

# I Am A Pilgrim

Bill Monroe

I am a pilgrim and a stranger  
Traveling through this wearisome land  
And I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord  
And it's not (good Lordy it's not) not made by hand

I got a mother, a sister and a brother  
Who have gone to that sweet home  
And I am determined to go and see them, good Lord  
Over on (good Lordy over on) that distant shore

As I go down to that river Jordan  
Just to bathe my weary soul  
If I could touch but just the hem of His garment, good Lord  
I believe (good Lordy I believe) that it would make me whole

Now when I'm dead, laying in my coffin  
All of my friends all gather round  
They can say that he's just laying there sleeping, good Lord  
Sweet peace (Lordy sweet peace) his soul is found