**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.**