The Pilgrims And The Promise

1. O land of Prince-ly splen-dor, O home of all the blest;
O sweet and man-y man-sions Where all the wea-ry rest.
To Thee our hearts are turn-ing With fond and fer-vent prayer;
For Thee our souls are yearn-ing, Oh, when shall we be there?

2. Thy bliss can-not be spo-ken, Thy songs can-not be sung;
Our vi-ols all are bro-ken, Our harps are all un-strung.
But still tow’rd Thee we’re press-ing With faint and falt-’ring feet;
To Thee our eyes ad-dress-ing, In Whom all glo-ries meet.

3. O joy be-yond all tell-ing! Tho’ oft our feet may tire,
Our God, all doubt dis-pel-ling, Shall give us our de-sire;
Our voic-es shall yet praise Him, Our eyes shall see His face;
His name be on our fore-heads, Thru His re-deem-ing grace.

Words and Music: J. R. Murray
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Chorus

Wait, wait, yes, wait upon the Lord, He shall give thee thy hearts' desire;
Wait, O wait, yes, wait, yes, wait upon the Lord, He shall give thee thy hearts' desire.