

[D]

I am a [A7] pilgrim and a [D] stranger [D7]
travelling [G] through this wearisome [D] land.
I've got a home in that yonder [G] city, good Lord
And it's [D] not, [A7] not made by [D] hand.

I've got a [A7] mother, sister and a [D] brother [D7]
who have [G] gone this way be[D]fore.
I am determined to go and [G] see them, good Lord
for they're [D] on [A7] that other [D] shore.

I'm goin' [A7] down to the river of [D] Jordan [D7]
Just to [G] bathe my wearisome [D] soul.
If I can just touch the hem of his [G] garment, good Lord
Then I [D] know [A7] he'd take me [D] home.

Now when I'm [A7] dead and laying in my [D] coffin [D7]
All of [G] my friends all gather [D] round
They can say that [D7] he's just lying there [G] sleeping, good Lord
Sweet peace [D], Lordy sweet [A7] peace, his soul has [D] found

I am a [A7] pilgrim and a [D] stranger [D7]
travelling [G] through this wearisome [D] land.
I've got a home [D7] in that yonder [G] city, good Lord
And it's [D] not, [A7] not made by [D] hand.

I AM A PILGRIM MERLE TRAVIS

