

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Joan Baez

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
Wandering through this world of woe,
And there's no sickness, no toil or danger
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to meet my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body asleep in the old graveyard.
I'll drop the cross of self denial,
And enter on my great reward.
I'm going there to meet my father,
I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
Wandering through this world of woe,
And there's no sickness, no toil or danger
In that bright land to which I go.
I'm going there to see my sister,
She said she'd meet me when I come.
I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.