Wayfaring Stranger

Eva Cassidy

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
While journeying through this world of woe;
And there's no sickness, toil nor danger
In that bright land to which I go.I'm going there to see my Father,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm only go-going over Jordan,
I'm only go-going over home.I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is rough and steep;
And beautiful fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed there vigils keep.I'm going there to see my Father,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm only go-going over Jordan,
I'm only go-going over home.I'm going there to see my mother,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm only go-going over Jordan,
I'm only go-going over home.I want to wear that crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land;
Well I want to shout salvation's story,
In concert with ohh the blood-washed band,I'm going there to see my Saviour,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm only go-going over Jordan,
I'm only go-going over home.Well I'm only go-going over home.
Yeah only go-going over home.

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