

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Peter Hollens

Verse

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
While traveling through this world of woe
But there's no sickness, toil or danger
In that bright land to which I go

Chorus

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 a-going over home

Verse

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 redeem no more shall weep

Chorus

I'm going there to see my mother
She says she'd meet me when I come
I'm just a-going over Jordan
I'm just a-going over home

Verse

I'll soon be free from earthly trials
My body sleep in the old churchyard
I'll drop the cross of self-denial
And enter in my great reward

Chorus

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

Bridge

Over home
Over home
I'm just a-going over home