

1. How happy is the pil-grim's lot, How free from an-xious care and thought, From world-ly hope and fear; Con-fined to neither court nor cell,
 2. His hap-pi-ness in part is mine, Al-read-y saved from self de-sign, From eve-ry crea-ture love; Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
 3. The things e-ter-nal I pur-sue, And hap-pi-ness be-yond the view, Of those who base-ly pant For things by nature felt and seen,
 4. Noth-ing on earth I call my own; A strang-er to the world un-known, I all their goods de-spise; I tram-ple on their whole delight

His soul dis-dains on earth to dwell, He on-ly so-jours here, He on-ly so-jours here, He on-ly so-jours here.
 My soul is lightened of its load, And seeks the things a-bove, And seeks the things a-bove, And seeks the things a-bove.
 Their honors, wealth and pleasures mean, I nei-ther have nor want, I nei-ther have nor want, I nei-ther have nor want.
 And seek a coun-try out of sight, A coun-try in the skies, A coun-try in the skies, A coun-try in the skies.