
Wayfaring stranger

Poutníci

Tradicional

Emi

1. I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
 Ami **Emi**
A trav'ling through this land of woe.
And there's no sickness, toil or danger
 Ami Hmi **Emi**
In that bright world to which I go

C

G

- R. I'm going there to meet my Father
 C **H⁷**
I'm going there no more to roam
 Emi
I'm just a going over Jordan
 Ami Hmi Emi
I'm just a going over home.

2. I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me
Where souls redeemed their vigil keep.
- R. I'm going there...