

THE WAYFARING STRANGER

C#m H C#m
I'm just a poor wayfaring Stranger
F#m C#m
Traveling through this world of woe
H C# H C#m
And there's no sickness toil or danger
F#m C#m
In that fair land to which I go

H C#m E
I'm going home to see my father
A G#7
I'm going home no more to roam
C#m H C#m
I'm just a going over Jordan
F#m C#m
I'm just a going over home

I know dark clouds will hang round me
I know my way is rough and steep
But golden fields lie just before me
Where weary eyes no more will weep

I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over Jordan
F#m G#7 C#m
I'm only going over home

I'll soon be free from every trial
This form should rest beneath the sod
I'll drop the cross of self-denial
And enter in the home with God

I'm going there to see my Savior
I'm going home no more to roam
I'm just a going over Jordan
I'm just a going over home
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home