

I Am a Poor Wayfaring Stranger

American Folk Hymn

arr. Wendall Hilty

$\text{♩} = 80$

Baritone

Piano

6

Bar.

Pno.

1. I am a poor way-far-ing
2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther
3. I'll soon be free from ev-'ry


9

Bar.

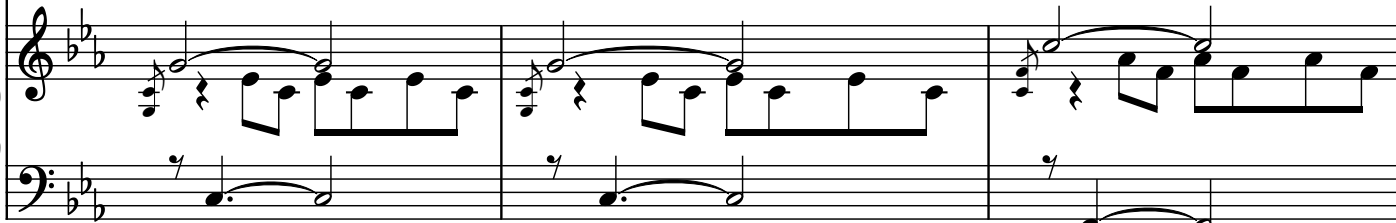
Pno.

stran-ger, While trav-'ling thru this world of woe, Yet there's no
'round me, I know my way is rough and steep; But gold-en
tri-al, My bod-y sleep in the church-yard: I'll drop the

12

Bar. 

sick - ness toil nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I
 fields lie out be - fore me Where God's re - deemed shall ev - er
 cross of self de - ni - al And en - ter on my great re -

Pno. 

15

Bar. 

go. I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go - ing
 sleep. I'm go-ing there to see my mo-ther, She said she'd
 ward. I'm go-ing there to see my sav - ior, To sing His

Pno. 

18

Bar. 

there no more to roam; I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly
 meet me when I come; I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly
 praise for - ev - er more; I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly

Pno. 

22

Bar. *go - ing o-ver*

Pno.

27

1.

Bar.

Pno.

33

2.

Bar.

Pno.

Rit.