

# 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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