

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.

musicalion
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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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Type: Sheet music

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

Compositor: [desconocido Anónimo](#)

Época: Romanticismo

Tema: Duelo / Muerte

Categoría: Canciones (Gospel/Spiritual)

Dificultad: Mittel

Instrumentación Grupo: Coro femenino o de niños a capella

Arrangement: Coro>SSA

Instrumentación: Canto coro>voces de contralto = A(1), Canto coro>voces de soprano = S(2)

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