

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.