

## The Pilgrim's Plea

His soul borne down by sorrow's load  
The pilgrim treads life's weary road,  
Assailed by doubts and fears.

But when sin thrusts him side to side  
And tempts his heart with lofty pride  
He calls on one who hears.

His King, the Rock on whom he stands  
The Cornerstone, the Son of man,  
The Triune God, his Lord;

The loving Shepherd of the sheep  
Who knows their names and ever keeps  
Their souls from snare and sword.

And though the pilgrim's body fails  
And falls upon that lonely trail  
E'en then he never dies;

The seed of faith within him lives  
That bond to Christ that ever gives  
The strength again to rise.

Yea as that pilgrim struggles on  
Still yet his soul lifts up this song,  
His heart filled full with praise,

"I love thee, Lord, and wish to know  
More of Thy love for me, to grow  
In thankfulness and faith.

Yea, not my will, but thine be done;  
Complete the work thou hast begun  
And bring me home to thee.

That there I might with thee abide  
And praise thee at my Savior's side.  
Lord, hear this pilgrim's plea."