# Wayfaring Stranger

## Barbara Fairchild

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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