Wayfaring Stranger
for SATB chorus with organ accompaniment

Texts from "Wayfaring Stranger"
and "Trav'ler, haste," from

The Sacred Harp

Wayfaring Stranger, alt.
David McCarthy

Andante (d = 76)

Organ

I am a poor way-faring stranger, while journ'ying through this world of woe.
Yet there's no sickness toil or danger in that bright land to which I

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Waters swell and death and fear set thy path no refuge near. Altos: steep. Yet beautiful fields lie just before me where God's redeemed their vigils.

Waters swell and death and fear set thy path no refuge near.

Ah -

Oh, come, trav'ler haste away! You must walk while it is day. I'm going there to see my mother. She said she'd meet me when I

Oh, come, trav'ler haste away! You must walk while it is day.