

# Wayfaring Stranger

Jerry Reed

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 oh 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.

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