

I'm just a poor way-far-ing stran-ger I'm trav'-ling through this world of
 woe. Yet there's no sick-ness, no toil nor danger in that bright land to which I
 go. I'm go-ing there to see my fath-er, I'm go-ing there no more to
 roam. I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go - ing o-ver home.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
 I'm trav'ling through this world of woe.
 Yet there's no sickness,
 no 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 golden fields lie just before me
 Where God's redeemed shall ever sleep.
 I'm going there to see my father
 He said he'd meet me when I come.
 I'm only going over Jordan.
 I'm only going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,
 When I get home to that good land.
 I want to shout salvation's story
 In concert with the blood-washed band.
 I'm going there to meet my Saviour,
 To sing his praise forever more.
 I'm just a-going over Jordan.
 I'm just a-going over home.