

Wayfaring Stranger

Patty Griffin

I'm 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
I'm going there to see my father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over to Jordan
I'm only going over home
I know dark clouds will hang 'round me,
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet beauteous 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
Traditional Hymn