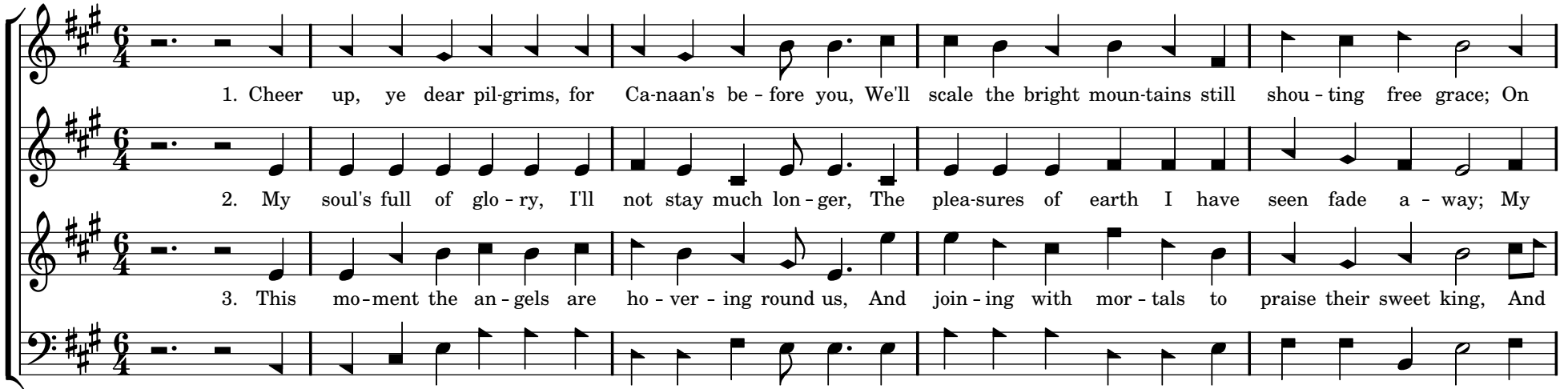


WILSON. 12S & 11S.

A Major John Adam Granade, 1804.

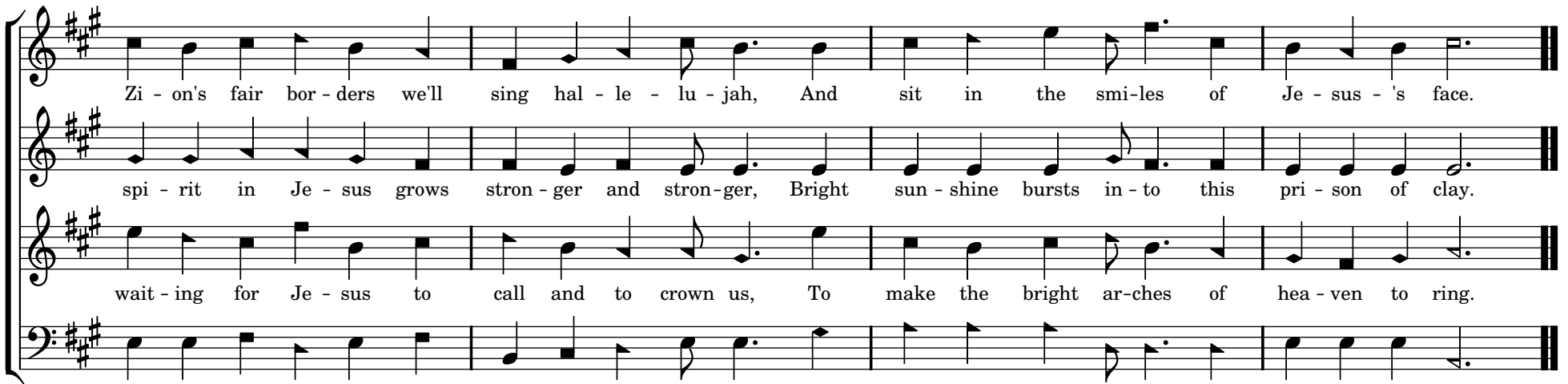
David Wright, 2012.



1. Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, for Ca-naan's be-fore you, We'll scale the bright moun-tains still shou-ting free grace; On

2. My soul's full of glo-ry, I'll not stay much lon-ger, The plea-sures of earth I have seen fade a-way; My

3. This mo-ment the an-gels are ho-ver-ing round us, And join-ing with mor-tals to praise their sweet king, And



Zi-on's fair bor-ders we'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, And sit in the smi-les of Je-sus-'s face.

spi-rit in Je-sus grows stron-ger and stron-ger, Bright sun-shine bursts in-to this pri-son of clay.

wait-ing for Je-sus to call and to crown us, To make the bright ar-ches of hea-ven to ring.