

# I'll Not Be a Stranger

The Stanley Brothers

I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city  
I'm acquainted with folks over there  
There'll be friends there to greet me  
There'll be loved ones to meet me  
At the gates of that city four square

Through the years, through the tears, they've gone one by one

But they'll wait at the gate until my race is run  
I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city  
I'm acquainted with folks over there

I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city  
I've a home on the streets paved with gold  
I'll feel right at home there  
In that beautiful somewhere  
With the loved ones whose memory I hold

I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city  
There'll be no lonely days over there  
There'll be no stormy weather  
But a great time together  
On the streets of that city four square