

Wayfaring Pilgrim

Connie Smith

I am a poor wayfaring pilgrim traveling through this world below
There is no sickness or no danger in that bright world to which
I go
I'm going there to meet my father I'm going there no more to roam
I'm just going over Jordan I'm just going over home

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me I know my pathway is rough and steep
But golden fields lie out before me where weary eyes no more shall weep
I'm going there to see my Saviour who shed for me his precious blood
I'm just going over Jordan I'm just going over home (over home over home)