

# Wayfaring Stranger

Spiritual

♩=140

1. I am a poor way-fari-ng stran-ger, While trav-eling through this world of woe.  
2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther round me; I know my way is rough and steep.  
3. I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri-al, My bo-dy sleep in the church-yard;

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

*Refrain*  
go. I'm goi-ng there to see my Fa-ther; I'm go-ing there no more to roam.  
sleep. I'm goi-ng there to see my mo-ther, She said she'd meet me when I come. I'm on-ly go-  
-ward. I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, To sing His praise for-ev-er-more.

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