

Wayfaring Stranger

DAd tuning

B_m F#7 B_m E_m

I am a poor way-far-ing strang-er while travel-ing thru this world be-
 free from ev-ry tri-al, this form will rest be-neath the

1 1 2 | 2. 1 2 1 | 0 1 1 1 2 | 1. 1 0 1

4 F#7 B_m F#7 B_m E E_m F#_m

low. There is no sick-ness, toil, nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I
 sod. I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter in my home with

2. 1 1 2 | 2 2 1 2 1 | 0 1 1 1 2 | 1. 0 1 0

8 B_m E_m B_m G A

go. I'm go-ing there to meet my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to
 God. KI'm go-ing there to see my Sa-rior, who shed for me His pre-cious

1. 2 2 4 | 5. 4 5 4 | 2 1 2 2 4 | 5. 4 2 1

12 B F#7 B_m E E_m F#_m

roam. I am just go-ing ov-er Jor-dan I am just go-ing over
 blood.

12 2. 2 2 4 | 2. 0 2 1 | 0 1 1 1 2 | 1. 0 1 0

16 B_m

home.

16 1.

