How Happy Is the Pilgrim's Lot

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: HOLY MATRIMONY

| s, - | d - - d m - d - | r - r - m - l, - |
How happy is the pilgrim's lot! How

| l, - l, - s, - d - | t, - d - r - r - |
free from every anxious thought, From

| r - d - t, - l, - | s, - - - - - s, - |
worldly hope and fear! Con-

| t, - - d r - f - | m - d - r - l, - |
fined to neither court nor cell, His

| t, - - r f - m - | d - m - r - f - |
soul disdains on earth to dwell, He

| m - l, - t, - t, - | d - - - - - |
only sojourns here.

The other verses

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from self-design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there.
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend.
Receive me to thy breast!

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