

Religious Music

"Wayfaring Stranger"

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I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
A-travelling through this world of woe;
But there's no sickness, toil or trouble
In that bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my Father,
I'm going there no more to roam;
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is rough and steep;
But golden fields lay just before me,
Where God's redeemed no more shall weep.
I'm going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that bright land;
I want to sing salvation's story,
In concert with that blood-washed band,
I'm going there to meet my Saviour,
To sing His praises forevermore;
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

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