

Poor wayfaring stranger

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world below
There is no sickness, no toil, no danger
In that bright land to which I go
I'm going there to see my mother
And all my loved ones who've gone on

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

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is hard and steep
But beauteous fields arise before me
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep
I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come

So I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home