

Wayfaring Stranger

Peter, Paul and Mary

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

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 a'going over home

Now, one of these mornings and it won't be long
We all shall rise, stand side by side
And hand in hand, we're bound for glory
And death shall fall before freedom's tide

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 a'going over home

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