

1. I saw one wea-ry, sad, and torn, With ea-ger steps press on the way,
 2. And one I saw, with sword and shield, Who bold-ly braved the world's cold frown,
 3. And there was one who left be-hind The cher-ished friends of ear-ly years,
 4. While pil-grims here we jour-ney on In this dark vale of sin and gloom,

6 Who long the hal-lowed cross had borne, Still look-ing for the prom-ised day;
 And fought, un-yield-ing, on the field, To win an ev-er-last-ing crown.
 And hon-or, pleas-ure, wealth re-signed, To tread the path be-dewed with tears.
 Through trib-u-la-tion, hate, and scorn, Or through the por-tals of the tomb,

11 While man-y a line of grief and care, Up-on his brow was fur-rowed there;
 Though worn with toil, op-pressed by foes, No mur-mur from his heart a-rose;
 Through tri-als deep and con-flits sore, Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
 Till our re-turn-ing King shall come To take His ex-ile cap-tives home,

16 I asked what buoyed his spir-its up, "O this!" said he "the bless-ed hope."
 I asked what buoyed his spir-its up, "O this!" said he "the bless-ed hope."
 O! what can buoy the spir-its up? 'Tis this a-lone the bless-ed hope.