1. A pilgrim thru this lonely world, The blessed Savior passed;
2. That tender 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 facing all its frowns or smiles, Like Him obedient still,

A mourner all His life was He, A dying Lamb at last. 
It found on earth no resting-place, Save only in the grave. 
Or love a faithless, evil world, That wreath’d His brow with thorn? 
We home-ward press thru storm or calm, To Zion’s blessed hill.