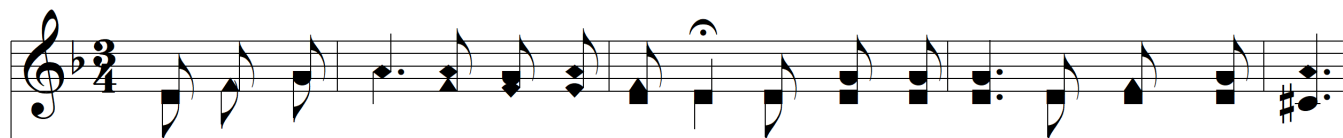


# I Am A Poor Wayfaring Stranger



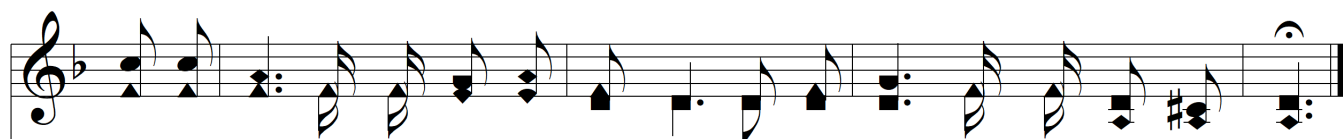
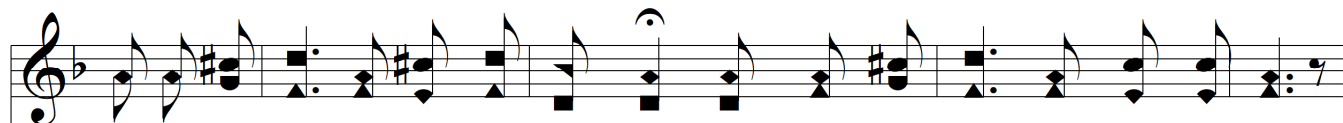
1. I am a poor way - far - ing stran - ger, While trav - 'ling thru this world be - low;  
2. I know dark clouds will ga - ther o're me, I know my path - way's rough and steep;  
3. I want to sing sal - va - tion's sto - ry In con - cert with the blood - washed band;  
4. I'll soon be free from ev - 'ry tri - al, This form will rest be - neath the sod;



There is 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 wea - ry eyes no more shall weep.  
I want to wear a crown of glo - ry, When I get honme to that good land.  
I'll drop the cross of self - de - ni - al And en - ter in my home with God.



I'm go - ing there to see the Fa - ther, I'm go - ing there no more to roam;  
I'm go - ing there to see the Sav - ior, Who shed His pre - cious blood for me;  
I'm go - ing there to see the Spir - it, Who gave the Word by which I lived;  
I'm go - ing there to see the saved ones, Who passed be - fore me one by one;



I am just go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I am just go - ing o - ver home.

