

# WEARY PILGRIM. 7s, 9s.

"And ye shall find rest unto your souls." -- Matt. 11:29.

E Minor Caleb Jarvis Taylor, 1803.

Leonard P. Breedlove, 1850.



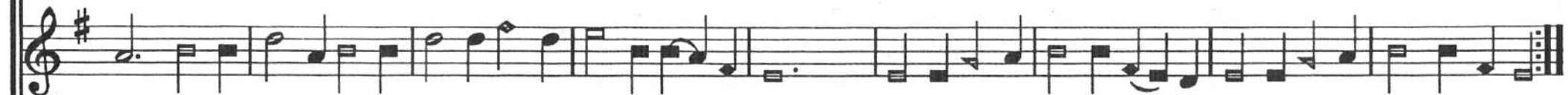
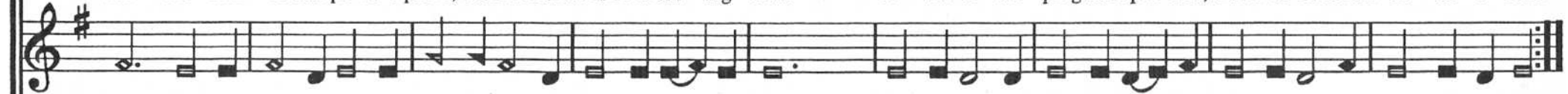
1. Come, and taste, a - long with me, The wea - ry pil - grim's con - so - la - tion; Joy and peace in Christ I find, My heart to Him is all re - signed.  
Boundless mer - cy, run - ning free, The earn - est of com - plete sal - va - tion;



2. When the world and flesh would rise, And strive to draw me from my Sav - ior, Friends, be - lieve me when I tell, If Christ be pres - ent all is well.  
Stran - gers slight, or friends de - spise, I then more high - ly prize His fa - vor,



The ful - ness of His pow'r I prove, The sweetness of re - deem - ing love! Je - sus is the pil - grim's por - tion, Love as boundless as the o - cean.



The world and flesh in vain may rise; I all their ef - forts do de - spise; In the world I've trib - u - la - tion, But in Christ sweet con - so - la - tion.

