

(Mark Erelli)

I'm going down that pilgrim highway  
Though none can say for certain where it leads  
I believe someday I'll reach a place  
Where all my burdens shall be released

So often tested by toil and trial  
Onward from the moment we are born  
We must be steadfast through every darkened mile  
Travelling toward that everlasting morn

CHORUS

So take my hand, brother  
Take my hand, sister  
In each other we must confide  
Many miles to cover  
Before we are delivered  
Down that pilgrim highway side by side

Though some we love may by the wayside fall  
We must never feel abandoned or alone  
There'll be a glorious reunion with them all  
Just beyond that last bend in the road