

## Pilgrim of Sorrow

Sam Cooke

Lord, I'm poor pilgrim of sorrow  
Down in this world, I'm all alone  
I have no hope for tomorrow  
And I have no place that I can roam

Sometimes, sometimes I'm so lonely  
Sometimes I don't know what to do  
I look around to friends for consolation  
And I find that they have troubles too

And I've got sisters and brothers, they don't like me  
Because I'm away from sin  
And I've got good friends, my best friends they turned against  
me  
Because I'm a trial so hard to win

Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, come on, Jesus  
And oh, Lord, sometimes I'm exhausted, Lord and driven  
'Til I decided that I would roam  
That's when I heard of a city called Glory  
And oh, I'm trying to make that city my home