

TRAVELING PILGRIM. L.M.

"Man goeth to his long sought home." -- Ecc. 15:5.

E Minor H. S. Reese, 1850.

H. S. Reese, 1850.



1. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go-ing home, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise. To the land, to the land, To the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.
My Sav - ior smiles and bids me come, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.



2. Sweet an - gels beck-on me a-way, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise. To the land, to the land, To the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.
To sing God's praise in endless day, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.

