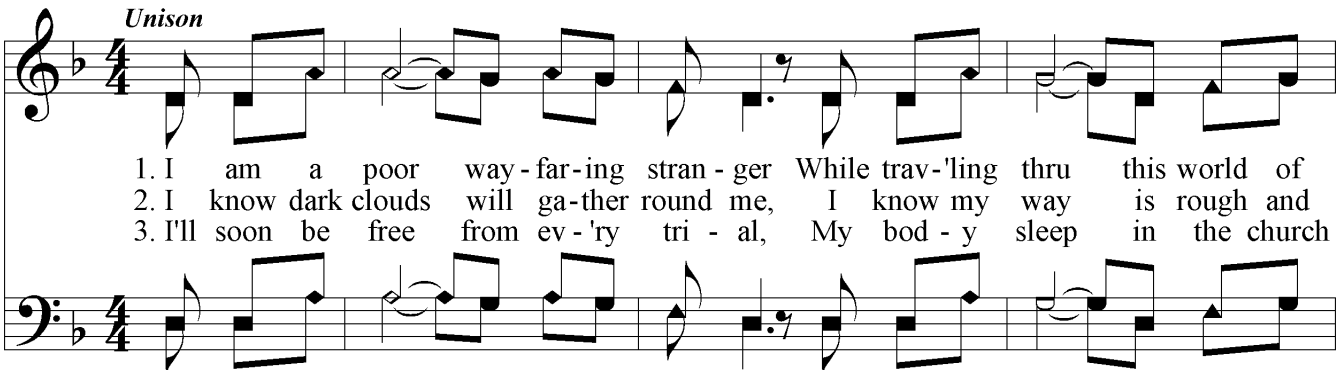


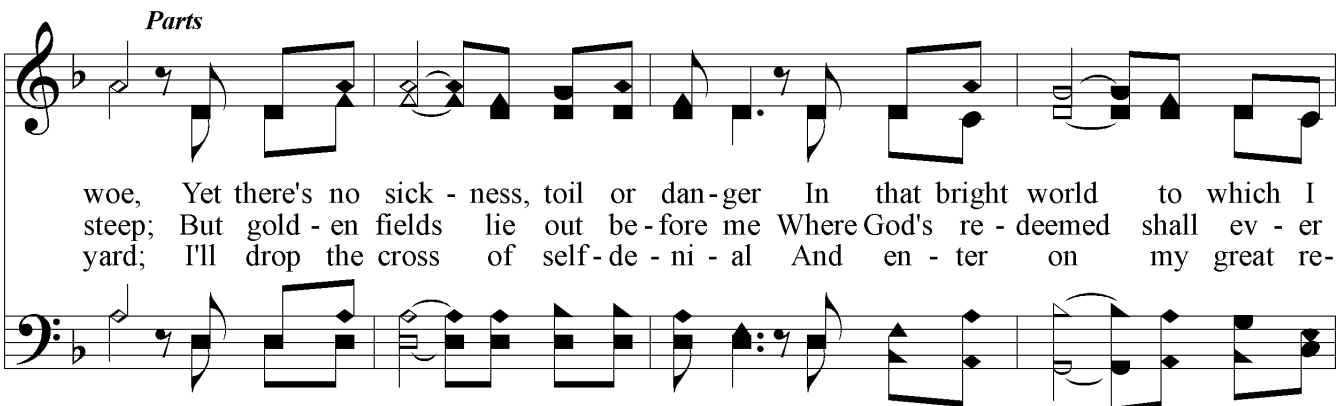
# I AM A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER

*Unison*

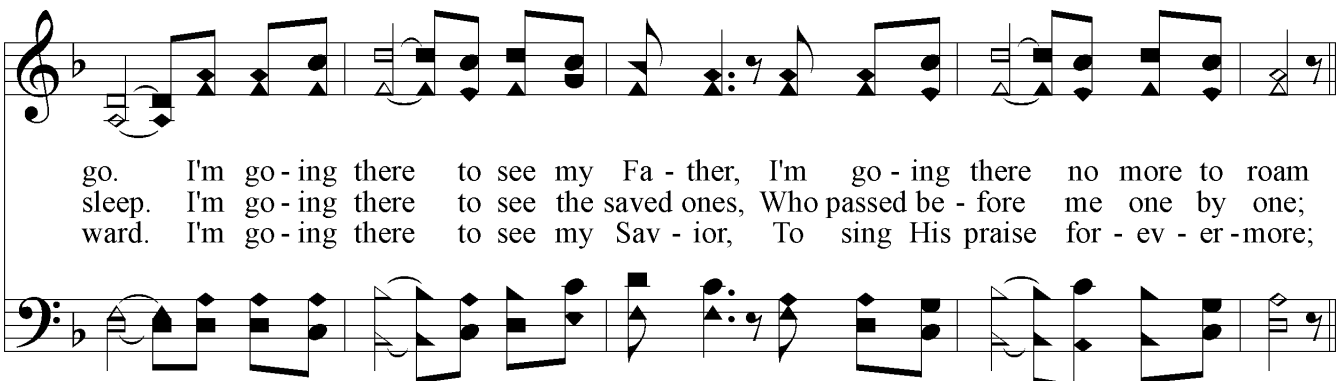


1. I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger While trav-'ling thru this world of  
2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther round me, I know my way is rough and  
3. I'll soon be free from ev-'ry tri-al, My bod-y sleep in the church


*Parts*



woe, Yet there's no sick-ness, toil or dan-ger In that bright world to which I  
steep; But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me Where God's re-deemed shall ev-er  
yard; I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al And en-ter on my great re-



go. I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam  
sleep. I'm go-ing there to see the saved ones, Who passed be-fore me one by one;  
ward. I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, To sing His praise for-ev-er-more;



I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.