Wayfaring Stranger

Alextbh

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world alone
There's no sickness, toil, nor danger
In that bright land for which I go

I'm going there to see my saviour
I'm going there, no more to roam
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going home

I am poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world alone
There's no sickness toil nor danger
In that bright land for which I go

I'm going there to my mother
I'm going there there no more to roam
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going home

I know the clouds will have at me
I know my way is rough and steep
And the golden fields lay out there for me
Where every eye will not weep

I'm going there to see my father
I'm going there, no more to roam
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going home

'Cause I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world, alone

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