

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.

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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.

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