

WAYFAIRING STRANGER

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
While traveling thru this world of woe
Yet there's no sickness, toil or danger
In that fair lang to which I go

I'm going home 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 around me
I know my way is rough and steep
the golden fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep

I'm going home to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home