

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