A Pilgrim And A Stranger
SONG OF THE SOJOURNER 7.6.D.

1. A pilgrim and a stranger, I journey here below;
   Far distant is my country, The home to which I go.
   Here I must toil and travel, Oft weary and oppressed,
   But there my God shall lead me To everlasting rest.

2. It is a well-worn path-way, Man-y have gone before;
   The holy saints and prophets, The patriarchs of yore,
   They trod the toil-some journey In patience and in faith,
   And them I fain would follow, Like them in life and death.

3. So I must hasten forward, Thank God, the end will come;
   This land of my sojourn ing Is not my destined home;
   That, ever more a-bideth, Jerusalem above,
   The everlasting City, The land of light and love.

4. There still my thoughts are dwell ing, 'Tis there I long to be!
   Come, Lord, and call Thy servant To blessedness with Thee.
   Come, bid my toils be ended; Let all my wand'ring cease,
   Call from the way-side lodging To the sweet home of peace. Amen.