

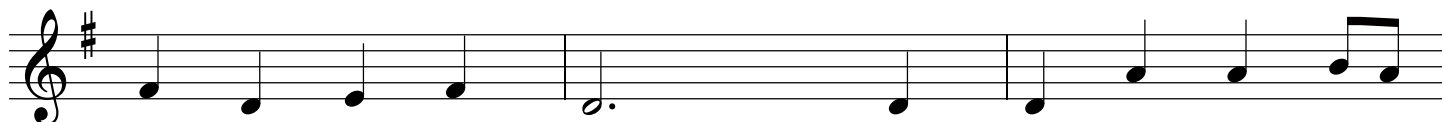
# Come all ye wandering pilgrims dear

John A. Granade (1770-1807)

Tune heard by Joseph White at Nancledea, nr. Penzance, in 1852 or 1853, collected by G. B. Gardiner and C. S. Parsonson, 28 Jan. 1905



1. Come all you wan - dering pil - grims dear, Who are
2. We've a dark and how - ling wil - der - ness, 'Twixt
3. "Good mor - ning, bro - ther tra - vel - ler, Pray,
4. 'Tis glo - rious hope up - on my head, And
5. "'Tis true, in - deed, I am not freed From



1. bound for Ca - naan's land; Take cou - rage and fight
2. this and Ca - naan's shore, A land of droughts and
3. tell me what's your name; And where it is you're
4. on my breast a shield; With this bright sword I
5. e - ne - mies as yet; But by the grace of



1. va - liant - ly, Stand forth with sword in hand. Our
2. pits and snares, Where hi - deous dan - gers roar. But
3. go - ing to, Al - so from whence you came?" "My
4. mean to fight Un - til I win the field; My
5. God I stand With them be - neath my feet; Now



1. Cap - tain's gone be - fore us, The Fa - ther's on - ly Son; Then
2. Je - sus will at - tend us, And guard us in the way, If
3. name it is Bold Pil - grim, To Ca - naan I am bound; I'm
4. feet are shod with gos - pel peace, On which I bold - ly stand, And
5. I re-joice with a loud voice, In hope of vic - to - ry; And



1. pil - grims dear, pray do not fear, But let us fol - low on.
2. e - ne - mies ex - a mine us, He'll teach us what to say.
3. from the how - ling wil - der - ness, From that en - chan - ted ground.
4. I'm re - solved to fight till death, And win fair Ca - naan's land."
5. to God's grace I'll give the praise To all e - ter - ni - ty."