

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.

roam.

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.

go

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.