1. A pilgrim and a stranger, I journey here below.
2. It is a well-worn path-way, Man-y have gone before.
3. So I must hasten forward, Thank God, the end will come,
4. There still my thoughts are dwelling, 'Tis there I long to be!

Far distant is my country, The home to which I go.
The holy saints and prophets, The patriarchs of yore,
This land of my sojourn ing is not my destined home;
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant To blessedness with Thee.

Here I must toil and travel, Oft weary and oppressed,
They trod the toil-some journey In patience and in faith:
That, evermore a bid-eth, Je-ru-sa-lem above,
Come, bid my toils be ended; Let all my wand'ring cease,

But there my God shall lead me To ever-lasting rest.
And them I fain would follow, Like them in life and death.
The ever-lasting City, The land of light and love.
Call from the way-side lodging To the sweet home of peace. A-men.

Words: Paul Gerhardt, tr.
Music: R. De Witt Mallary