

# Natalie Merchant, Poor Wayfaring Stranger

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

Well I'm going there  
To meet my mother  
Said she'd meet me when I come  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home

I know dark clouds  
Will gather round me  
I know my way  
Will be rough and steep  
But beautiful fields lie just before me  
Where God's redeemed  
Their vigils keep

Well I'm going there  
To meet my loved ones  
Gone on before me, one by one  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home

I'll soon be free of earthy trials  
My body rest in the old church yard  
I'll drop this cross of self-denial  
And i'll go singing home to God

Well I'm going there  
To meet my Savior  
Dwell with Him and never roam  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm only going over home