

# The Pilgrims' Home Sweet Home

Henry R. Bishop

1. These pil-grims and these stran-gers have died in faith, And  
2. These pil-grims and these stran-gers have left their land, And  
3. In Abra - ham's God trust-ing, I've joined the band Of

they've glad-ly laid down this side Jor-dan's wave. The pro-mise of  
they've for-sa-ken them ne'er more to re-turn. A bet-ter land a-  
pil-grims and stran-gers To the Pro-mised Land. This world is not my

God drew their steps up and on. And they've fond con-fessed: Heav'n a-  
bove For them God's pre-pared. The Ci-ty of God is way  
home I am just a-pass-ing through. Each day draws me near-er Home

*Chorus*

bove's their home. Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, Yes,  
be-yond com-pare. Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, Yes,  
be-yond the blue. Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, Yes,

they've fond con-fessed: O Heav'n a-bove's our Home.  
they've fond con-fessed: O Heav'n a-bove's our Home.  
I too fond con-fessed: O Heav'n a-bove my home.