

## Lone Pilgrim

Tom Jones

I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay  
And patiently stood by his tomb  
When in a low whisper I heard something say  
How sweetly I sleep here alone  
The tempest may howl and the loud thunder roar  
And gathering storms may arise  
But calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul  
The tears are all wiped from my eyes  
The call of my master compelled me from home  
No kindred or relative nigh  
I met the contagion and sank to the tomb  
My soul flew to mansions on high  
Go tell my companion and children most dear  
To weep not for me, now I'm gone  
The same hand that led me through seas most severe  
Has kindly assisted me home