Blood Washed Pilgrim

The O.C. Supertones

I saw a blood washed pilgrim, a sinner saved by grace
Up on the King's great highway, with peacful shining face
Temptations sore beset him, but nothing could a fright
He said the yoke is easy, the burden it is lightPalms of victory, crowns of glory
Palms of victory I shall wearI saw him in the furnace, he neither doubted nor feared
And in the flames beside him, the son of God appeared
Though seven 'twas heated, with all the tempters might
He said the yoke, the burden it is lightI saw him overcoming, through all the swelling strife
I saw him cross the threshold of God's eternal life
The crown, the throne, the scepter, the name
The stone so white for those who are found in Jesus
The burden it is light

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