

Wayfarin' Stranger

Em Am Em

5 Em Am Em

9 C G C B7

13 Em Em Am Em

I'm just a poor, wafarin' stranger,
a travelin' through this world of woe.
And there's no sickness, no toil and trouble,
In that fair land, to which I go.

I'm goin' there to see my mother, (father, saviour)
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 steep and rough
But beauteous fields lie just beyond me
Where souls redeemed their vigil keep

I want to wear a crown of glory
When I get home to that bright land
I want to shout Salvation's story
In concert with that bloodwashed band.