

1. Dark and thorn - y is the de - sert Thro' which pil - grims make their way; } Fiends loud howl - ing thro' the de - sert Make them trem - ble as they go,  
But be - yond this vale of sor - rows, Lie the fields of end - less day; }

2. O young sol - dier, are you wea - ry, Of the trou - bles of the way? } Je - sus, Je - sus will go with you—He will lead you to his throne,  
Does your strength be - gin to fail you, And your vi - gor to de - cay? }

And the fie - ry darts of Sa - tan, Of - ten bring their cou - rage low.

He who dyed his garments for you And the winepress trod a - lone.