

Wayfaring Stranger

H.P. Lovecraft

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world of woe;
And there's no sickness, toil, no danger
 In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to meet my brothers,
 And from that land we'll find a way;
 I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
Looking for a brighter day. One of these mornings and it won't be long
 All men will rise, stand side by side;
 Than hand in hand we'll stand together,
 Vibrations calling all mankind.
I'm going there to meet my brothers,
 And from that land we'll find a way;
 I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
 Looking for a brighter day.
 Brighter day
 Brighter day
 Brighter day

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