

Pilgrim Of Sorrow

Tim O'Brien

I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow
Cast out in this wide world to roam
My brothers and sisters won't own me
They say that I'm weak and I'm poor
But Jesus father the almighty
Has bade me to enter the door

Sometimes I'm almost driven
'Till I know not where to roam
I've heard of a city called Heaven
I've started to make it my home

When friends and relations forsake me
And troubles grow 'round me so high
I think of the kind words of Jesus
Poor pilgrim I always am nigh

Sometimes I'm almost driven
'Till I know not where to roam
I've heard of a city called Heaven
I've started to make it my home

Oh soon I shall reach the bright glory
Where mortals no more do complain
The ship that will take me is coming
The captain is calling my name

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'Till I know not where to roam
I've heard of a city called Heaven
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