HERE WE ARE BUT STRAYING PILGRIMS

1. Here we are but straying pilgrims; Here our path is often dim;
2. Here our feet are often weary On the hills that throng our way;
3. Here our souls are often fearful Of the pilgrim’s lurking foe;

But to cheer us on our journey, Still we sing this way-side hymn:
Here the tempest darkly gathers, But our hearts within us say:
But the Lord is our defender, And He tells us we may know:

Refrain (parts)

Yonder over the rolling river, Where the shining mansions rise,

Soon will be our homes forever, And the smile

of the blessed Giver Gladdens all our longing eyes.

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