

Dusty Springfield, Poor Wayfaring Stranger

(Traditional)

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger
Wandering o'er this world of woe
And there's no sickness, toil or danger
In that bright land to which I go
I'm going home to see my father
I'm going home, no more to roam
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

I know dark clouds will gather round me
I know my way is rough and steep
But beautiful fields lie just before me
Where men redeemed their vigil's keep
I'm going home to see my mother
I'm going there, no more to roam
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home