

DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
Pilgrim & Apollyon.



Come all ye wandering pilgrims dear,
Who are to Canaan bound;
Take courage and fight valiantly,
Obey the trumpet's sound.
Our Captain has before us gone,
He's God's Eternal Son;
Then pilgrims dear, pray don't you fear,
But let us follow on,
Through the dark howling wilderness,
Where chilling winds do roar;
A land of drought, where pits and snares,
To Canaan's peaceful shore.
But Jesus Christ will with us go,
And lead us by the way;
Should enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

APOLLYON.

Good morning, brother traveller,
Pray tell me what's your name,
And where it is you're travelling to,
Also from whence you came.

PILGRIM.

My name it is the Pilgrim bold,
To Canaan I am bound;
I'm from the howling wilderness,
And the enchanted ground.

APOLLYON.

Pray what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright?
Also the covering on your breast,
So dazzling to my sight?

What kind of shoes are those you wear,
In which you boldly stand?
Likewise the shining instrument
You bear in your right hand?

PILGRIM.

'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
And on my breast a shield;
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I've gain'd the field.
My feet are shod with gospel-peace,
On which I boldly stand;
And am resolved to fight till death,
And win fair Canaan's land.

APOLLYON.

You'd better stay with me, young man,
And give your journey o'er;
Your Captain now is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.
Apollyon, sir, I am by name,
This land belongs to me,
And for thy arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'd give it all to thee.

PILGRIM.

O no, replied the Pilgrim bold,
Your offers I disdain;
A glittering crown of righteousness,
I shortly shall obtain.
O! if I only faithful prove,
To my dear Lord's commands,
I jointly shall be heirs with him
Of Canaan's richest lands.
The pleasant fields of Canaan's land,
Are beauteous to behold;
The valleys clothed with living green,
The mountains tinged with gold,
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
Behold how thick they stand!
Blow gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land!

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