

Wayfaring Stranger

TENOR

SOPRANO

ALTO

Dm A⁷ Dm

1..I am a poor, — way-far-ing strang-er. I'm trav-elling
 2..I know dark clouds — will ga-ther round me. I know my

4 G A⁷ Dm A⁷ Dm

through this world of woe. Yet there's no sick - ness, toil nor dan-ger in that bright
 way — is rough and steep. But gol - der fields lie just be-fore me, where God's re-

8 G A⁷ Dm B^b F

land to which I go. I'm go-ing there to see my fath-er. I'm go-ing
deemed shall ne-ver sleep. I'm go-ing home to see my mo-ther. And all my

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I'm go-ing home to see my mo-ther. And all my

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12 B^b A⁷ Dm A⁷

there, no more to roam. I'm on - ly go - ing ov - er
loved ones who've gone on. I'm on - ly go - ing ov - er

there, no more to roam.
loved ones who've gone on.

there, no more to roam.
loved ones who've gone on.

15 Dm Gm A⁷ Dm

Jor-dan. I'm on - ly go - ing ov - er home.
Jor-dan. I'm on - ly go - ing ov - er home.