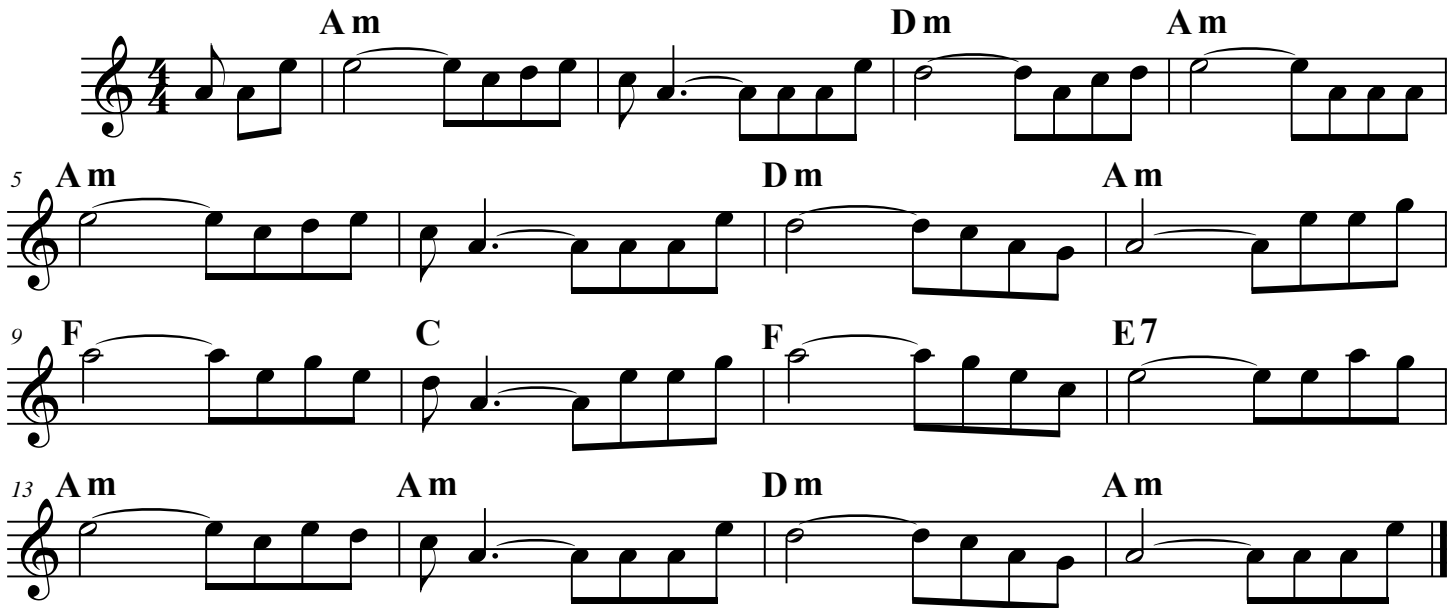


# Wayfarin' Stranger



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.