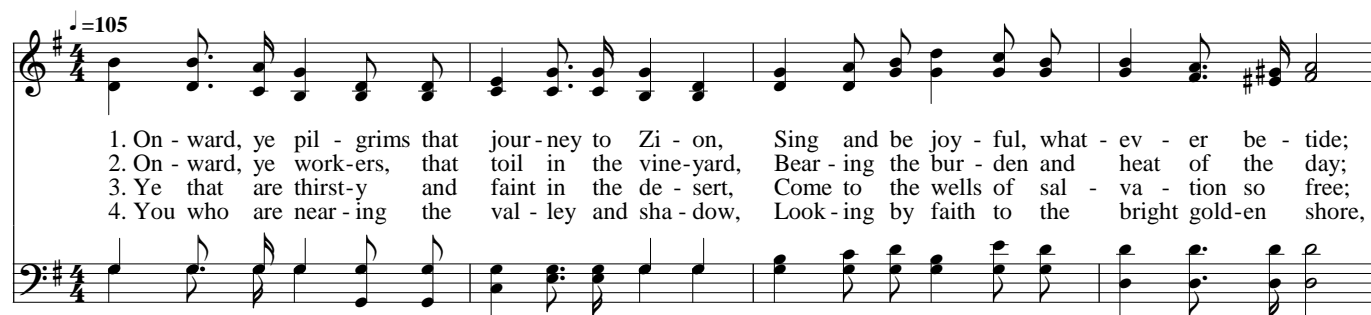


Onward, Ye Pilgrims

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1881

John Robson Sweeney

$\text{♩} = 105$

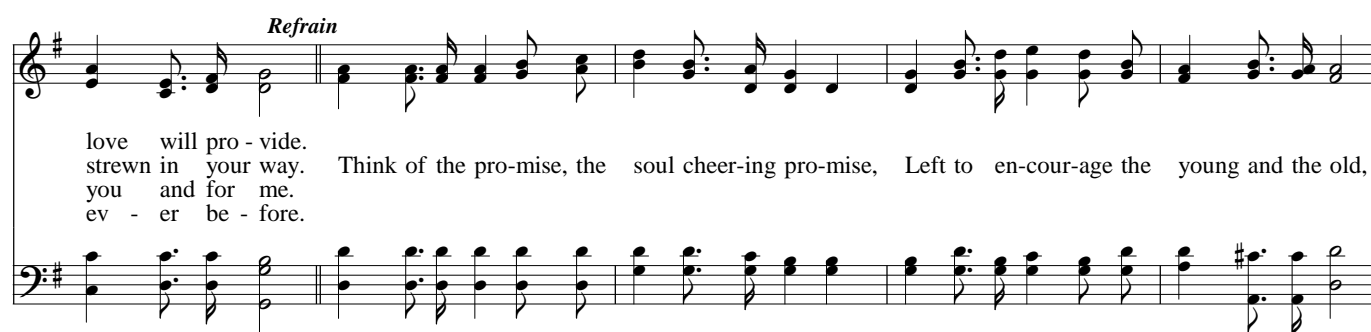


1. On - ward, ye pil - grims that jour - ney to Zi - on, Sing and be joy - ful, what - ev - er be - tide;
2. On - ward, ye work - ers, that toil in the vine - yard, Bear - ing the bur - den and heat of the day;
3. Ye that are thirst - y and faint in the de - sert, Come to the wells of sal - va - tion so free;
4. You who are near - ing the val - ley and sha - dow, Look - ing by faith to the bright gold - en shore,



Trust in Je - ho - vah, your Lord and your Shep - herd, All that is need - ed His
Ne - ver grow wear - y, but la - bor with pa - tience, Heed not the thorns that are
Drink of their wa - ters, their life giv - ing wa - ters; Come, there's a wel - come for
Pre - cious to you are the wells of sal - va - tion, Sweet - er their wa - ters than

Refrain



love will pro - vide.
strewn in your way. Think of the pro - mise, the soul cheer - ing pro - mise, Left to en - cour - age the young and the old,
you and for me.
ev - er be - fore.



They shall draw wa - ter from wells of sal - va - tion, Beau - ti - ful pro - mise, more pre - cious than gold.