The Pilgrim

By John Bunyan

Who would true Valour see
    Let him come hither;
One here will Constant be,
    Come Wind, come Weather.
There's no Discouragement,
    Shall make him once Relent,
His first avow'd Intent,
    To be a Pilgrim.

Who so beset him round,
    With dismal Storys,
Do but themselves Confound;
    His Strength the more is.
No Lyon can him fright,
    He'll with a Gyant Fight,
But he will have a right,
    To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul Fiend,
    Can daunt his Spirit:
He knows, he at the end,
    Shall Life Inherit.
Then Fancies fly away,
    He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour Night and Day,
    To be a Pilgrim.