

Wayfaring Strangers

Poutníci

1. I am 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.

R: 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.

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

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

3. I'll soon be freed from every trial,
My body sleep in the church yard,
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter on my great reward.

R: I'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing his praise forevermore
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.