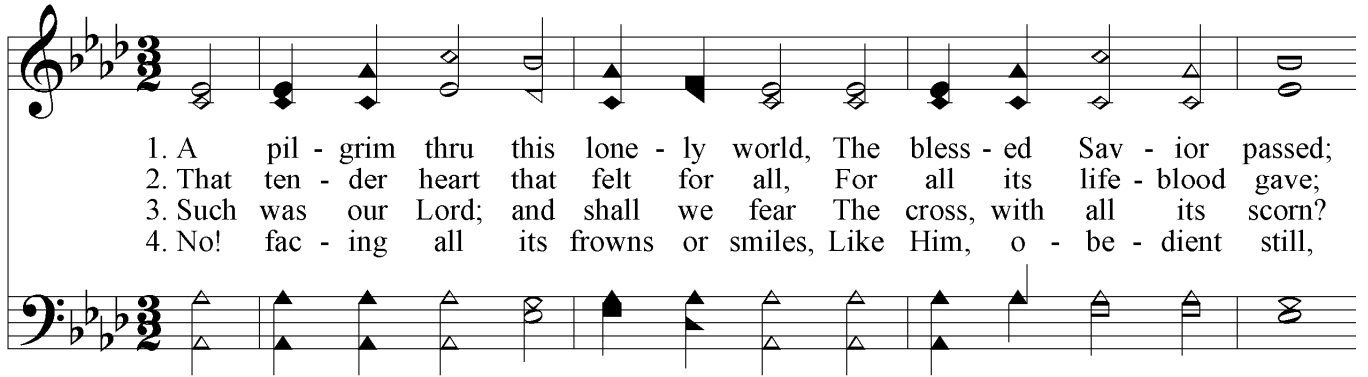
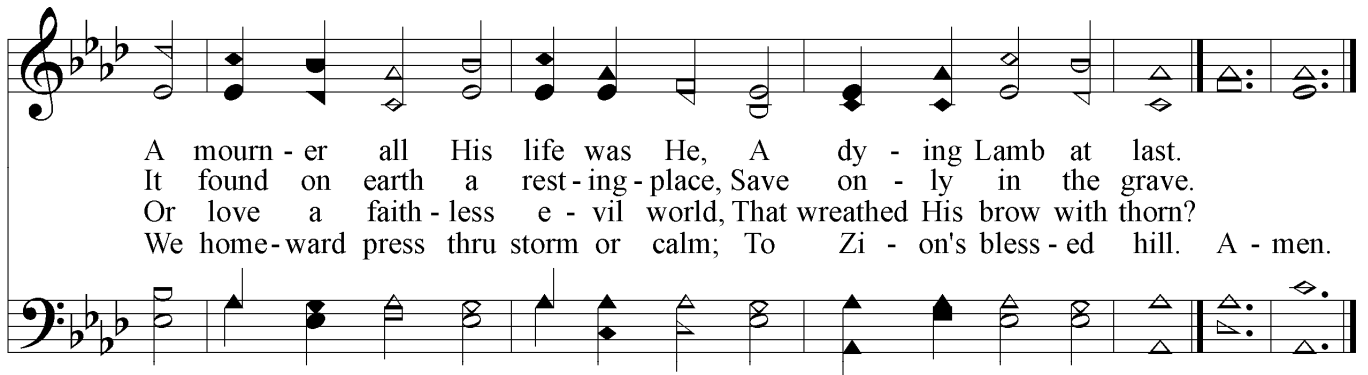


Evan C. M.



1. A pil - grim thru this lone - ly world, The bless - ed Sav - ior passed;
2. That ten - der heart that felt for all, For all its life - blood gave;
3. Such was our Lord; and shall we fear The cross, with all its scorn?
4. No! fac - ing all its frowns or smiles, Like Him, o - be - dient still,



A mourn - er all His life was He, A dy - ing Lamb at last.
It found on earth a rest - ing - place, Save on - ly in the grave.
Or love a faith - less e - vil world, That wreathed His brow with thorn?
We home - ward press thru storm or calm; To Zi - on's bless - ed hill. A - men.