

THE PILGRIM'S HAPPY LOT. 8,8,6.

F major. John Wesley.

Dan Harper, 2012.

1. How hap - py is the pil - grim's lot, How free from ev - 'ry anx - ious thought, From world - ly hope and fear,
Con - fined to nei - ther court nor cell, His soul dis - dains on earth to dwell, He on - ly so - journs here.

2. No foot of land do I pos - sess, No cot - tage in the wil - der - ness, A poor way far - ing man,
I lodge a - while in tents be - low, Or glad ly wan der to and fro, Till I my Ca - naan gain.

3. The things e - ter - nal I pur - sue, A hap - pi - ness be - yond the view Of those that base - ly pant
For things by na - ture felt and seen, Their ho - nors, wealth, and plea sures mean, I nei - ther have nor want.

4. In Ca - naan is my por - tion fair, My trea - sure and my heart are there, And my a - bid - ing home;
For me, my el - der breth - ren stay, And an - gels beck on me a - way, And Je - sus bids me come.

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, This sad old world I'll no more roam, I'm go - ing home to Canaan!

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, This sad old world I'll no more roam, I'm go - ing home to Canaan!

I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, This sad old world I'll no more roam, I'm go - ing home to Canaan!

1. 2.