

Wayfaring Stranger (I am a Poor)

Traditional (Southern American)

1 I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger While trav-'ling through this world of
2 I know dark clouds will gath-er round me, I know my way is rough and
3 I'll soon be free from ev - ry tri - al, My bod - y sleep in the church-

5 woe, Yet there's no sick - ness, toil nor dan - ger In that bright world to which I
steep; But gold-en fields lie out be - fore me Where God's re - deemed shall ev - er
yard; I'll drop the cross of self-de - ni - al And en - ter on my great re-

9 go. I'm go-ing there to see my Fa - ther, I'm go - ing there no more to
sleep. I'm go-ing there to see my moth - er, She said she'd meet me when I
ward. I'm go-ing there to see my Sav - ior, To sing His praise for - ev - er

13 roam; I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver Jor-dan. I'm on - ly go - ing o-ver home.
come; I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver Jor-dan. I'm on - ly go - ing o-ver home.
more; I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o-ver home.