

## 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