

WAYFARING STRANGER

Em

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger

Am

Em

A-travelling through this world of woe;

But there's no sickness, toil, nor danger

Am

Em

In that bright world to which I go.

C

G

I'm going there to see my Father,

C

B

B7

I'm going there no more to roam;

Em

I'm just a-going over Jordan,

Am

Em

I'm just a-going over home.

Em

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,

Am

Em

I know my way is rough and steep;

But golden fields lay just before me,

Am

Em

Where God's redeemed no more shall weep.

C

G

I'm going there to see my mother,

C

B

B7

She said she'd meet me when I come;

Em

I want to wear a crown of glory,

Am

Em

When I get home to that bright land;

I want to sing salvation's story,

Am

Em

In concert with that blood-washed band,

C

G

I'm going there to meet my Savior,

C

B

B7

To sing His praise forevermore;