

Wayfaring Stranger

Spiritual

♩ = 140

1. I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger, While trav-eling through this
2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther round me; I know my way is
3. I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri-al, My bo-dy sleep in

world of woe. Yet there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger
rough and steep. But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me
the church-yard; I'll drop the cross of self de-ni-al

In that bright world to which I go. I'm goi-ng there to see my Fa-ther; I'm
Where God's re-deemed shall ev-er sleep. I'm goi-ng there to see my mo-ther, She
And en-ter on my great re-ward. I'm go-i-ng there to see my Sav-ior, To

Refrain

go-ing there no more to roam.
said she'd meet me when I come. I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-
sing His praise for-ev-er-more.

- ver home.