

Wayfaring Stranger

Adapted from *The Sacred Harp* [Am]

Arranged by *John Jacob Niles* (1892–1980) [Am]

I **am** **a** **poor** **wayfaring** **stranger,**
[a:ɪ æm ʌ puə 'we:ɪ.,fɛɪ.ɪŋ 'stɹæŋ.dʒə]

While **journ'ying** **through** **this** **world** **of** **woe,**
[wa:ɪl 'dʒɜn.jɪŋ θru ðɪs wɜld ɒv wo:ʊ]

Yet there is no sickness, toil, nor danger
In that fair land to which I go.

I'm going there to see my mother,
I'm going there, no more to roam;
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me,
I know my way, is rough and steep;
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.

I'm going there to see my father,
He said He'd meet me when I come.
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory
When I get home to that good land,
I want to shout Salvation's story
In concert with the blood-washed band...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

