

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger  
a-travelin' through this world of woe  
but there's no sickness, toil, or danger  
in that bright land to which i go

i'm goin' there to see my mother  
she said she'd meet me when i come  
i am just goin' over jordan  
i am just a-goin' home

i know dark clouds will gather 'round me  
i know the way is rough and steep  
yet beautiful fields lie just before me  
where god's redeemed their vigil keep

i'm goin' there to see my brothers  
gone before me one by one  
i am just goin' over jordan  
i am just a-goin' home

i'll soon be free from earthly trials,  
this body rest in the old churchyard  
i'll drop this cross of self-denial  
and go singing home to god

i'm goin' there to see my savior  
to dwell with him no more to roam  
i am just goin' over jordan  
i am just a-goin' home  
i am just a-goin' home