

# Wayfaring Stranger

[Liz McComb](#)

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger  
Traveling through this world alone  
And there's no sickness, toil, or danger  
In that bright line to which I go  
And I'm going there to see my mother  
And I'm going there no more to roam  
And I'm only going over Jordan  
And I'm only going over home now  
Hey Hey Hey Hey Yeah  
And I know dark clouds, will gather me  
And I know my way is rough and steep  
And the beautiful fields that lie just before me

And I know my needs are rough and steep  
And I'm going there to see my mother  
And I'm going there no more to roam  
And I'm only going over Jordan  
And I'm only going over home now  
Cause I am a poor, wayfaring stranger  
Traveling through this world alone  
And there's no sickness, toil, or danger  
In that bright line to which I go  
And I'm going there to see my mother  
And I'm going there no more to roam  
And I'm only going over Jordan  
And I'm only going over home now

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