

Wayfarin' Stranger

Tim O'Brien

I am a poor wayfarin stranger
While travelin through this world below
There's no sickness toil or danger
In the fair land to which I go

I'm goin there to see my mother
I'm goin there no more to roam
I am just goin over Jordan
I am just goin over home

I know dark clouds will hover o'er me
I know my path is rough and steep
But golden fields lie out before me
Where weary eyes no more will weep

I'm goin there to see my brother
I'm goin there no more to roam
I am just goin over Jordan
I am just goin over home

I'll soon be free from every trial
This form will rest beneath the sod
I'll drop the cross of self denial
And enter in my home with God

I'm goin there to see my saviour
I'm goin there no more to roam
I am just goin over Jordan
I am just goin over home