

Pilgrim's Progress.

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PIL.—Come, all ye wand'ring pilgrim's dear,
Who are to Canaan bound ;
Take courage and fight valiantly,
Obey the trumpet's sound.
Our Captain is before us gone,
He's God's eternal Son ;
Then pilgrim's dear, pray, don't you fear,
But let us follow on.

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

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

APOL.—Pray what is that upon your head,
Which shines so clear and bright ?
Also, the covering of your breast,
So dazzling to my sight ?
What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand ?
Likewise the shining instrument
You bear in your right hand ?

PIL.—'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
And on my breast my shield ;
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field.
My feet are shod with Gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand ;
And I'm resolved to fight till death,
And win fair Canaan's land.

APOL.—You'd better stay with me, young
And give your journey o'er ; [man,
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 your arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.

PIL.—Oh ! no, replied the Pilgrim bold,
Your offer I disdain ;
A glittering crown of righteousness,
I shortly shall obtain ;
Oh ! if I only faithful prove,
To my great Lord's commands,
I jointly shall be heir with him,
To Canaan's richest lands.

THE VICTORY.



DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

CHORUS.

Oh, how happy we shall be,
When we gain the victory.

Death was the threat'ning ; death began
To take possession of the man ;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

But satan found a worse reward :
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,—
' Let everlasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

' The woman's seed shall be my Son ;
He shall destroy what thou hast done,
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel.'

He spake and bade four thousand years
Roll on ; at length his Son appears ;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth,

Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.

