A pilgrim through this lonely world.

1. A pilgrim through this lonely world
The blessed Saviour pass'd,
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

2. That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3. Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world
That wreath'd His brow with thorn?

4. No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.130

5. In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.

6. Dead to the world with Him Who died
To win our hearts—our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

7. By faith His boundless glories there
Our wond'ring eyes behold,
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

8. This fills our hearts with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love,
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.