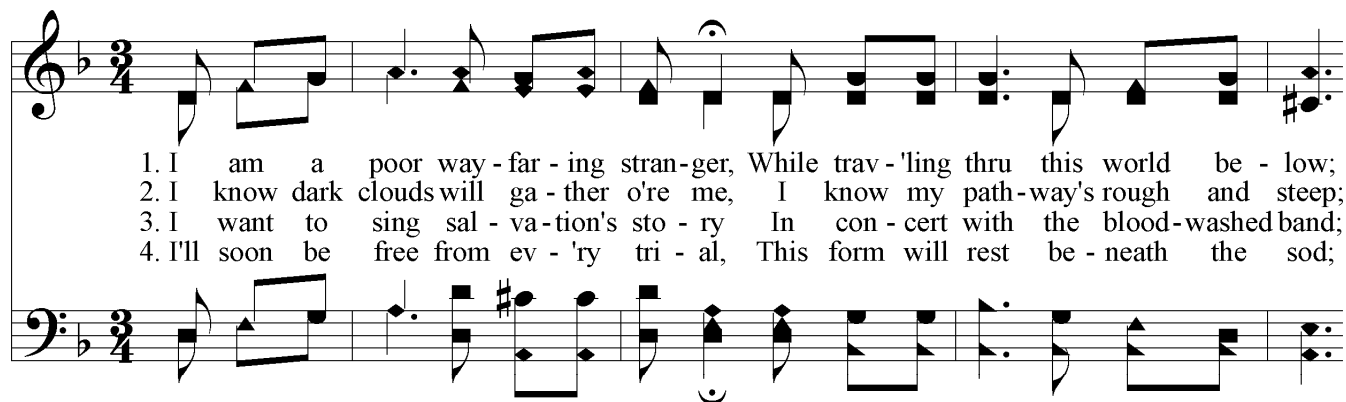


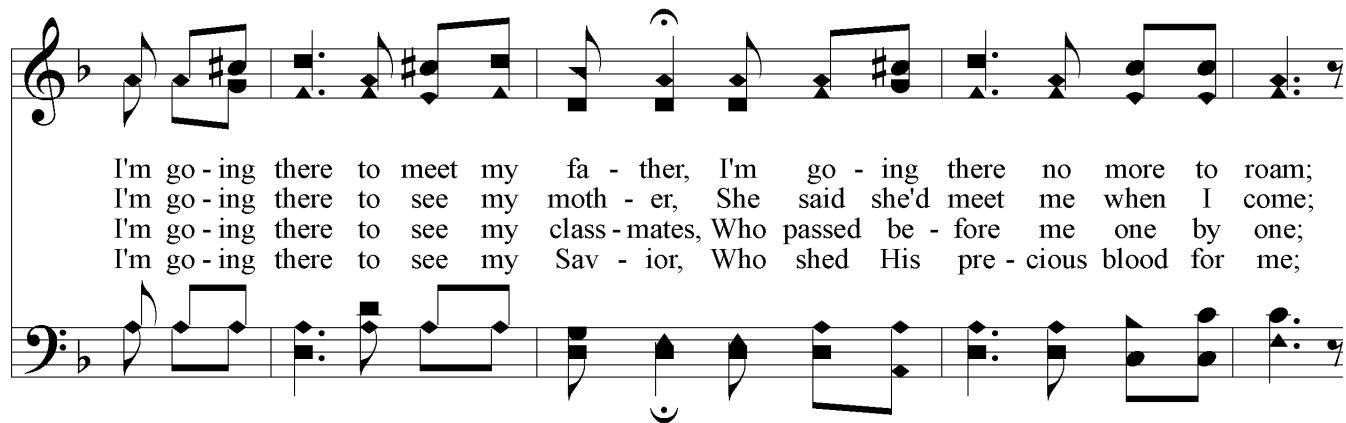
I Am A Poor Wayfaring Stranger



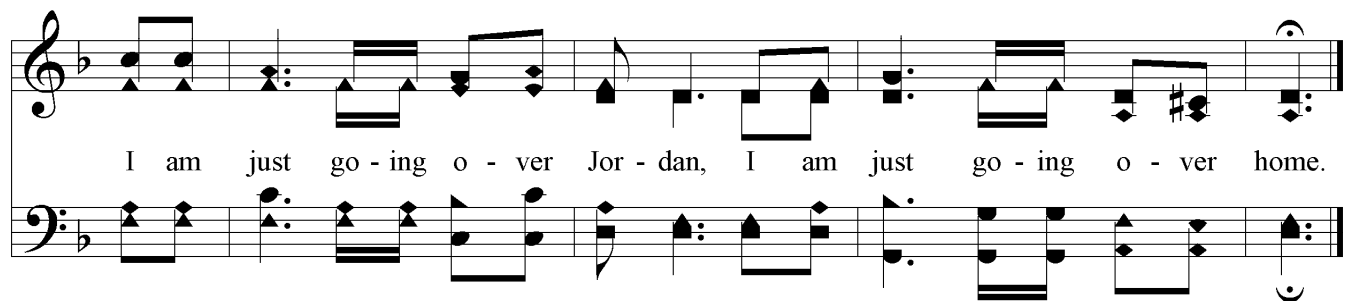
1. I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger, While trav-'ling thru this world be-low;
2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther o're me, I know my path-way's rough and steep;
3. I want to sing sal-va-tion's sto-ry In con-cert with the blood-washed band;
4. I'll soon be free from ev-'ry tri-al, This form will rest 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 meet my fa-ther, I'm go-ing 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 class-mates, Who passed be-fore me one by one;
I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-ior, Who shed His pre-cious blood for me;



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