



POOR WAYFARIN' STRANGER

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

Intro:

I am a poor, wayfarin' stranger, traveling through this world of woe

And there's no sickness, no toil or danger, in that bright land to which I go

I'm goin' there to see my father, I'm goin' there, no more to roam

I'm just a-goin' over Jordan, I'm just a-goin' over home

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me, I know my way is rough and steep

Yet beauteous fields lie just be-fore me, where God's re-deemed, their vigils keep

I'm goin' there to see my mother, she said she'd meet me when I come

I'm just a-goin' over Jordan, I'm just a-goin' over home

I'm goin' there to see my father, I'm goin' there, no more to roam

I'm just a-goin' over Jordan, I'm just a-goin' over home

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