Faint, Yet Pursuing

Words: Mrs. E. W. Griswold
Music: George C. Stebbins

1. "Faint, yet pursuing," we press our way Up to the glorious gates of day; Following Him who has gone before, died for all; So should they come, as a mighty throng Cru-ci-fied; Knowing, when darkly are skies o'er-cast, Morn-ing Star, Shed-ding its ray for the wea-ry feet,

Chorus

O-ver the path to the bright-er shore. Bearing His ban-ner a-loft with song. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," from Sor-row and sigh-ing will end at last. Keep-ing the way, to the gold-en street.

day to day, O-ver the sure and the blood-marked way;

Strength-en and keep us, O Sav-i-or, Friend, Ev-er pur-su-ing, un-to life's end.