

Medical Mission Sisters, Pilgrim Song

Man is lonely by birth.
Man is only a pilgrim on earth.
Born to be king, time is but a temporary thing,
only on loan while on earth.

Like the wind in the tree,
man has been rather reckless and free.
Thrown far and wide, we long to settle down beside
the stream flowing through eternity.

Like the grass on the lawn,
we will pass by the way and be gone.
A lesson to learn, we walk but once there's no return.
Time is always moving on.

Man is longing for One,
for a song and a place in the sun,
a home up above where ev'ry day is lived in love, for
rest when the journey is done