

Wayfaring Stranger (traditional)

Em Am Em
I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger a traveling through this world of woe

Em Am Em
There is no sickness, no toil, nor danger n that bright world to which I go

C Em C Em
I'm going there to see my Father I'm going there no more to roam

Em Am Em
I'm just going over Jordan I'm just going over home

Em Am Em
I know dark clouds will gather 'round me I know my way is hard and steep

Em Am
Em
But beauteous fields arise before me where God's redeemed, their vigils
keep

C Em C Em
I'm going there to see my Mother I'm going there no more to roam

Em Am Em
I'm just going over Jordan I'm just going over home

Am. Em
I'm just going over home

Am Em
I'm just going over home