

THE PILGRIM'S SONG. L.M.

William Walker



1. I am a stran-ger here be-low, And what I am, 'tis hard to know: I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear that I'm not born a - gain.



2. When I ex - pe - r'ence call to mind, My un - der - stand - ing is so blind, All feel - ing sense seems to be gone, Which makes me think that I am wrong.



3. I find my - self out of the way, My thoughts are of - ten gone a - stray; Like one a - lone, I seem to be, Oh is there an - y one like me.

