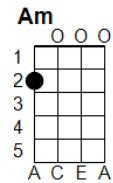


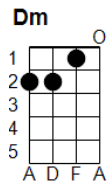
Wayfaring Stranger

[Am] I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
traveling [Dm] through this world a [Am] lone  
Yet there's no sickness toil nor danger  
In that [Dm] fair land in [E7] which I [Am] go

I'm going [F] home to see my [C] mother  
I'm going [F] home no more to [E7] roam  
I'm just [Am] going over Jordan  
I'm just [Dm] going [E7] over [Am] home



I know dark clouds will gather round me  
I know my [Dm] way is rough and [Am] steep  
The golden fields lie just before me  
Soon I [Dm] shall for [E7] ever [Am] sleep



I'm going [F] home to see my [C] mother  
I'm going [F] home no more to [E7] roam  
I'm just [Am] going over Jordan  
I'm just [Dm] going [E7] over [Am] home

