

Wayfaring Stranger

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I am a poor way-faring stranger Travelling through, this world a -
5 lone. But there's no sick-ness, toil or dan-ger And that bright laight to which i
9 go i'm go-ing there to see my mo-ther i'm go-ing there no more to
13 roam I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver jor-dan I'm on-ly go - ing o-verhome.

I know dark clouds will gather me
I know my way's rough and steep
And the beautiful fields lie just beyond me
And i know my way's rough and steep
I'm going there to see my mother
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over jordan
I'm only going over home now

Coz i am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through, this world alone
There's no sickness, toil or danger
And that bright laight to which i go
I'm going there to see my mother
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over jordan
I'm only going home now