

I Am A Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Unison

1. I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger While trav-'ling thru this world of
 2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther 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

Parts

woe, Yet there's no sick-ness, toil or 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-

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

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