

Wayfaring Stranger

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger
While traveling through this world below
There is no toil, no sick, no danger
In that fair land, to which I go
I'm going home to see my mother
I'm going home, no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home I know dark clouds will hover o'er me
I know my pathways rough and steep
But golden fields lie out before me
Where weary eyes no more will weep
I'm going home to see my father
I'm going home, no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home
I'll soon be free from every trial
This form shall rest beneath the sun
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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