

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Christ Was a Traveler

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Christ was a wayworn traveler,
He traveled from door to door.
His occupation chiefly was
Administering to the poor.

My warfare'll soon be ended,
My race is almost run.
My warfare'll soon be ended, Lord,
And then I'm going home.

They called my Lord the devil.
They called his saints the same.
But I ain't expecting any more down here
Than burden, abuse, and shame.

My warfare'll soon be ended.
My race is almost run.
My warfare'll soon be ended, Lord.
And then I'm going home.

And when I get to Heaven
I want you to be there too.
And when I say "Amen"
I want you to say so, too.

My warfare'll soon be ended,
My race is almost run.
My warfare'll soon be ended.
And then I'm going home.

God bless the Holiness people.
The Presbyterians, too.
The good old shouting Methodists,
And me praying Baptists, too.

My warfare'll soon be ended,
My race is almost run.
My warfare'll soon be ended, Lord,
And then I 'm going home.

recorded by Sarah Ogan Gunning
SOF

