Here We Are But Straying Pilgrims

Now we are but straying pilgrims; Here our path is often dim;
Here the tents darkly gather, But our hearts within us say:
Yonder over the rolling river, Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our homes forever, And the smile

But to cheer us on our journey, Still we sing this way-side hymn:
But the Lord is our defender, And He tells us we may know:

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;

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