

# The Wayfaring Stranger

Sopranos

Greg Gilpin

Southern American Folk Hymn

Mystérieux (♩ = 62)

7 *p*

I'm just a poor way-fah-ring stran-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, gold-en

33

fields lie just be-fore me where the re deemed shall e-ver sleep.

40 *mf*

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

47 *mp*

roam. I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan. I'm on-ly

53 *p* 3

go-ing o-ver home


61 **Cédez**

Sopranos

62 **A tempo**  
  
*mf* I want to wear, I want to wear a crown of glo- ry when I get


67  
  
 home to that good land I want to shout, shout shout sal va- tion's

73  
  
 sto- ry in con- cert with that heav' nly band I'm go- ing there

80  
  
*f* to meet my loved ones, to sing with them for- e- ver more.

87 **Cédez A tempo**  
  
*mp* I'm just a go- ing o- ver Jor- dan. I'm on- ly

93 **Cédez A tempo**  
  
 go- ing o- ver home. I'm go- ing home.

100 **P Cédez**  
  
*pp* I'm go- ing home.