

## 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

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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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