

# Song of the Wanderer

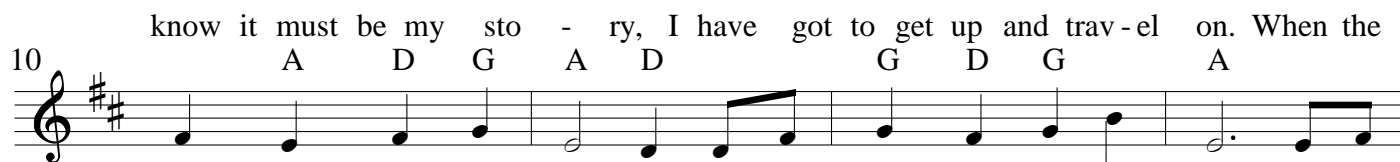
D A D G A D G D G A7



6 When the dawn speaks out in glo-ry and the high-way beck-ons on, then I



10 know it must be my sto - ry, I have got to get up and trav-el on. When the



14 wind swoops down the hill - side and the birds come fly - ing free, then I



18 wan - der through God's coun - try - side and the world be - longs to me



Hey, 'round the bend, a - no - ther ci - ty's teem - ing a -  
a - no - ther child is grow - ing Hey, round the bend and  
the win - ter snows are melt - ing the

21



no - ther sky - line stands the Spirit of God, it seems, is  
soon he'll be a man O - ver the hill the winds of time are blow - ing  
riv - er's i - cy tide there's pro - mise in the morn - ing:

24



call - ing to me from each crest of the land.  
down from the sky through the fing - ers of God's hand  
wa - ters of life born of win - ter that has died