Wayfaring Stranger
(Traditional American Folksong)

DAd tuning

Bm F#7 Bm Em

I am a poor way-faring stranger while trav'ling thru this world be free from ev'ry trial. This form will rest beneath the

F#7 Bm F#7 Bm7 Em F#m7

low. There is no sickness, toil, nor danger in that bright world to which I sod. I'll drop the cross of self-denial and enter in my home with

Bm F#m7 Bm F#m7 Bm A7

go. I'm going there to meet my Fa-ther I'm going there no more to God. I'm going there to see my Sav-ior, who shed me His precious

Bm1.

roam I am just going over Jor-dan, I am just going over blood.

Bm2.

there. I'll soon be home

5 5 7 8

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