Thro' the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the Promised Land;
Clear before us thro' the darkness, Gla-mors and burn the guid'ing light.
Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fear-less thro' the night.

2. One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed peo-ple shed,
Chas-ing far the gloom and ter-ror, Bright'n-ing all the path we tread;
One the ob-ject of our jour-ney, One the faith which ne-ver tires,
One the glad-ness of re-joic-ing, On the far e-ter-nal shore,
Where the one Al-might-y Fa-ther, Reigns in love for ev-er more.

3. One the strain that lips of thou-sands
Lift as from the heart of one!
Bear its shame and fight its bat-tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade;
Soon shall come the great a-wak'n-ing, Soon the rend-ing of the tomb,
Then the scatt'ring of all sha-dows, And the end of toil and gloom.

4. Onward, there-fore pil-grim broth-ers, Onward with the cross our aid,
On the con-flict, one the per-il, One the march in God be-gan;

"...march-ing in the great-ness of His strength." (Isa. 63:1)