

# Wayfaring Stranger

An Early American Tune.

an old Southern Melody

arr, Joseph Knapicius

♩ = 50

Soprano

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just trav-'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 trav-'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.

Tenor

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just trav-'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.

Bass

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just trav-'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.

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.

T

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.

B

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.

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.

T

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.

B

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.

S

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.

T

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

B

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

Wayfaring Stranger

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S  
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;

T  
8  
4)I'm go - ing there to see my Bro thers, Who passed be - fore me one by one;

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

S  
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;

T  
8  
I'm go - ing there to see my Sis - ters, Who passed be - fore me one by one;

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

Wayfaring Stranger

SOLO

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S

I'm go - ing there to see my hus-band,

A

I'm go - ing there to see my hus-band,

T

I'm go - ing there to see my wife,

B

I'm go - ing there to see my wife,



SOLO

S

I am a poor, way-far - ing stran-ger, Just trav 'ling through this world of woe.

A

T

B