

The Wayfaring Stranger

Altos

Greg Gilpin

Southern American Folk Hymn

Mystérieux (♩ = 62)

7 *p*

I'm just a poor way-fah-ring stan-ger, I'm trav-'ling

13

through this world of woe Yet, there's no sick ness, toil or dan- ger

20 *mp*

in that bright land to wich I go I know dark clouds will ga-ther

27

'round me. I know my way is rough and sleep. Yet, gol-den fields

34

lie just be-fore me where the re deemed shall e-ver sleep. I'm go-ing

41 *mf*

there to see my mo-ther. I'm go-ing there, no more to roam.

48 *mp*

I am go - ing home go - ing home

53 *p* 3

I'm on - ly go - ing home

61 **Cédez**

62 **A tempo**

mf I want to wear, I want to wear a crown of glo__ ry when I__ get
home to that good land I want to shout shout shout_ sal-va-tions's
sto__ ry in con-cert with____ that heav'nly band I'm go-ing there__

67

73

80

87 **Cédez** **A tempo**

2
I am go-ing home_ go - ing home
I'm on-ly go - ing home_____ I'm go-ing home.__

93 **Cédez** **A tempo**

100 **p** **Cédez**

I'm go-ing home._____

pp