

WAYFARING STRANGER. P.M.

"Thus have they loved to wander..." -- Jer. 14:10.

457

F Minor Bever's *Christian Songster*, 1858.

Arr. - John M. Dye, 1935.

1. I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, While jour-n'y-ing thru this world of woe, I'm go-ing there to see my
Yet, there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright land to which I go.

2. I know dark clouds will gath-er o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep; I'm go-ing there to see my
Yet beau-t'ous fields lie just be-fore me, Where God's re-deemed their vig-ils keep.

3. I want to wear a crown of glo-ry, When I get home to that good land; I'm go-ing there to meet my
I want to shout sal-va-tion's sto-ry, In con-cert with the blood-washed band.

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

Moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come; I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

Sav-ior, To sing His praise for-ev-er-more; I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.