

# 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.