

Tim Buckley

"Wayfaring Stranger (I)"

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I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Lord a travelling through this world of woe
And I find sickness toil and danger
Lord everywhere everywhere I go

I'm going there to see my brother
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm going there, ah it's just over Jordan
I'm going there to my new home

One of these mornings and it won't be long
Woa, men will rise and stand side by side
And hand in hand they're bound for glory
Their foes will fall on freedom's side

I'm going there Lord to find my brother
I'm going there, no more to roam
Oh, I'm going there, it's just over Jordan
I'm going there no more to roam

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