

---

# 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**

**H<sup>7</sup>**

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...