

SATB Poor Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor..... wayfaring stranger

I'm travelling through.... this world of woe

Yet there's no sickness, toil or danger

In that bright land, to which I go

I know dark clouds..... will gather round me

I know my way.... is rough and steep

Yet golden fi---elds lie just before me

Where t-he redeemed... shall ever sleep

I'm going there.... to see my mother

I going there.... no more to roam

I'm only go.....ing over Jordon

I'm only go.....ing over home

I want to wear, I want to wear a crown of glory

When I get home to that good land

I want to shout, shout, shout salvation story

In concert with that heavenly band

I'm going there.... to meet my loved ones

To sing with them...., for evermore

I'm just a-go.....ing over Jordon

I'm only go....ing over...(pause) home x 3 (last one split)