I am a poor wayfaring stranger While traveling through this world below There is no sickness, toil, or danger In that bright world to which I go

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me I know the pathway's rough and steep But golden fields lie out before me Where weary eyes no more shall weep

I'm going there to see my Father I'm going there no more to roam I am just going over Jordan I am going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial This form will rest beneath the sod I'll drop the cross of self-denial And enter in my home with God

I'm going there to see my Savior
Who shed for me His precious blood
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home,
I am just going over home