I Am a Pilgrim

Blood Bought, Blood Washed, Born Again

I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Travelin' through this worrisome land
I got a home built in that yonder city, good Lord
And it's not, not made by hand
I got a mother, a sister, and a father
Done gone on now to the other shore
And I am determined to go and see them, good Lord
And to live with them forevermore
When I go down to the River of Jordon
Just to bathe my, my weary soul
If I can but touch the hem of His garment, good Lord
Then I, I know He'll make me whole
And when He lays me down for the last time
With his hard hand resting on my breast
And I don't want none of that weepin' and cryin' over me
'Cause you know that I'm gone to rest
Yes, I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Traveling through this, this worrisome land
And I got a home in that yonder city, good Lord
And it's not, not made by hand

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