

Barbara Cook

"Wayfarin' Stranger"

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I am a poor wayfarin' stranger,
Travelin' through this land of woe
And there's no sickness, toil or danger,
In that bright land to which I go

I'm goin' home to see my Father
I'm goin' there no more to roam
I am just goin' over Jordan
I am just goin' over home

I know dark clouds will hover o'er me
I know my pathway's rough and steep
But golden fields lie just before me
Where weary eyes no more shall weep

I'm goin' home to see my brother
I'm goin' home no more to roam
I am just goin' over Jordan
I am just goin' over home

I want to wear the crown of glory
When I get home to that bright land
I want to shout salvation's story
In concert with that bloodwashed band

I'm goin' home to see my Saviour
I'm goin' home no more to roam
I am just goin' over Jordan
I am just goin' over home

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