

I Am A Pilgrim

D7 **G**
I am a pilgrim, and a stranger,
C **G**
Traveling through this wearisome land;
D7 **G** **G7** **C**
I got a home in that yonder city, oh Lord,
G **D7** **G**
And it's not made, not made by hand.

I got a mother, a sister, and a brother,
Who have gone to that sweet land.
I'm determined to go and see them, good Lord,
All over on that distant shore.

As I go down to that river of Jordan,
Just to bathe my weary soul,
If I could touch but the hem of His garment, good Lord,
Well, I believe it would make me whole.