

# Poor Wayfaring Stranger

## Fiddlesticks

I am a poor wayfaring stranger  
Traveling through this world of woe  
But there's no sickness, toil or danger  
In that bright land to which I go  
Well, I'm going there to meet my mother  
Said, "She'd meet me when I come"  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home  
I know, dark clouds will gather 'round me  
I know, my way will be rough and steep  
But beautiful fields lie just before me  
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep  
Well, I'm going there to meet my loved ones  
Gone on before me, one by one  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home  
I'll soon be free of earthy trials  
My body rest in the old church yard  
I'll drop this cross of self-denial  
And I'll go singing home to God  
Well, I'm going there to meet my Savior  
Dwell with Him and never roam  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home

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