I’m a Pilgrim

Words: Mary S. B. Dana
Music: Italian Air

1. I’m a pilgrim and I’m a stranger; I can tarry, I can
   tar - r y but a night. Do not detain me, for I am going
   long - ing heart is there. Here in this coun - try, so dark and drear - y.

2. Of that cit - y to which I jour - ney, My Re - deem - er, my Re - deem - er is the light. There is no sor - row, nor any sigh - ing

3. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing; O my long - ing heart, my
   Chorus
   To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - ing.
   Nor any tears there, nor any dy - ing. I’m a pil - grim,
   I long have wan - dered, for - lorn and wea - ry.

   and I’m a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.