

Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of woe
There is no sickness, toil, nor danger,
In that bright land to which I go
I'm going there to see my father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is rough and steep
Yet beautiful fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed, no more shall weep
I'm going there to see my Mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home

I want to sing salvation's story
In concert with the blood-washed band
I want to wear a crown of glory
When I get home to that good land
I'm going there to see my brothers
They passed before me one by one
I'm just a going over Jordan
I'm just a going over home

I'll soon be free from every trial,
This form will rest beneath the sod;
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter in my home with God.
I'm going there to see my Savior,
Who shed for me His precious blood;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.