

Wayfaring Stranger

1. I am a (I know my) (I know dark) (I want to) poor way-far-ing sins are all for clouds will gath-er sing sal-va-tion's

2. stran-ger A wan-d'ring through this world of giv-en. My hopes are stayed on things a-'round me. I know my way is rough and sto-ry. I'm go-ing with that blood-washed

3. Am

4. steep. There is no sickness, no toil, nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I bove. I'm goin' a way way to that bright hea-ven, Where all is joy and peace and steep. But beau-teous fields lie just be-fore me, Where souls re-deemed there vi-gil band. I want to wear a crown of glo-ry, When I get home to that bright

4. Am

8. go. I'm go-ing there to meet my Sav-ior, I'm go-ing there to see my love. keep. land.

8. Em C G C

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

12. B Em Em Am

16. home. I know my I know dark I want to

16. Em Em

1. 2. 3. 4.