

# I am a poor wayfaring stranger

Text: Christian Songster, 1858, alt.

WAYFARING STRANGER 98.98 D

Music: American traditional

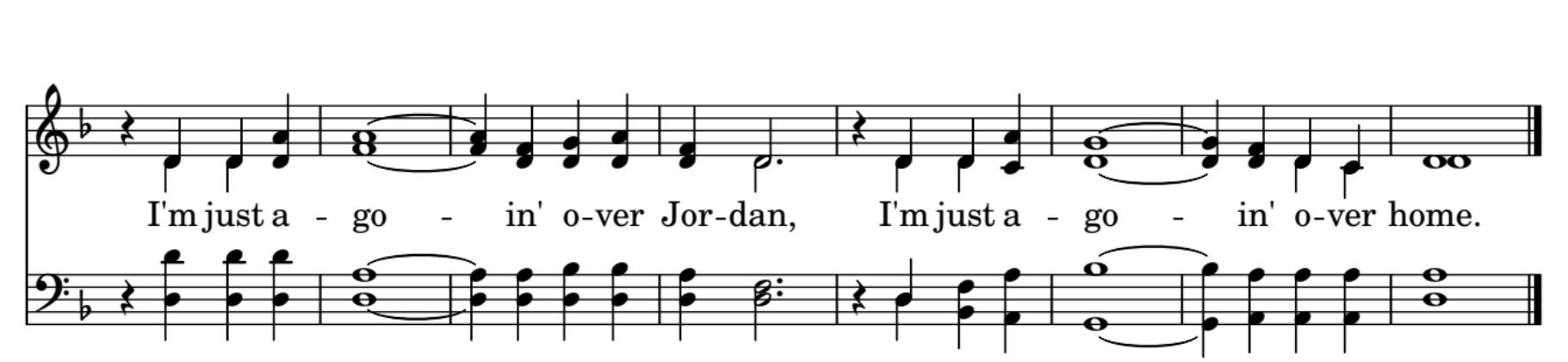
arr. Kenan Schaeffkofer, 2021

1 I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger a-trav-lin' through this world of woe,

yet there's no sick - ness, toil or dan-ger in that bright world to which I go.



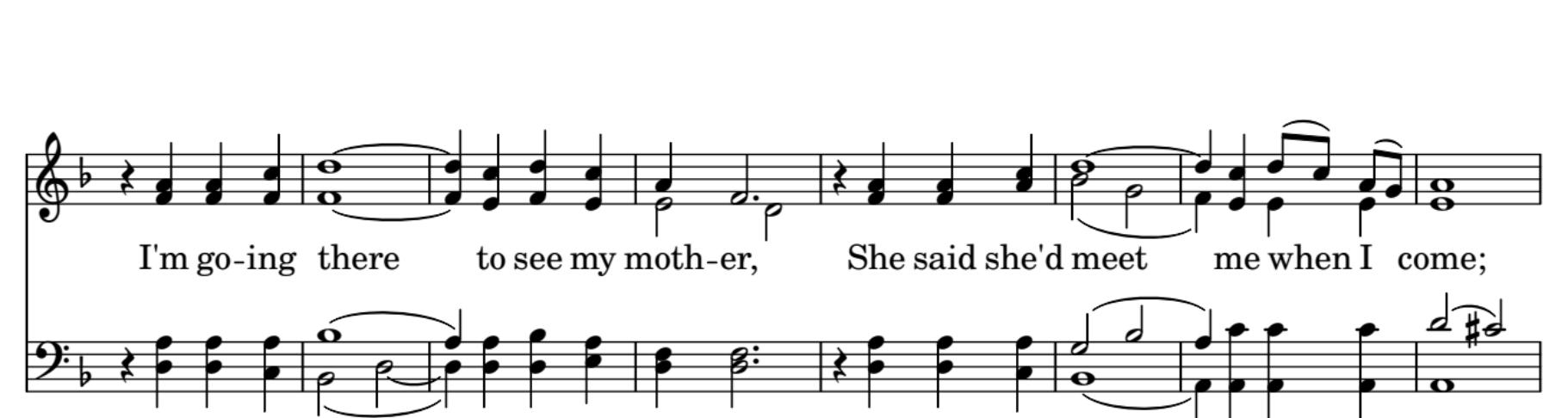
I'm going there to see my father, I'm going there no more to roam;



I'm just a - go - in' over Jordan, I'm just a - go - in' over home.

2 I know dark clouds will gath-er round me, I know my path-way's rough and steep,

but gold-en fields lie out be-fore me, where wear-y eyes no more shall weep.



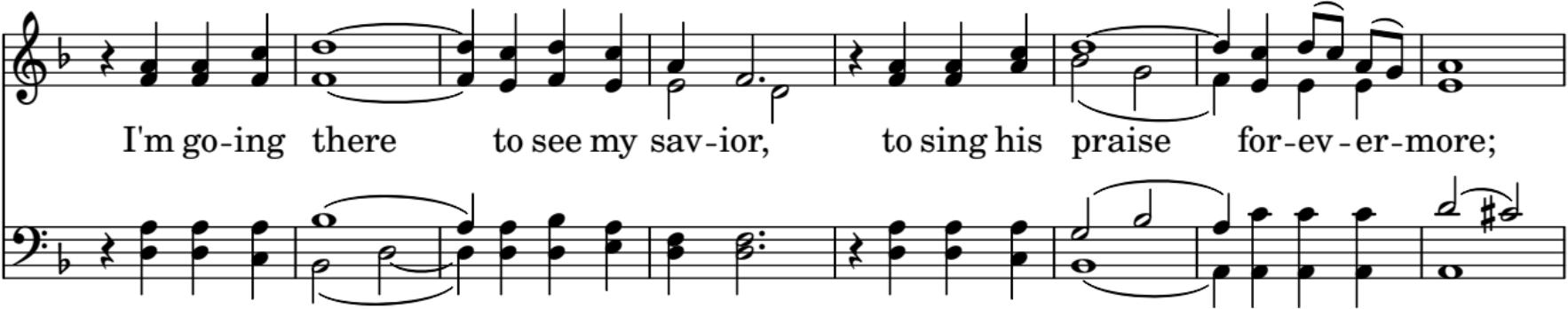
I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come;



I'm just a - go - in' o-ver Jor-dan, I'm just a - go - in' o-ver home.

3 I'll soon be free from ev'-ry tri-al. This form will rest be-neath the sod.

I'll drop the cross of self-den - i-al, and en-ter in my home with God.



I'm go-ing there to see my sav-ior, to sing his praise for-ev-er-more;



I'm just a - go - in' o-ver Jor-dan, I'm just a - go - in' o-ver home.