Here We Are But Straying Pilgrims

1. Here we are but straying pilgrims; Here our path is often dim;
   But to cheer us on our journey, Still we sing this wayside hymn:
   Yonder over the rolling river, Where the shining mansions rise,
   Soon will be our homes forever, And the smile
   of the blessed Giver

2. Here our feet are often weary On the hills that throng our way;
   Here the temp'ry darkly gathers, But our hearts within us say;
   Soon will be our homes forever, And the smile
   of the blessed Giver

3. Here our souls are often fearful Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
   But the Lord is our defender, And He tells us we may know:
   Soon will be our homes forever, And the smile
   of the blessed Giver

Words by I. N. Carmen
Music by W. O. Perkins

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