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The Weary Travellers

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PIOUS HYMNS.

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LK



The Weary Travellers.

COME all ye weary travellers,
And let us join and sing,
The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus Christ, our King;
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, it is true,
But see how many dangers,
The Lord has brought us through.
At first when Jesus found us,
He brought us unto him,
And pointed out the danger,
Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Except we do reject them,
By faith and earnest prayer.
But, by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander,
In a dark wilderness;



Where we might soon have fainted,
On that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster,
Of pleasant grapes we found.
The pleasant road to Canaan,
Gives life, and joy, and peace,
Revives our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase;
Confess our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey,
Unto the promis'd land.
In faith, and hope, and patience,
We now are going on,
The pleasant road to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone;

In peace and consolation,
We're going to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people,
Shall ever be our choice.
Sinners! why stand ye idle,
While we do march along?
Has conscience never told you,
That you are doing wrong?
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse;
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And go along with us.
But if you do refuse us,
We bid you now farewell,
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you the way to hell:
We're sorry thus to leave you,
And rather you would go,
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
And let salvation flow.
Sinners, be alarmed,
To see your dismal state,
Repent and be converted,
Before it be too late;
Turn to the Lord by praying,
And daily search his word,
And never rest contented,
Until you find the Lord.
Now, to the King eternal,
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service,
We mean to spend our days:
'Till we arrive in Canaan,
That better world above;
With everlasting praises,
Sing his redeeming love.



The Alarm.

STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink,
Of everlasting woe?
Once, again, I charge you—stop,
For, unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop,
Into the burning lake.
Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not the iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before a flame.
Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,
To drag you to his bar,
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance erying loud,
And what can you reply.



Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God, at length, will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,
Though they now despise his grace,
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.
But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know,
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow;
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come,
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."