

Wayfaring S

1 I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger While trav-'ling
 2 I know dark clouds will gath-er round me, I know my
 3 I'll soon be free from ev-ry tri-al, My bod-y

5 Gm A Dm
 through this world of woe, Yet there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger In that bright
 way is rough and steep; But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me Where God's re-
 sleep in the church-yard; I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al And en-ter

9 Gm Dm Bb C7 F
 world to which I go. I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing
 deemed shall ev-er sleep. I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd
 on my great re-ward. I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, To sing His

13 Bb C7 Dm Gm Dm
 there no more to roam; I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan. I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.
 meet me when I come; I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan. I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.
 praise for-ev-er more; I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.