

## Poor, Wayfaring Stranger

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I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
Wandering through this world of woe  
But there's no sickness, no toil, no danger  
In that bright land to which I go

I'm goin' home  
To see my Father  
I'm goin' home  
No more to roam

I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm just a going over home

I know dark clouds  
will gather 'round me  
I know my way  
is rough and steep

But beauteous fields  
lie just before me  
Where them redeemed  
Their vigils keep

I'm goin' home  
to see my Mother  
She said she'd meet me  
When I come

I'm just a goin' over Jordan  
I'm just a goin' over home

I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
Wandering through this world of woe  
And there's no sickness, toil or danger  
In that bright land to which I go

I'm going home so see my saviour  
I'm going home no more to roam  
I'm just a goin' over Jordan  
I'm just a goin' over home

I'm just a goin' over Jordan  
I'm just a goin' over home