

Wayfaring Stranger

Druhá tráva

Ami Dmi Ami

Ami

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,

Dmi

Ami

While traveling through this world of woe.

Yet there's no sickness, toil or danger,

Dmi

Ami

In that bright world to which I go.

F

C

R1: I'm going there to see my father,

F

E

I'm going there no more to roam.

Ami

I'm only going over Jordan,

Dmi E7

Ami

I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather round me,

I know my way, is rough and steep.

Yet beautiful fields lie just before me,

Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.

R2: I'm going there to see my mother,

She sad she'd meet me, when I come.

I'm only going over Jordan,

I'm only going over home.