He will lead you to His throne; He who dyed His gar-ments for you, And the wine-press trod a-lone.

Round Him are ten thou-sand an-gels, Read-y to o-bey com-mand: They are al-ways hov-'ring round you, Till you reach the heav'n-ly land.

Who can paint those scenes of glo-ry Where the ran-somed dwell on high? Where the gold-en harps for ev-er Sound re-demp-tion thru the sky.
 But me-thinks a sweet-er con-cert Makes the heav'n-ly arch-es ring; And a song is heard in Zi-on, Which the an-gels can-not sing.