

I Am a Pilgrim

Doc Watson

I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Travelling through this wearsome land
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord
And it's not not made by hand
I've got a father, a son, a mother, and a brother
The've gone gone home to the other shore
I am determined to go and see them up there
And live with them forever more
When I go down to old chilly Jordan
Just to bathe my weary soul
If I can but touch the hem of his garmet, good Lord
Then I know he'll make me home
Now when they laid me down for the last time
With these tired hand resting on my breast
I don't want none of that all weeping and crying over me
because you know this old boy is going to rest
I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Travelling through this wearsome land
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord
And it's not not made by hand
Other Doc Watson songs