

Though at Times Our Pilgrimage

1. Though at times our pil - grim - age May seem hard and long;
 2. There - fore we are con - fi - dent, And there - to we cling,
 3. He who made the wa - ter spring From the flint - y rock,

Al-though storms a - bout us rage Or we suf - fer wrong—
 That the Lord will not con - sent To our per - ish - ing.
 Who E - li - jah food to bring Sent a ra - ven flock—

Yet with joy we press on high, Trust - ing, for the race,
 Though the strength we may pos - sess Threat - ens oft to fail,
 He who with few loaves of bread Fed the wea - ry throng,

Not the strength we can sup - ply, But the Sav - ior's grace.
 Yet we know in all dis - tress Will His help pre - vail.
 Shall He not in time of dread Prove a Help - er strong?

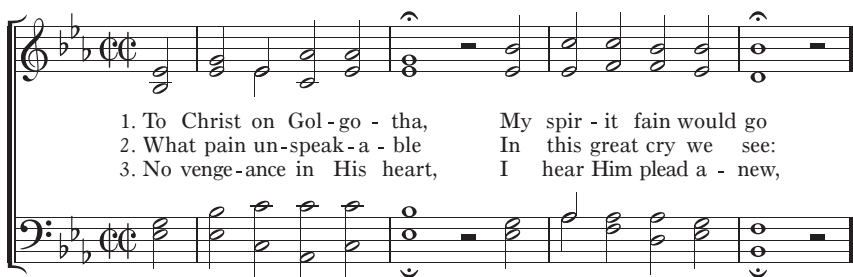
4. He who in His hand doth bear Each celestial ball,
Yet without whom not a hair From our heads shall fall,
For whom nothing is too great Or too small—shall He
Not be merciful indeed When to Him we flee?

5. He who keeps us day by day In His mighty love,
And who clearly points the way To our home above;
He who has prepared a place For His people there,
Would He leave them when they face Trouble and despair?

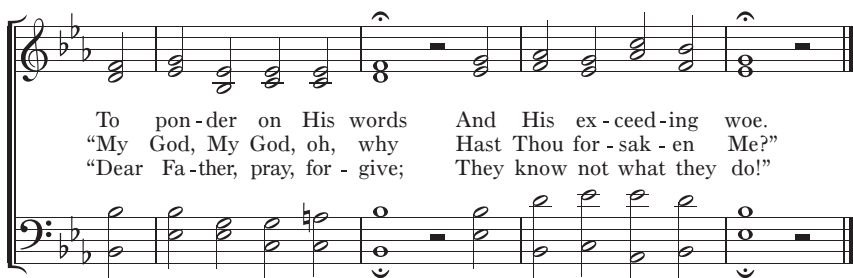
6. Nay, that He will never do To His children dear.
All His promises are true; Therefore, do not fear!
Though at times you needs must go Through distress and tears,
Lift your weary heads for, lo, Your redemption nears!

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To Christ on Golgotha



1. To Christ on Gol-go - tha, My spir - it fain would go
2. What pain un-speak - a - ble In this great cry we see:
3. No ven-ge-ance in His heart, I hear Him plead a - new,



To pon-der on His words And His ex-ceed-ing woe.
"My God, My God, oh, why Hast Thou for-sak-en Me?"
"Dear Fa-ther, pray, for - give; They know not what they do!"

4. His mother weepeth sore, He comforteth her now:
"Behold in John thy son. O John, thy mother know."

5. He comforteth the thief, And "Verily," He cries,
"Thou shalt with Me today Be in yon paradise."

6. "I thirst!" He crieth then; There's no affliction thus,
Which He, the Friend of man, Has not endured for us.

7. He "It is finished!" cries, And bows His head—The end:
"O Father, to Thy hands My spirit I commend."