

The Pilgrim's Song

by Janie Meneely c. 2005

Many's the heart that's weary,
Many's the road too long
Many's the fireside waiting
To greet the Pilgrim home.
Here's to the firelight fading,
Here's to the Pilgrim's song,
Here's to the stranger's blessing,
Here's to the breaking dawn

Never in all my travels,
For all the sight's I've seen
Known for any measure
A pleasure half so keen
As the fireside familiar,
With fam'ly, friends and kin
Or the love come from a stranger
In the places I have been
And as I'm homeward turning,
I'll harbor no regret
But lift a glass to honor
All the people I have met

Here's to the firelight fading
Here's to the Pilgrim's song
Here's to the stranger's blessing
Here's to the breaking dawn

Many's the heart that's weary,
many's the road too long
Many's the fireside waiting
To greet the Pilgrim home.
Here's to the firelight fading
Here's to the Pilgrim's song
Here's to the stranger's blessing
Here's to the breaking dawn