

# Poor, Wayfaring Stranger

Words & Music:  
Traditional American

*I have found two variations on the chords for this. They are different enough in structure that I have given both. Choose what you will.*

Am G Am  
Em Am B7  
I am a poor wayfaring stranger traveling through this land of woe.  
Am G Am  
Em Am Em  
And there's no sickness, toil or danger in that bright land to which I go.

CHORUS:

FM7 Am FM7 Am  
C G C B7  
I'm going home to see my father; I'm going home no more to roam.  
Am G Am  
Em Am Em  
I am just going over Jordan; I am just going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me.  
I know my pathway's rough and steep.  
But golden fields lie just before me,  
Where weary eyes no more shall weep.

CHORUS:

I want to wear a crown of glory  
When I get home to that bright land.  
I want to shout my soul's own story  
In concert with that blood-washed man.

CHORUS: