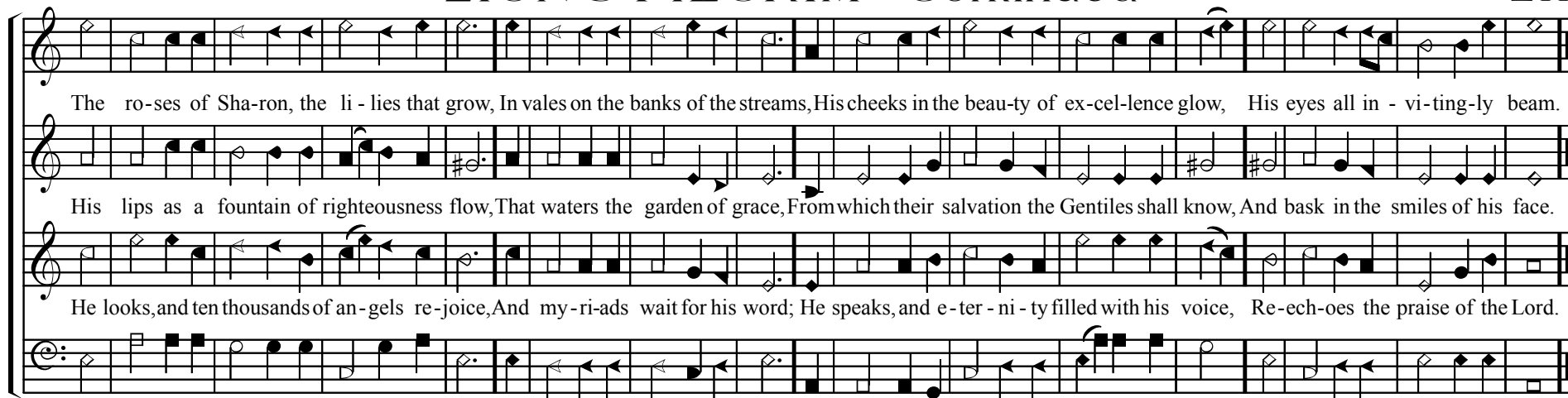


ZION'S PILGRIM—Continued

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The ro-ses of Sha-ron, the li - lies that grow, In vales on the banks of the streams, His cheeks in the beau-ty of ex-cel-lence glow, His eyes all in - vi-ting-ly beam.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow, That waters the garden of grace, From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

He looks, and ten thousands of an-gels re-joice, And my-ri-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-ter-ni-ty filled with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.