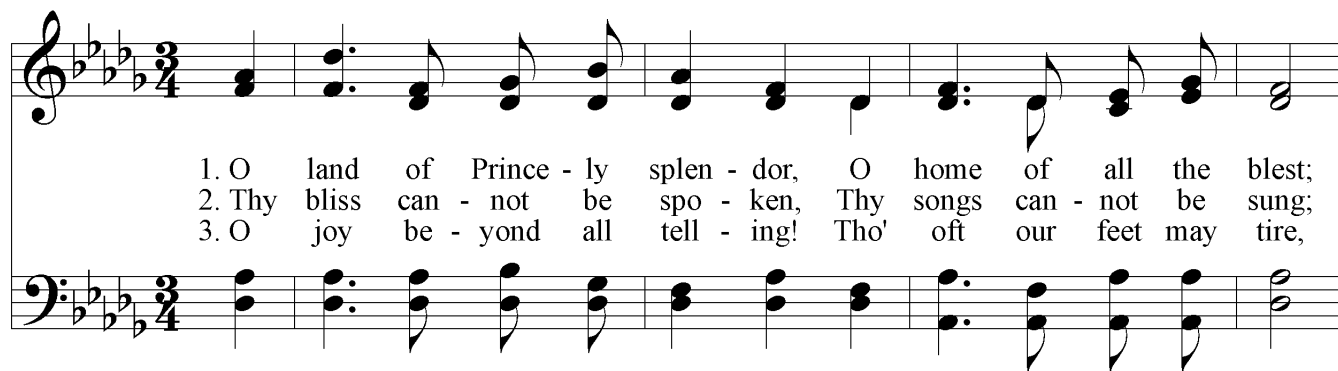
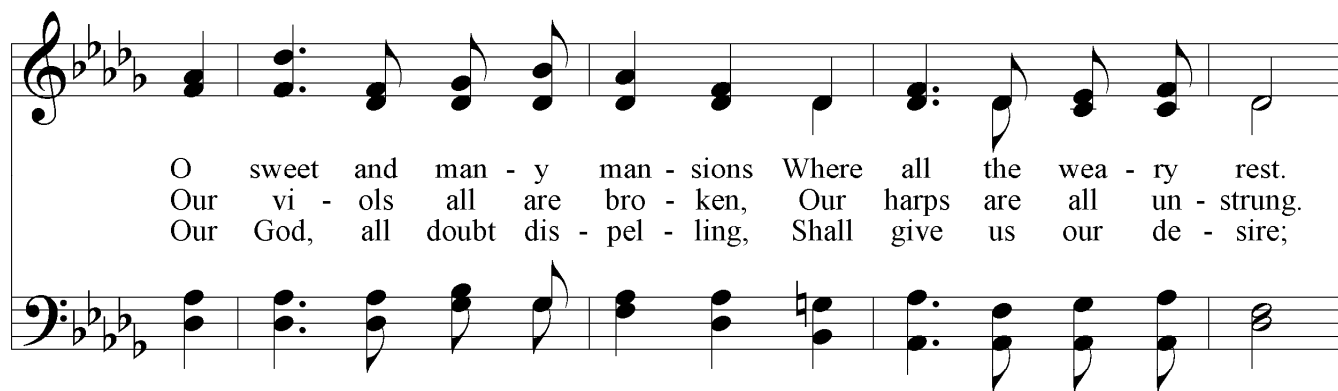


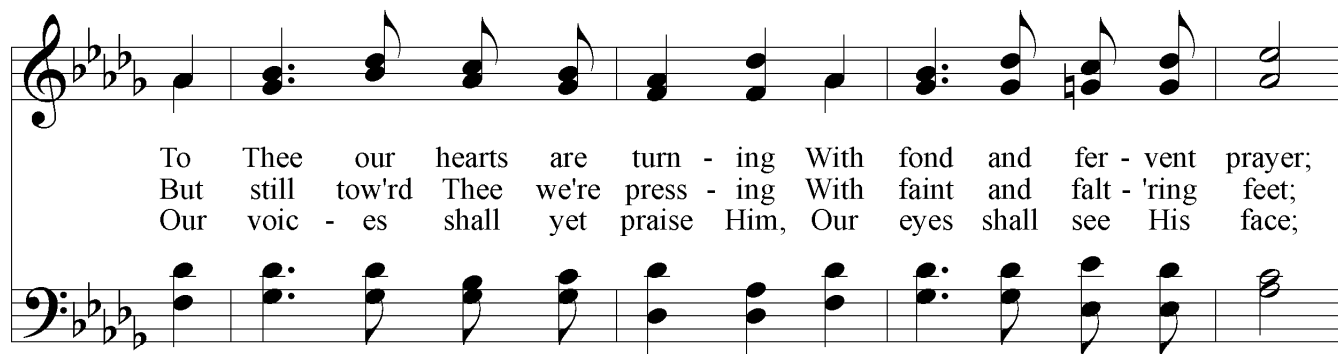
The Pilgrims And The Promise



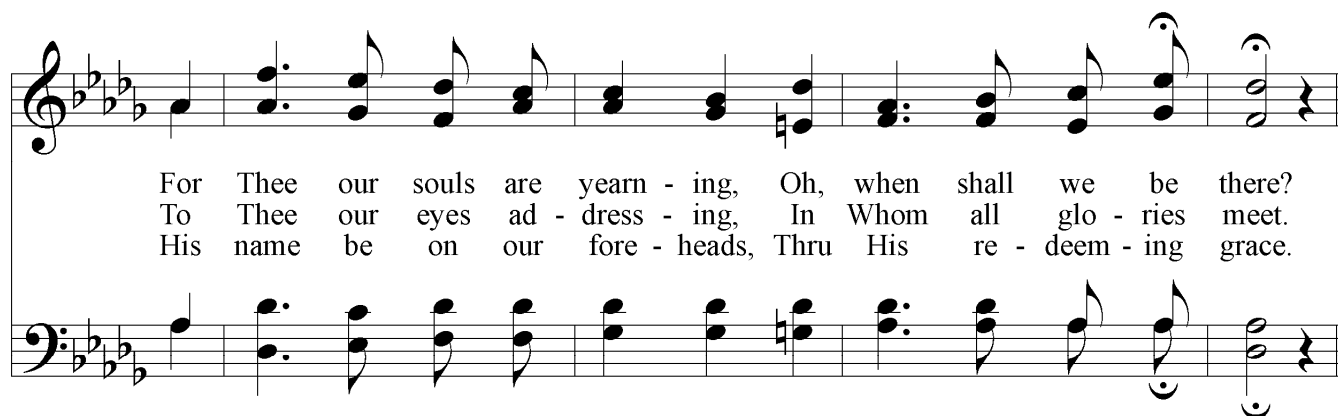
1. O land of Prince - ly splen - dor, O home of all the blest;
2. Thy bliss can - not be spo - ken, Thy songs can - not be sung;
3. O joy be - yond all tell - ing! Tho' oft our feet may tire,



O sweet and man - y man - sions Where all the wea - ry rest.
Our vi - ols all are bro - ken, Our harps are all un - strung.
Our God, all doubt dis - pel - ling, Shall give us our de - sire;



To Thee our hearts are turn - ing With fond and fer - vent prayer;
But still tow'rd Thee we're press - ing With faint and falt - 'ring feet;
Our voic - es shall yet praise Him, Our eyes shall see His face;



For Thee our souls are yearn - ing, Oh, when shall we be there?
To Thee our eyes ad - dress - ing, In Whom all glo - ries meet.
His name be on our fore - heads, Thru His re - deem - ing grace.

The Pilgrims And The Promise

Chorus

Wait, Wait, O wait, yes, wait up - on the Lord, He shall

give thee thy hearts' de - sire; Wait, Wait, O wait, yes,
O wait, yes, wait, wait,

wait up - on the Lord, He shall give thee thy hearts' de - sire. O wait.