

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

American Folk

Em Am

I'm just a poor way-far-ing stran-ger Tra-vel-ing through

B7 Em

this world be-low There is no sick-ness toil or dan-ger In that bright

Am B7 Em C G

land to_which I go I'm go-ing there to see my Fath-er and all my

C B7 Em

loved ones who've gone on. I'm just go-ing ov-er Jor-dan I'm just

Am B7 Em

go-ing ov-er home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is hard and steep
But beautiful fields arise before me
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep
I'm going there to see my Mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home.