

# Wayfaring Stranger

Spiritual

$\text{♩} = 140$

1. I am a poor way-fari-ng stran-ger, While trav-el-ing 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-  
Where God's re-deemed shall ev-er sleep. I'm goi-ng there to see my mo-  
And en-ter on my great re-ward. I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-

*Refrain*

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

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