

I Am a Poor Wayfaring Stranger
Folk spiritual.

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
While traveling through this world of woe.
Yet there's no sickness, toil nor danger
In that bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my Father;
I'm going there no more to roam.

Refrain

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.
But golden fields lie out before me
Where God's redeemed shall ever sleep.
I'm going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come.

Refrain

I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body sleep in the churchyard;
I'll drop the cross of self denial
And enter on my great reward.
I'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing His praise forevermore.

Refrain