

Kristin Chenoweth, Poor, Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Wandering through this world of woe
But there's no sickness, no toil, no danger
In that bright land to which I go

I'm goin' home
To see my Father
I'm goin' home
No more to roam

I'm only going over Jordan
I'm just a going over home

I know dark clouds
will gather 'round me
I know my way
is rough and steep

But beauteous fields
lie just before me
Where them redeemed
Their vigils keep

I'm goin' home
to see my Mother
She said she'd meet me
When I come

I'm just a goin' over Jordan
I'm just a goin' over home

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Wandering through this world of woe
And there's no sickness, toil or danger
In that bright land to which I go

I'm going home so see my saviour
I'm going home no more to roam
I'm just a goin' over Jordan
I'm just a goin' over home

I'm just a goin' over Jordan
I'm just a goin' over home