

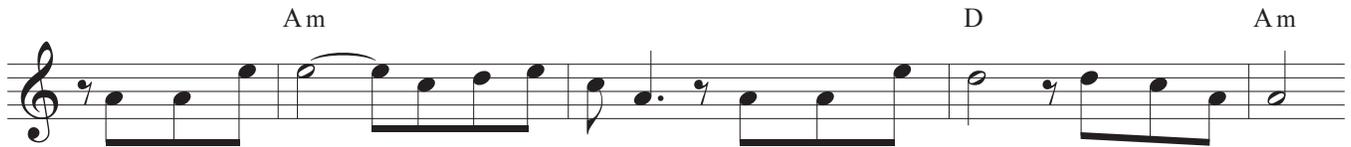
Wayfaring Stranger

Capo

Capo 3



I am a poor way - far - ing strang - er while trav - 'ling through this world of woe.
I know dark clouds will gath - er round me. I know my way is rough and steep.
I'll soon be free from ever - y tri - al. My bod - y sleep in the church yard.



Yet there's no sick - ness toil nor dan - ger in that bright world to which I go
But gold - en fields lie out be - fore me where God's re - deemed shall e - ver sleep.
I'll drop the cross of self de - ni - al. and en - ter on my great re - ward.



I'm go - ing there to see my Fath - er I'm go - in there no more to roam
I'm go - ing there to see my moth - er she said she'd meet me when I come
I'm go - ing there to see my sav - ior; To sing his praise for - e - ver more.



I'm on - ly go - ing ov - er Jor - dan I'm on - ly go - in o - ver



home.