

THE LONE PILGRIM. 11s and 8s.

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William Walker

1. I came to the place where the lone pil - grim lay, And pen - sive - ly stood by the tomb, When
 2. The tem - pest may howl and the loud thun - der roar, And gath - er - ing storms may a - rise, Yet

3. The cause of my Mas - ter com - pelled me from home, I bade my com - pan - ion fare - well; I
 4. I wan - dered an ex - ile and stran - ger from home, No kin - dred or rel - a - tive nigh: I

5. Oh tell my com - pan - ion and chil - dren most dear, To weep not for me now I'm gone; The
 6. And there is a crown that doth glit - ter and shine, That I shall for - ev - er - more wear: Then

in a lone whis - per I heard some - thing say, How sweet - ly I sleep here a - lone.
 calm is my feel - ing at rest is my soul, The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

blest my dear chil - dren, who now for me mourn - In far dis - tant re - gions they dwell.
 met the con - ta - gion and sank to the tomb, My soul flew to man - sions on high.

same hand that led me through scenes most se - vere, Has kind - ly as - sist - ed me home.
 turn to the Sav - ior, His love's all di - vine, All you that would dwell with me there.

The sixth verse was composed by J.J. Hicks of North Carolina.