

Em B7 Em
I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
 Am B
A-traveiing through this world of woe;
 Em B7 Em
But there's no sickness no toil nor danger,
 A Am Bm Em
In that bright world to which I go.
 Am
I'm going there to see my father,
 Em C D G
I'm going there no more to roam,
 B7 Em
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
 A Am Bm Em
I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is steep and rough,
But beauteous fields lie just beyond me,
Where souls redeemed their vigil keep.
I'm going there to meet my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

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I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that bright land;
I want to shout Salvation's story,
In concert with that bloodwashed band.
I'm going there to meet my Saviour,
To sing His praises for evermore;
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

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