**I am a poor wayfaring stranger
While traveling through this world below
There is no sickness, toil, nor danger
In that bright world to which I go**

**I know dark clouds will gather o'er me
I know my pathways rough and steep
But golden fields lie out before me
Where weary eyes no more shall weep**

**I'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'll soon be free from every trial,
This form will rest beneath the sod.
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter in my home with God.**

**I'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 home.**

**I'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.**