Weary Pilgrim

D minor Oliver Holden, 1800

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- 2. Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4. Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound, Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.