


I Saw One Weary



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GEORGE COLS (1792-1858)



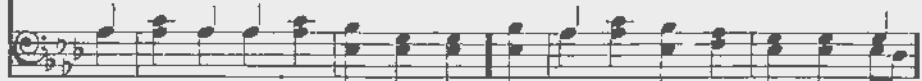

1. I saw one wea - ry, sad, and torn, With ea - ger steps press on the way,
 2. And one I saw, with sword and shield, Who bold - ly braved the world's cold frown,
 3. And there was one who left be - hind The cherished friends of ear - ly years,
 4. While pil-grims here we jour - ney on In this dark vale of sin and gloom,

Who long the hal - lowed cross had borne, Still look - ing for the prom - ised day;
 And fought, unyield - ing, on the field, To win an ev - er - last - ing crown.
 And hon - or, pleas - ure, wealth resigned, To tread the path be - dewed with tears.
 Through trib - u - la - tion, hate, and scorn, Or through the por - tals of the tomb,

White man - y a line of grief and care, Up - on his brow was furrowed there;
 Though worn with toil, op - pressed by foes, No mur - mur from his heart a - rose;
 Through tri - als deep and con - flicts sore, Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
 Till our re - turn - ing King shall come To take His ex - ile captives home,

I asked what buoyed his spir - its up, "O this!" said he—"the bless - ed hope."
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 O! what can buoy the spir - its up? 'Tis this a - lone—the bless - ed hope.

