I AM A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER

1. I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger While trav-ling thru this world of woe, Yet there's no sick-ness, toil or dan-ger In that bright world to which I sleep; But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me Where God's re-deemed shall ev-er go.

2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther round me, I know my way is rough and steep; But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me Where God's re-deemed shall ev-er go. I'm go-ing there to see the saved ones, Who passed be-fore me one by one; I'm only go-ing o-ver Jordan, I'm only go-ing o-ver home.

3. I'll soon be free from ev-ry tri-al, My bod-y sleep in the church ward. I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-iour, To sing His praise for-ev-er-more; 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; I'm only go-ing o-ver Jordan, I'm only go-ing o-ver home.

WORDS AND MUSIC: SOUTHERN AMERICAN FOLK HYMN (VERSION 1)