

Wayfaring stranger

Gm	%	%	%	Cm	%	Gm	%
Gm	%	%	%	Cm	%	Gm	%
Eb	%	Bb	%	Eb	%	D7	%
Gm	%	%	%	Cm	%	Gm	%

I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger,
While travelin' through this world below.
Yet there's no sickness, no toil, nor danger,
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm goin' there to see my Father.
And all my loved ones who've gone on.
I'm only goin' over Jordan.
I'm only goin' over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is hard and steep.
But beauteous fields arise before me,
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep.
I'm goin' there to see my Mother.
She said she'd meet me when I come.
So, I'm only goin' over Jordan.
I'm only goin' over home.