WAYFARING STRANGER

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger

Dm Am
a-travelin through this world of woe

but there's no sickness toil or danger

Dm Am
in that bright world to which I go

F C
I'm going there to see my father

F E
I'm going there no more to roam

Am
I'm just a-going over Jordan
Dm Am
I'm just a-going over home

I know dark clouds will gather round me

Dm Am

I know my way is rough and steep

Am

but beauteous fields lie just beyond me

Dm Am

where souls redeemed their vigils keep

F C

I'm going there to see my mother

she said she'd meet me when I come