The Pilgrims And The Promise

1. O land of Prince - ly splen - dor, O home of all the blest;
O sweet and man - y mans - ions 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'r'd 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, O wait, yes,
wait upon the Lord, He shall

give thee thy hearts' desire;
Wait, O wait, yes,

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

O wait.