A Pilgrim and a Stranger

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—Many have gone before; The holy
   saints and prophets, The patriarchs of yore, They trod the toilsome journey In
   patience and in faith: And then 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 evermore a bideth, Je-
   ru sa lem a bove, The everlast ing city, The land of light and love.

4. There still my tho’ts are dwelling, ’Tis there I long to be! Come, Lord, and
   all my wand’rings cease, Call from the wayside lodging To Thy sweet home of peace.

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