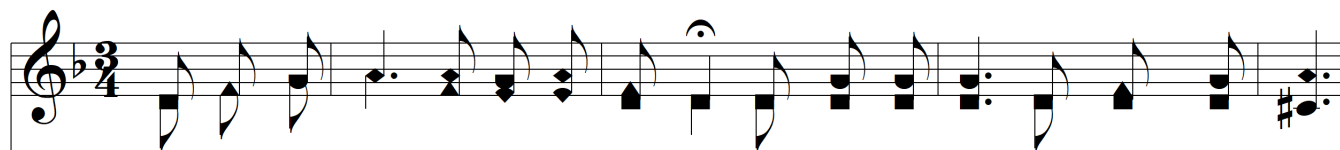
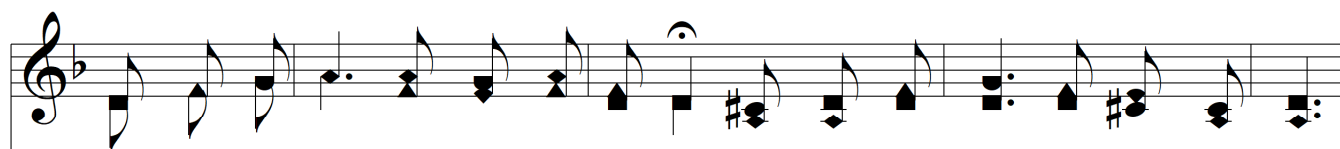


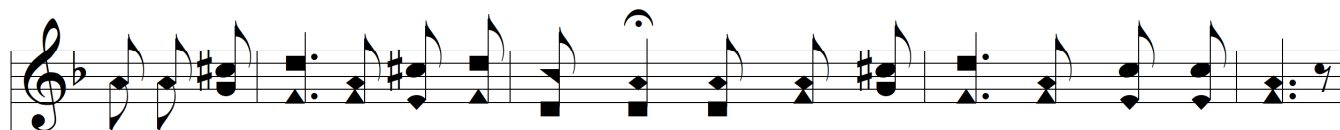
# I Am A Poor Wayfaring Stranger



1. I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger, While trav-'ling thru this world be - low;  
2. I know dark clouds will ga-ther o're me, I know my path-way's rough and steep;  
3. I want to sing sal - va-tion's sto - ry In con-cert with the blood-washed band;  
4. I'll soon be free from ev - 'ry tri - al, This form will rest be - neath the sod;



There is no sick-ness, toil, nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I go.  
But gold-en fields lie out be-fore me, Where wea - ry eyes no more shall weep.  
I want to wear a crown of glo - ry, When I get honme to that good land.  
I'll drop the cross of self - de - ni - al And en - ter in my home with God.



I'm go - ing there to meet my fa - ther, I'm go - ing there no more to roam;  
I'm go - ing there to see my moth - er, She said she'd meet me when I come;  
I'm go - ing there to see my class-mates, Who passed be - fore me one by one;  
I'm go - ing there to see my Sav - ior, Who shed His pre - cious blood for me;



I am just go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I am just go - ing o - ver home.

