

# I Am a Pilgrim G

trad

I am a pil - grim and a strang - er  
trav - el - ing through this wor - ry - some land  
I've got a home in that yon - der Ci - ty good  
lord and lord - y it's not not ma - de by hand

I am a pilgrim, and a stranger,  
Travelling through this worrisome land,  
I've got a home in that yonder city, Good Lord,  
And it's not, not made by hand.

I've got a mother, a sister and a brother,  
Who have gone this way before  
I'm determined to go and see them, Good Lord  
Over on, that distant shore.

I'm going down to that river Jordan  
Just to bathe my weary soul  
If i would touch but the hem of His garment, Good Lord,  
Well, I know, it would make me whole.