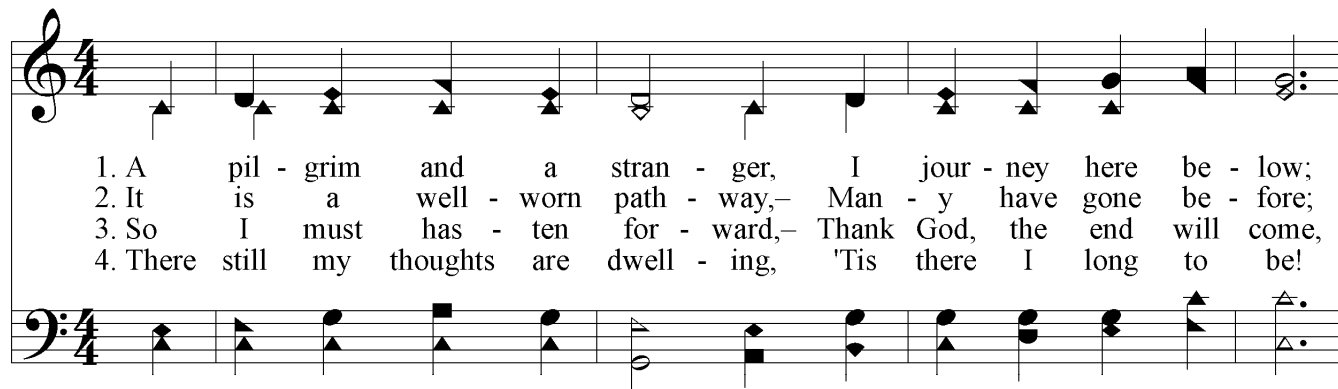
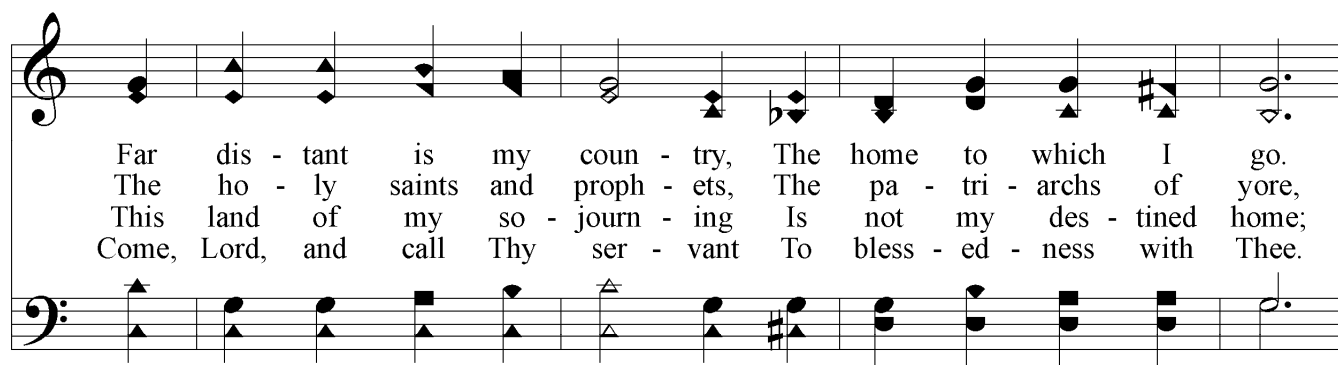


# A Pilgrim And A Stranger

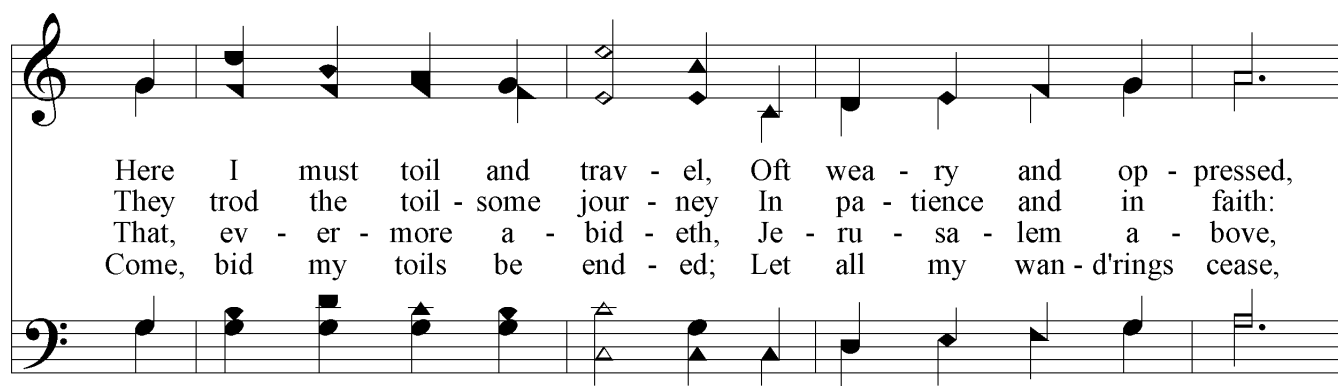
SONG OF THE SOJOURNER 7.6.D.



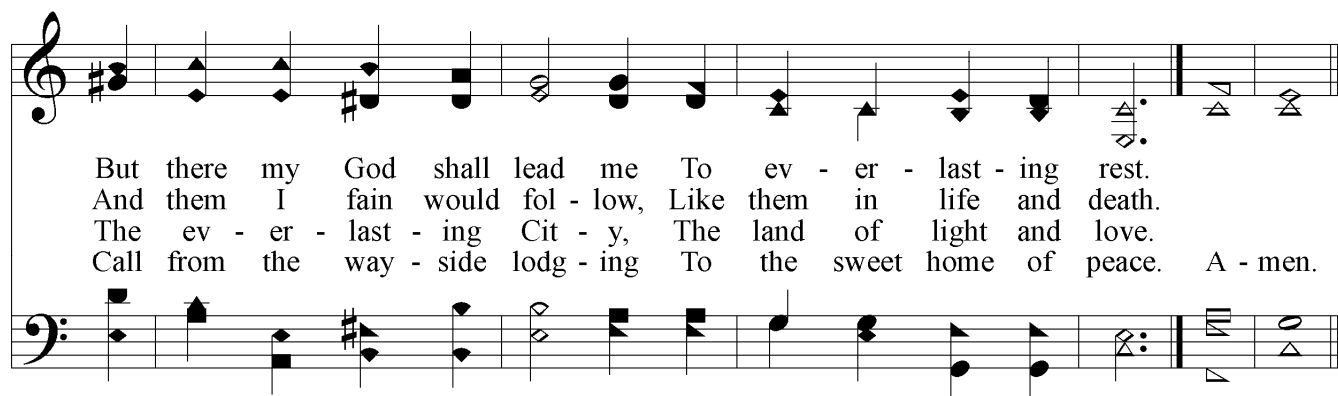
1. A pil - grim and a stran - ger, I jour - ney here be - low;  
2. It is a well - worn path - way, - Man - y have gone be - fore;  
3. So I must has - ten for - ward, - Thank God, the end will come,  
4. There still my thoughts are dwell - ing, 'Tis there I long to be!



Far dis - tant is my coun - try, The home to which I go.  
The ho - ly saints and proph - ets, The pa - tri - archs of yore,  
This land of my so - journ - ing Is not my des - tined home;  
Come, Lord, and call Thy ser - vant To bless - ed - ness with Thee.



Here I must toil and trav - el, Oft wea - ry and op - pressed,  
They trod the toil - some jour - ney In pa - tience and in faith:  
That, ev - er - more a - bid - eth, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove,  
Come, bid my toils be end - ed; Let all my wan - d'rings cease,



But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest.  
And them I fain would fol - low, Like them in life and death.  
The ev - er - last - ing Cit - y, The land of light and love.  
Call from the way - side lodg - ing To the sweet home of peace. A - men.