

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 roam; I'm on-ly
sleep. I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come; I'm on-ly
ward. I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, To sing His praise for-ev-er more; I'm on-ly

14 go - ing o - ver Jor-dan. I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver home.
go - ing o - ver Jor-dan. I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver home.
go - ing o - ver Jor-dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver home.