

Wayfaring Stranger

Eva Cassidy

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
While journeying through,
This world of woe,
Yeah, and there's no sickness,
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 go,
Going over jordan,
I'm only go,
Going over home.

I know dark clouds,
Will gather on me,
I know my way,
My way is rough and steep,
Yeah, and beautiful fields,
Lie just before me,
And God's redeemed
Their vigils keep.

I'm going there to see my Father,
I'm going there,
No more to roam,
I'm only go,
Going over jordan,
I'm only go,
Going over home.

I'm going there to see my Mother,
I'm going there,
No more to roam,
I'm only go,
Going over jordan,
I'm only go,
Going over home.

I want to wear,
That crown of glory,
When I get home,
To that good land,
Well, I want to shout,
Salvation's story,
In concert with,
All the blood-washed band.

I'm going there to see my Saviour,
I'm going there,
No more to roam,
I'm only go,
Going over jordan,
I'm only go,
Going over home,

Well, I'm only go,
Going over home,
Yeah, only....[repeat till fade]