1. Ye pil—grims thro' this vale of tears, Come, let us cheer each other. A—
2. We see the pit where oth—ers lie, All smit—ten by the Temp—ter. We
3. While some are shout—ing all the time, Some oth—er hearts are bleed—ing, They
4. There may be some that's grow—ing tired, Be—cause the way is ted—ious; Let's

mid the dan—gers, doubt—s and fears, Let each con—sole his bro—ther. Our
too shall come to grief and die, If we to him sur—ren—der. We'll
want the heav'n—ly peace to find For which their soul are plead—ing. Come,
take the Book that was in—spired And tell them more 'bout Je—sus. Tell

way is oft—en dark and hard, Temp—ta—tions all a—round us, Un—
walk the blood be—sprink—led way, The road that leads to glo—ry, And
let us lead them thro' the gate, The way of sins con—fes—sing, The
them of Him who bled and died, The cru—ci—fix—ion sto—ry, Who

less we pray with one ac—cord, They sure—ly will con—found us.
as we go we'll sing and pray, And tell re—demp—tion's sto—ry.
word of God will put them straight, And they will find the bles—sing.
ren—dered jus—tice sat—is—fied, And then went home to glo—ry.

5. We soon shall reach the shining shore,
   And see our dear Redeemer,
   Where we shall weep and sigh no more,
   But praise His name forever.
   Our time is short and crossed great,
   And often hard to carry,
   Unless we start we'll be too late,
   We've got no time to tarry.

6. We almost hear the happy shouts
   Of saints beyond the river,
   They've gone beyond this world of doubts,
   They're saved with God forever.
   Our kindred, they are in that throng,
   O what a happy meeting,
   We'll watch and pray, it won't be long,
   Before the heavenly greeting.