

Wayfaring Stranger

Travis Tritt

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
I'm traveling through this world of woe
There is no sickness, toil, or danger
In that bright land to which I go

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

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet beautiful fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home
I'm only going over home