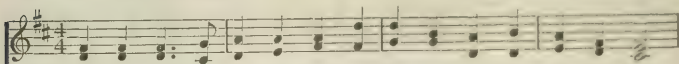


20 Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.

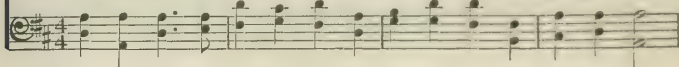
Bernhardt S. Ingemann,
Tr. Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

St. Asaph.

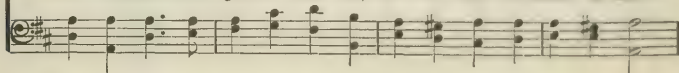
William S. Bambridge.



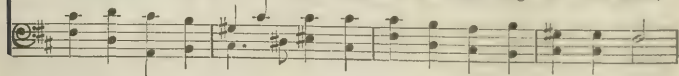
1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
2. One the light of God's own pres-ence, O'er His ransomed peo-ple shed,
3. One the strain that lips of thou-sands Lift as from the heart of one,
4. On-ward, there-fore, pil-grim broth-ers, On-ward, with the cross our aid;



Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land:
Chas-ing far the gloom and ter-ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread;
One the con-flict, one the per-il, One the march in God be-gun;
Bear its shame, and fight its bat-tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade:



Clear be-fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;
One the ob-ject of our jour-ney, One the faith which nev-er tires,
One the glad-ness of re-joic-ing On the far e-ter-nal shore,
Soon shall come the great a-wak-ing, Soon the rend-ing of the tomb;



Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night.
One the ear-nest look-ing for-ward, One the hope our God in-spires;
Where the One Al-might-y Fa-ther Reigns in love for-ev-er-more.
Then the scat-tring of all shad-ows, And the end of toil and gloom. A-MEN.

