Poor, Wayfaring Stranger

Kristin Chenoweth

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger
Wandering oer this world of woe
But theres no sickness, no toil no danger
That bright land to which I goIm going home to see my father
Im going home, no more to roam
Im only going over Jordan
Im just a going over homeI know dark clouds will gather round me
I know my way is rough and steep
But beauteous fields lie just before me
Where men redeemed their vigils keepIm going home to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
Im just a going over Jordan
Im just a going over homeI am a poor, wayfaring stranger
Wandering oer this world of woe
And theres no sickness, toil or danger
In that bright land to which I goIm going home to see my Saviour
Im going home, no more to roam
Im just a going over Jordan
Im just a going over home
Im just a going over home

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