

# Joan Baez, Poor Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,  
wandering through this world of woe,  
and theres no sickness, no toil or danger  
in that bright land to which I go.  
Im going there to meet my mother,  
she said shed meet me when I come.  
Im only going over Jordan,  
Im only going over home.

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

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,  
wandering through this world of woe,  
and theres no sickness, no toil or danger  
In that bright land to which I go.  
Im going there to see my sister,  
she said shed meet me when I come.  
Im only going over Jordan,  
Im only going over home.