

# Wayfaring Stranger

An Early American Tune.

an old Southern Melody

arr, Joseph Knapicius

Soprano

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra - v'ling through this world of woe,  
2) I know dark clouds will ga-ther o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;  
3) I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri - al, This form will rest be - neath the sod.

Mezzo

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra v'ling through this world of woe,  
2) I know dark clouds will ga-ther o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;  
3) I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri - al, This form will rest be - neath the sod.

Alto

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra - v'ling through this world of woe,  
2) I know dark clouds will ga-ther o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;  
3) I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri - al, This form will rest be - neath the sod.

S

Yet, there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright world to which I go.  
Yet beaut'-eous fields lie just be-fore me, Where wea - ry eyes no more shall weep.  
I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni - al, And en - ter in my home with God.

M

Yet, there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright world to which I go.  
Yet beaut'-eous fields lie just be-fore me, Where wea - ry eyes no more shall weep.  
I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni - al, And en - ter in my home with God.

A

Yet, there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright world to which I go.  
Yet beaut'-eous fields lie just be-fore me, Where wea - ry eyes no more shall weep.  
I'll drop the cross of self-de - ni - al, And en - ter in my home with God.

## Wayfaring Stranger

S

I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;  
 I'm go-ing there to see my Mo-ther, She said she'd meet me when I come.  
 I'm go-ing there to see my Sa-vior, To sing His prai-ses ev-er-more.

M

I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;  
 I'm go-ing there to see my Mo-ther, She said she'd meet me when I come.  
 I'm go-ing there to see my Sa-vior, To sing His prai-ses ev-er-more.

A

I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;  
 I'm go-ing there to see my Mo-ther, She said she'd meet me when I come.  
 I'm go-ing there to see my Sa-vior, To sing His prai-ses ev-er-more.

12

S

1,2+3)I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

M

1,2+3)I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

A

1,2+3)I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

17

S

4)I'm go-ing there to see my Bro thers, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

M

4)I'm go-ing there to see my Bro thers, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

A

4)I'm go-ing there to see my Bro thers, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

22

S  
I'm go-ing there to see my Sis-ters, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

M  
I'm go-ing there to see my Sis-ters, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

A  
I'm go-ing there to see my Sis-ters, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

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S  
I'm on-ly poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,

M  
I'm on-ly poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,

A  
I'm on-ly poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,