

Wayfaring Stranger

An Early American Tune.

an old Southern Melody

arr, Joseph Knapicius

Soprano

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,
2) I know dark clouds will ga-ther o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;
3) I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri-al, This form will rest be-neath the sod.

Mezzo

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,
2) I know dark clouds will ga-ther o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;
3) I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri-al, This form will rest be-neath the sod.

Alto

1) I am a poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,
2) I know dark clouds will ga-ther o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;
3) I'll soon be free from ev-ery tri-al, This form will rest be-neath the sod.

S

Yet, there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright world to which I go.
Yet beaut'-eous fields lie just be-fore me, Where wea-ry eyes no more shall weep.
I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter in my home with God.

M

Yet, there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright world to which I go.
Yet beaut'-eous fields lie just be-fore me, Where wea-ry eyes no more shall weep.
I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter in my home with God.

A

Yet, there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright world to which I go.
Yet beaut'-eous fields lie just be-fore me, Where wea-ry eyes no more shall weep.
I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter in my home with God.

musicalion
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S
I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;
I'm go-ing there to see my Mo-ther, She said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm go-ing there to see my Sa-vior, To sing His prai-ses ev-er-more.

M
I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;
I'm go-ing there to see my Mo-ther, She said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm go-ing there to see my Sa-vior, To sing His prai-ses ev-er-more.

A
I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;
I'm go-ing there to see my Mo-ther, She said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm go-ing there to see my Sa-vior, To sing His prai-ses ev-er-more.

12
S
1,2+3)I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

M
1,2+3)I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

A
1,2+3)I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

17
S
4)I'm go-ing there to see my Bro thers, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

M
4)I'm go-ing there to see my Bro thers, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

A
4)I'm go-ing there to see my Bro thers, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

22

S I'm go-ing there to see my Sis-ters, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

M I'm go-ing there to see my Sis-ters, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

A I'm go-ing there to see my Sis-ters, Who passed be-fore me one by one;

S I'm on-ly poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,

M I'm on-ly poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,

A I'm on-ly poor, way-far-ing stran-ger, Just tra-v'ling through this world of woe,

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Typ: Digitale Noten zum Download

Titel: [Wayfaring Stranger \(SSA\)](#)

Komponist: [Unbekannt Anonymus](#)

Epoche: Romantik

Thema: Trauer / Tod

Reihe/Zyklus: Lieder (Gospel/Spiritual)

Schwierigkeit: Mittel

Instrumentierung Gruppe: Frauen-/Kinderchor a cappella

Arrangement: Chor>SSA

Instrumentierung: Gesang Chor>Alt-Stimmen = A(1), Gesang Chor>Sopran-Stimmen = S(2)

Eine frühe amerikanische Melodie.

eine alte Südstaatenmelodie