

Bob Dylan, Lone Pilgrim

I came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay
And patiently stood by his tomb
Went 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 mansion 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 assisting me home.