

I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

Italian Air.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
 2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin-ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
 3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem-er, my Re -

D.C.—I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can

FINE.

tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
 long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and
 deem-er is its light; There is no sor - row nor an - y

tar - ry but a night.

D. C.

go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow-ing.
 drear-y, I long have wan-dered for-lorn and wea - ry.
 sigh-ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. A - MEN.