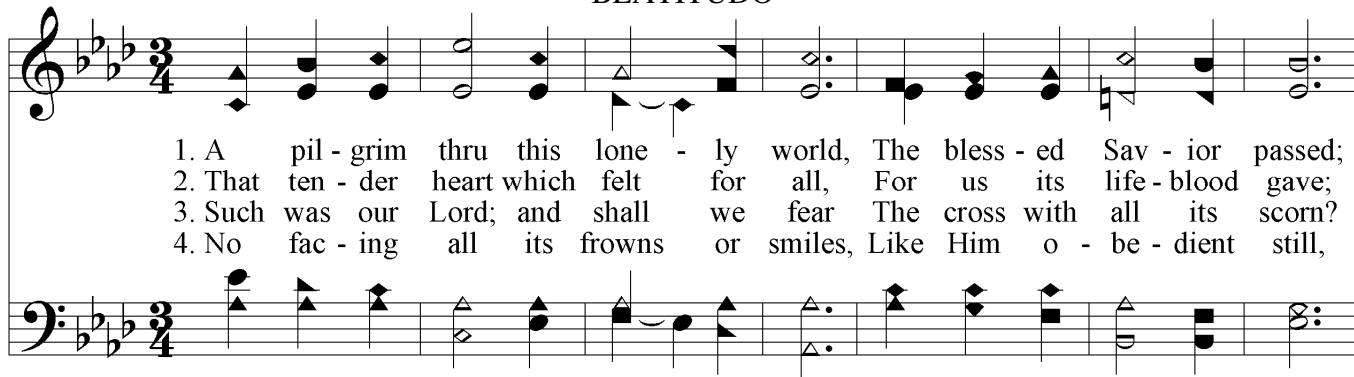
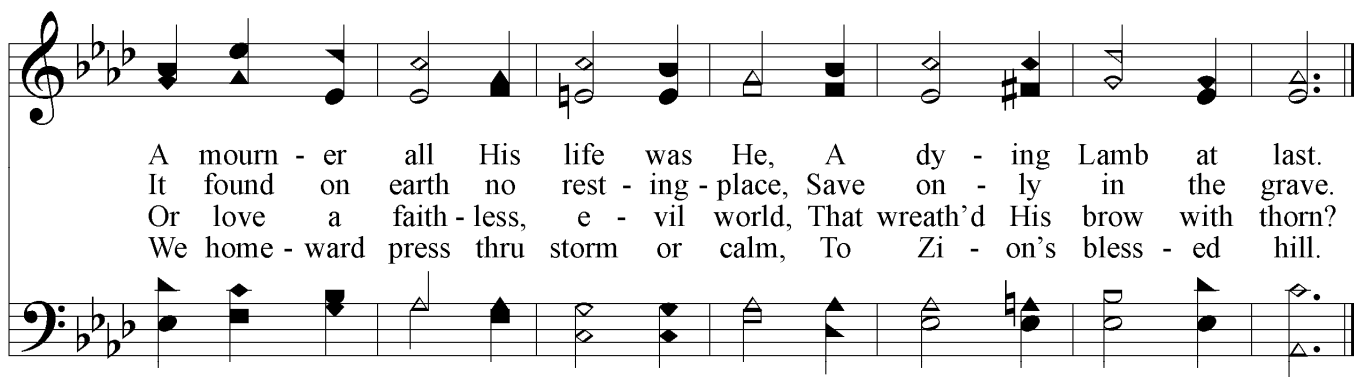


A Pilgrim Through This Lonely World

BEATITUDO



1. A pil - grim thru this lone - ly world, The bless - ed Sav - ior passed;
2. That ten - der heart which felt for all, For us 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 no rest - ing - place, Save on - ly in the grave.
Or love a faith - less, e - vil world, That wreath'd His brow with thorn?
We home - ward press thru storm or calm, To Zi - on's bless - ed hill.