

Wayfaring Stranger

Oceans Of Slumber

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Travelling through this world of woe
There's no sickness, toil nor danger
In that bright land to which I go

I'm going there to see my mother
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 'round me
I know my path is rough and steep
But golden fields stretch out before me
Where weary eyes no more will weep

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

I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home