

Here We Are but Straying Pilgrims
I. N. Carman, 1863.
William Perkins.

Here we are but straying pilgrims;
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn:

Refrain

Yonder over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home for ever,
And the smile of the blessed Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.

Here our feet are often weary
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say:

Refrain

Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And He tells us we may know:

Refrain