# Wayfaring Stranger

## Selah

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
While traveling through this world below
There is no sickness, toil, no danger
In that bright world to which I goI know dark clouds will gather over me
I know my pathway is rough and steep
But golden fields here lie out before me
Where weary eyes no more shall weepI'm going there to see my Father
I'm going there no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over homeI'll soon be free from every trial
And this form will rest beneath the sod
I'll drop the cross of self-denial
And enter in my home with GodI'm going there to see my Savior
Who shed for me His precious blood
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over homeI'm going there to see my Father
I'm going there no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home
I am just going over home

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