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Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Reference number PT1058

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger  
a trav'ing through this world of woe.  
But there's no sickness, toil, nor danger  
In that fair land to which I go.

I'm going there to see my father,  
I'm going there , no more to roam.  
I'm just a going over Jordan.  
I'm just going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,  
I know my way is rough and steep.  
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me,  
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.

I'm going there to see my mother.  
I'm going there , no more to roam.  
I'm just a going over Jordan.  
I'm just going over home.

I'm just a wayfaring stranger.  
I'm just a going over home.