

## Wayfaring Stranger

Am  
I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger  
Dm Am  
A-travelling through this world of woe;  
  
But there's no sickness, not toil, no danger  
Dm Am  
In that bright world to which I go.  
F C  
I'm going there to see my Father,  
F E E7  
I'm going there no more to roam;  
Am  
I'm just a-going over Jordan,  
Dm Am  
I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,  
I know my way is rough and steep;  
But golden fields lay just before me,  
Where God's redeemed no more shall weep.  
I'm going there to see my mother,  
She said she'd meet me when I come;  
I'm just a-going over Jordan,  
I'm just a-going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,  
When I get home to that bright land;  
I want to sing salvation's story,  
In concert with that blood-washed band,  
I'm going there to meet my Saviour,  
To sing His praises forevermore;  
I'm just a-going over Jordan,  
I'm just a-going over home.