

## Wayfaring Stranger

Druhá tráva

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,  
While traveling through this world of woe.  
Yet there's no sickness, toil or danger,  
In that bright world to which I go.

R1: 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.

R2: 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.