WAYFARING STRANGER

This song was passed around by word of mouth, throughout the Appalachian Mountains for many years. Its roots are possibly
from an old Irish tune. The singer is taking comfort in his faith that the temporal aspects of this life are but for a moment, and that an incalculably more pleasant eternity lies ahead.

Em Am Em
I AM A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER
Am Em
WANDERING THROUGH THIS WORLD OF WOE
Em Am Em
BUT THERE'S NO SORROW, TOIL OR DANGER
Em Am Em
IN THAT BRIGHT LAND TO WHICH I GO
G C G
I'M GOING THERE TO SEE MY FATHER
C G
I'M GOING THERE NO MORE TO ROAM
G Am Em
I'M JUST A-GOING OVER JORDAN
Em Am Em
I'M ONLY GOING OVER HOME

I KNOW DARK CLOUDS WILL GATHER 'ROUND ME

I KNOW MY WAY IS ROUGH AND STEEP

BUT GOLDEN FIELDS LIE OUT BEFORE ME

WHERE ALL THE SAINTS THEIR VIGILS KEEP

I'M GOING THERE TO SEE MY MOTHER

I'M GOING THERE NO MORE TO ROAM

I'M JUST A GOING OVER JORDAN I'M ONLY GOING OVER HOME

I'M GOING THERE TO SEE MY SAVIOUR TO SING HIS PRAISE FOREVERMORE

I'M JUST A GOING OVER JORDAN I'M ONLY GOING OVER HOME

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