

# 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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