

Wishing Chair And Kara Barnard, Wayfaring Stra

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling thru this world alone
There's no sickness nor toil or danger
In that bright world to which I go
I'm going there to meet my mother
I'm going there no more to roam
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I want to sing salvation's story
In concert with the bloodwashed band
I want to wear that crown of glory
When I get home to that bright land
I'm going there to meet the saved ones
That passed before me one by one
I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home

I am just going over Jordan
I am just going over home