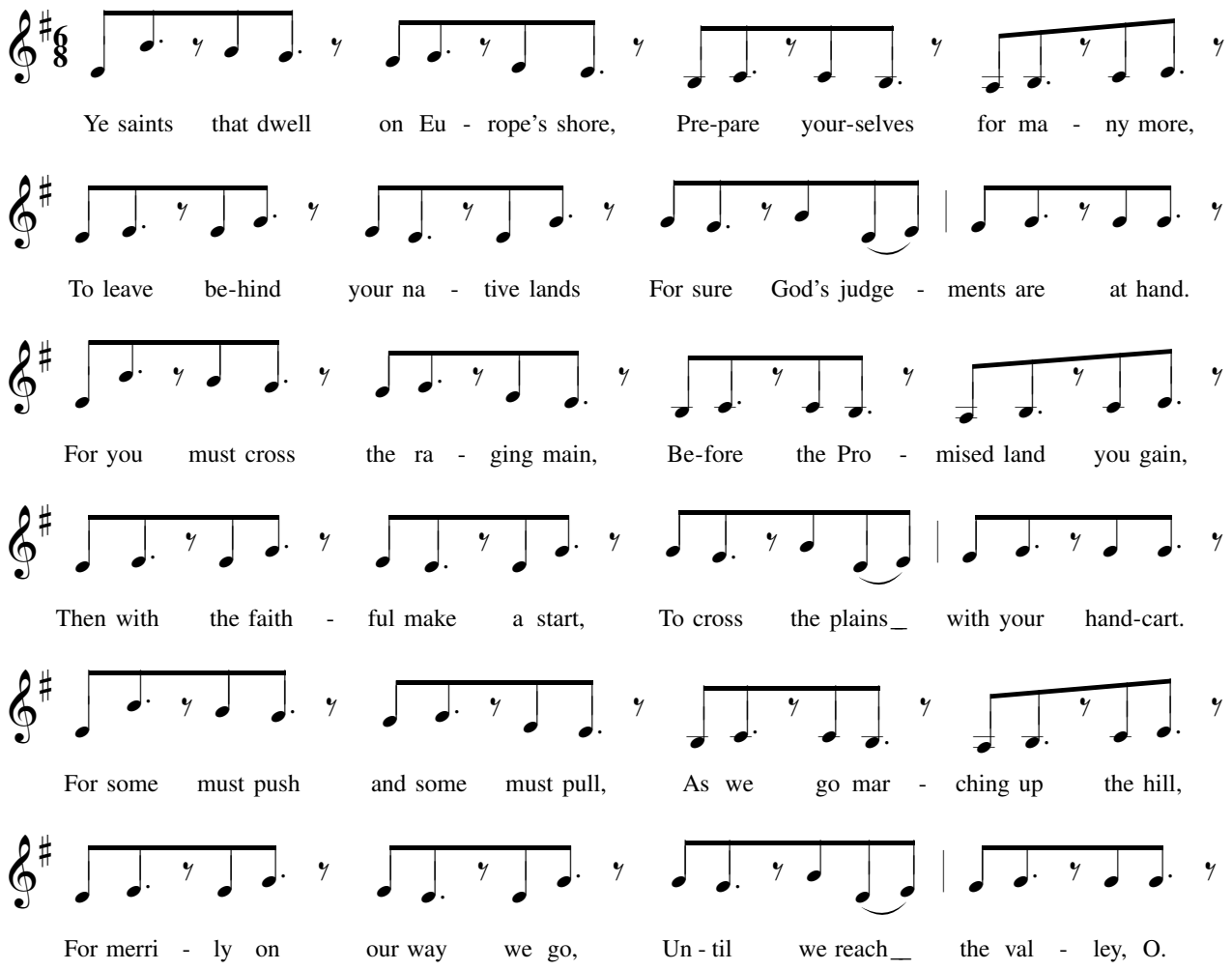
Ye saints that dwell on Eu - rope's shore, Pre-pare your-selves for ma - ny more,
To leave be-hind your na - tive lands For sure God's judge - ments are at hand.
For you must cross the ra - ging main, Be-fore the Pro - mised land you gain,
Then with the faith - ful make a start, To cross the plains_ with your hand-cart.
For some must push and some must pull, As we go mar - ching up the hill,
For merri - ly on our way we go, Un - til we reach_ the val - ley, O.