

# I Am a Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Arr. Timothy L. Wells

♩ = 85

T1

T2

Bar.

Bass

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I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger while trav'-ling through this world of woe, Yet there's no  
I know dark clouds will ga-ther round me, I know my way is rough and steep; But gol - den  
I'll soon be free from ev-'ry tri - al, My bod - y sleep in the church - yard; I'll drop the

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sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger in that bright world to which I go.  
fields lie out be - fore me where God's re - deemed shall ev - er sleep. I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing  
cross of self de - ni - al and en - ter on my great re - ward.

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there no more to roam; I'm on-ly go - ing ov-er Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver home.