

( ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6.D. )

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. We're pil - grims in the wil - der - ness : Our dwell - ing is a camp ;  
 2. With fel - low - pil - grims meet - ing, Who seek the rest to come,  
 3. We look to meet our breth - ren, From eve - ry dis - tant shore ;

Cre - a - ted things, though pleas - ant, Now bear to us death's stamp.  
 'Tis sweet to sing to - geth - er, « We are not far from home. »  
 Not one will seem a stran - ger, Though nev - er seen be - fore ;

But on - ward we are speed - ing, Though of - ten sore - ly tried :  
 And when we've learned our les - son, Our work in suf - fer - ing done,  
 With an - gel hosts at - tend - ing, In my - riads through the sky :

The Ho - ly Ghost is lead - ing Home to the Lamb, His bride.  
 Our ev - er - lov - ing Fa - ther Will wel - come eve - ry one.  
 Yet 'midst them all, Thou on - ly, O Lord, wilt fix the eye.

4. Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,  
 O give us pilgrims' ways,  
 Low thoughts of self, befitting  
 Proclaimers of Thy praise ;  
 O make us each more holy,  
 In spirit pure and meek :  
 More like to heavenly citizens,  
 As more of heaven we speak.

Alternate Tunes : Hankey, 154 ; Watcher, 56.